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HEARING IS BELIEVING

by DIXON WECTER

THE influence of the radio reporter and the news analyst is here explored for the *Atlantic* by an American historian, DIXON WECTER. In the first of three articles, Mr. Wecter examined the relationships between the FCC, the networks, the radio stations, and those companies which sponsor the commentators. Now, in this second article, — and in a third to follow, — he scrutinizes the individual records of the commentators themselves, their reliability, their prejudices, and their mistakes. — THE EDITOR

THE news commentator is a creation of recent history with its wars and rumors of wars. The public craves both a digest of today's news and a preview of tomorrow's. This the commentator undertakes to supply. He is introduced as "the noted analyst," "the military expert," "the distinguished authority on the Far East," "the dean of radio correspondents," or "the commentator who sees all, knows all, tells all." About this awesome personage the average listener knows nothing. What are his credentials and personal history, his prejudices and vanities, his veracity or proneness to exaggerate?

The commentators on the air today are a mixed lot, with varied backgrounds. Globe-trotters, foreign correspondents, and sports writers lead the field. The Lindbergh legend, in its heyday, helped to lift three lucky journalists into permanent fame as national commentators: the late Boake Carter, a Philadelphia rewrite man who did an on-the-scene broadcast from Hopewell about the kidnaping; Gabriel Heatter, a sporting-goods trade writer who covered the trial and electrocution of Hauptmann; and Fulton Lewis, Jr., Washington columnist who persuaded Lindbergh to go on the air in September, 1939, to tell Americans what to think about the war.

The typical evolution of a commentator runs as follows. An announcer gets the job of reading fifteen minutes of press association bulletins, and does so in a pleasant, crisp, authoritative voice. A local restaurateur happens to tune in, and thinks it might be a good

idea to advertise his dollar dinner through a late afternoon news broadcast. So the newscaster finds a sponsor and a regular spot on the schedule. As time passes, the war and peace about which he talks become intimately a part of his daily life. He begins to read books on military strategy or global geography, to brush up on pronunciation of foreign names, to inject his opinions or forecasts into the news, and to grow acutely aware of his listeners and the power he wields. Isn't he telling them what to think, persuading or converting?

Our ambitious newscaster is discovered by a talent scout, who promises to build him up into regional, perhaps national, stature. Soon a full-fledged commentator, he finds himself commenting upon everything, traveling over the country, lecturing to women's clubs, writing for magazines, and entering the portal of success, which in the higher circles of radio resembles the world of the theater — with its dazzling salaries, fan mail, dramatic flair, logrolling, and personal éclat — rather than the world of pressrooms. The infinite amplification of his natural voice by the microphone creates an illusion that is somehow transmitted to his psyche. He grows steadily more oracular, boasting of his access to "inside dope," "leaks," "pipelines" in high places, hinting at conspiracies he is exposing, or wearing the dark flower of a martyr complex because somebody wants him taken off the air — all the while self-hypnotized by the thought of millions hanging upon his words.

One well-known commentator and his loyal wife hope and expect that some day he will be President of the United States, and innocently make no bones about it among friends. It is conceivable that some day a commentator with extraordinary gifts as a demagogue might draw a following so large, so fanatic, as to lift him beyond any sponsor's control. The careers of that very great flour salesman, Huey Long, and that lesser one, Pappy O'Daniel, illustrate the interchangeable talents of selling goods and selling ideas. And of course the technique of making converts by radio — whether to a religion or to a socio-economic program — is similar, as the careers of Alberta's Aberharts and our own Coughlins and Gerald L. K. Smiths show. Where they failed, a new Huey Long might succeed. For if America ever gets a dictator, whatever his other talents he will almost certainly be a great radio artist.

2

THE trouble is that, with many commentators, a sense of power fails to beget an equally keen sense of responsibility. They discover that audiences have short memories, that flimsy rumors and bad guesses today are forgotten next week, or that the strata-gem "Attack, attack, always attack!" is a stimulant for listener apathy. One San Francisco commentator explained to the station manager that his policy on every program was to single out some individual in the news — no great matter who it was — and belabor him lustily. It sounds so plausible to air some passing grievance, especially now that the easing of military necessity means, to the shortsighted, that we need no longer pull together.

An instance of such irresponsibility is the career of a man who never was, Phillip Keyne-Gordon, heard from Station WJW over a Mutual chain between August, 1942, and January, 1944. Five Ohio radio men were secretly involved in the creation of Keyne-Gordon's opinions, personality, and voice. When inquiry showed that no such man existed, the death of the show quickly followed.

Through the year and a half of his earthly life, Keyne-Gordon blithely ridiculed both the New Deal and Wendell Willkie; announced in August, 1943, that "fathers will not be drafted," and proclaimed that "we ought to get some things out of this war for us"; in September remarked that "the average American doesn't want the duty of keeping peace among the neighbors' brats"; in November blasted the food subsidy program as "the spore from which Communism can develop" and hailed the supposed impotence of the War Production Board as "the failure of efforts to regiment a free country." The epitaph of Phillip Keyne-Gordon was uttered by one of his creators, Mr. J. R. Reed: "It was a lot of fun while it lasted, but the party is over."

On the darker side, it may be stated that a commentator whose voice is now silent once had sources of information so curiously coordinated with the Axis line and espionage activities that he attracted the thought-

ful attention both of the FBI and of military intelligence. A few other commentators, far less sinister, have occasionally stepped to the borders of military security, and certainly well over the limits of good taste, for the sake of a good story, conjecture, or prediction.

The weighty inference drawn from any given piece of news depends, often predictably, upon the analyst who speaks. Let us take an item from last year's news, old enough to be seen in proper perspective — namely, *Pravda's* story in January, 1944, that British and German agents were rumored to be talking negotiated peace, published against a background of Anglo-Soviet tension over Poland.

Commentators uttered both wise and foolish things about this story of the day. Boake Carter suspected that Russia was about to make a separate peace herself; hence she accused Britain first. Upton Close deduced that the internationalism professed at Teheran was only window dressing, that Britain and Russia were both packed with guile, and that it was up to us to bring the boys home as soon as possible and look out for America first. Rupert Hughes took the incident as a warning against any rosy dreams of world brotherhood. Quincy Howe judged it a rebuke to Britain for having encouraged the Polish government-in-exile in London.

Lowell Thomas found the *Pravda* story queer, but was heartened by the publicity Stalin gave to the British denial. Kaltenborn warned the Soviet Union that such behavior was prone to estrange the friendship of her allies. Gabriel Heatter exhorted us to foster a greater Russian faith in our sincerity. Sam Balter guessed that German propaganda had found its mark in some naïve Russian journalist. Joe Harsch termed the incident "an indication of the problem of getting acquainted across the barrier of a generation of strangeness."

Fulton Lewis, Jr., reflected that Russia was merely turning the tables, after many yarns about a separate Soviet peace; he added that the story which had just broken was old stuff to him, since he had seen it in an American publication some two weeks earlier. When a scholarly CBS analyst in the West, Wallace Sterling, wrote asking for chapter and verse, Mr. Lewis genially replied: "Sorry I can't help you out, but I read so many papers I just can't recall."

3

LET us glance at the equipment and methods of some of the best-known commentators.

At the top of his profession stands Raymond Swing. A Congregationalist minister's son educated at Oberlin, Swing has twenty-one years' experience as a foreign correspondent in England, France, and Germany, a ripe knowledge of languages, history, world politics, and modern diplomacy. He is a man of almost fanatic integrity. A middle-of-the-road liberal, Swing has the temperament of neither firebrand nor evangelist; in his editorial days he worked successively for the *Wall*

Street Journal and the *Nation*. After a period of service with the BBC, in 1934 Swing began to make occasional broadcasts on foreign affairs for CBS, and in 1936 found a weekly spot with Mutual, his program later becoming a daily feature.

At Prague at the time of Czech mobilization, he reported the crisis of Munich less dramatically but more thoughtfully than did Kaltenborn. The first year of the war gave him a sponsor and national fame; in the desperate summer of 1940, millions listened nightly to his gentle, dry voice of authority, which clarified the news without overplaying it or sounding like radio oratory. "The simple truth of my success," said Swing in those days, "is that the war has scared Americans to death." Roosevelt, King George VI, Churchill, General Marshall, Nicholas Murray Butler, and a Parliamentary group in London called "the Swing Club" were reported to be his faithful auditors.

After Pearl Harbor, Swing volunteered as a dollar-a-year man to the State Department, but was told to stick to his guns. Since September, 1943, he has been at the top of the Blue Network — now the American Broadcasting Company — string of commentators. The OWI recognizes him as a strong morale-builder because of his calm and fair analyses, and has regularly sent his voice by short wave to an estimated twenty million listeners abroad. Here at home, his Hooper rating is not so high as formerly — considerably below that of Lowell Thomas, Walter Winchell, or Gabriel Heatter, for example. The growing sunrise of victory has made him seem less indispensable to many listeners than when he was a reassuring voice in the dark, although he is really at his best, and perhaps most useful, in analyzing the non-military problems that loom so large just now. Some think him high-brow, prosy, too solemn. One recalls Irwin Edman's playful jingle: —

I can talk like anything,
But only God can talk like Swing.

In prestige, however, Swing stands unimpaired. His winning of the Peabody Award for news commentary, in 1945, is the most recent of many honors.

Radio listeners can be grateful to Swing for fitting the news into the structure of history. His research pieces, which form the coda to the day's spot news, are often masterpieces of fact assemblage and lucid common sense — sometimes reaching levels of highly controlled emotion, as in his famous 1943 broadcast on the anniversary of the Nazi burning of the books, or his words in 1945 on the day of President Roosevelt's death. Because of their excellence, his scripts are sought for permanent deposit in the Library of Congress.

Since early in the war Mr. Swing has denied his access to "inside stuff" from abroad, remarking that censorship and the time-lag make such mysterious sources almost useless. But quantities of data he does receive, from the Foreign Policy Association, the Council on Foreign Relations, and excellent contacts in the State Department and Whitehall. Unlike the majority in his guild, Swing has a solid foundation of economics,

political philosophy, and international law upon which to build.

Swing has made some mildly bad guesses, of course — such as his prediction in November, 1943, that Franco was too discredited to last more than a few months longer; and now and then, in his enthusiasm for a new book, like Harrison Forman's *Report from Red China*, he may be a shade reckless in pronouncing one witness's report "incontrovertible facts." But the assay of his scripts is remarkably high. While other voices, to draw the crowd, assail this or that Federal agency, political group, or individual, — and devote more space to a mastiff shipped by air than to global war, — Swing keeps his sense of values, of first things first, of democratic essences. With calmness he will even analyze this spirit of factionalism which is prone to grow larger as victory looms. "National unity," he will say, "is not a condition in which everybody thinks the same thing at the same time. It is a condition in which men and women know the value and contribution of disagreement, but are mature enough to know the point beyond which disagreement cannot be carried in safety."

Both in judiciousness and in subtlety, Swing is often unlike his fellow analysts. In April, 1945, for instance, on the eve of the San Francisco Conference, after the *New York Herald Tribune* forced the revelation that Roosevelt and Stalin had made tentative and secret agreements about multiple voting in the Assembly, some commentators dismissed the matter of Assembly votes as unimportant in view of the powerful Security Council. Others interpreted the disclosure as proof of the President's guile, still others of his pliancy before Stalin. The majority echoed Kaltenborn, that the instant exposure of the deal was a good thing.

But Swing reflected that it is not the business of newspapers "to conduct our foreign policy" and embarrass our relations with other countries by publishing every trial scheme of which they can get wind. Apart from the right or wrong of this proposal, airing it was a needless embarrassment, until discussions at the conference table could explore possibilities and give the whole subject of representation true perspective. Purely domestic relations, said Swing, always benefit from frank talk and debate; but international blueprints, like military affairs, may suffer from premature publicity because they involve external relationships, and in their trial states are subject to adjustment, compromise, improvisation. Those who criticize our diplomacy as naïve and gullible are often the first to cry "Machiavellian!" when that diplomacy tries to keep the world from seeing all the cards in hand. This analysis is characteristic of Swing. It may also suggest why his sharpest critics accuse him of being an unofficial voice of the State Department.

Able understudy of Swing, and his recent successor as American reporter on the BBC, is Joseph C. Harsch, forty-year-old Ohioan, graduate of Williams College and Corpus Christi, Cambridge. Since 1932, Harsch has covered Washington, Rome, and Berlin for the *Christian Science Monitor*. He began radio work for

CBS in Berlin, was transferred to Washington in 1942, and was overseas this spring. Harsch has an excellent voice, a clear, terse vocabulary; and like a good newspaperman, he works whenever possible from the direct source. When they are both in Washington, Harsch and Swing compare notes by telephone on the day's news. Harsch is a shade less objective than Swing, more obviously the crusader for the little man, and a friend of open covenants in world politics.

4

THE dean of commentators, Hans von Kaltenborn from Milwaukee, a sergeant in the Spanish-American War, Harvard graduate, traveling salesman in France, tutor to Vincent Astor, long-time editorial writer for the *Brooklyn Eagle*, made his first broadcast on April 21, 1921, when he addressed the Brooklyn Chamber of Commerce from Newark, New Jersey. A year later he became the pioneer American news analyst, with his head held in a photographer's vise to keep him from straying from the primitive microphone. One fancies that a certain rigidity entered into his radio manner which has never been lost.

The perfect type of German schoolmaster, stubborn, dignified, humorless, and pompous, Kaltenborn nevertheless has made history. He reported the London Economic Conference of 1933, the Pan-American Peace Conference in 1936, and in the same year first transmitted the sound of gunfire in broadcasting from the battlefields of Spain. His handling of the Munich crisis, when for days he took the premier place on American air waves, translating speeches as they were made in German, French, and Italian, and giving his analyses hour by hour, played an unforgettable part in rousing Americans to the gravity of the things to come.

It also established Kaltenborn as the favorite commentator of millions, a position he still holds, with a daily rating nip-and-tuck with that of Lowell Thomas. A veteran analyst, long entrenched in public confidence through bad times and good, he enjoys over newcomers a more durable advantage than do other radio artists. The news itself is his variety.

Although he has been right oftener than wrong, and is patently honest, Kaltenborn is fallible, headstrong, sometimes hasty. After a tour of Europe in August, 1939, he clung firmly to his hunch that there would be no war, but only another Munich, up to the very hour that Hitler's panzers surged into Poland. In January, 1940, in an article in *Scribner's Commentator*, — a magazine soon to turn isolationist and revile Kaltenborn as "a Go-to-War jingo" and pro-Soviet because he once broadcast from Moscow, — Kaltenborn ventured typically rash guesses. "Hitler chose Stalin's Russia as his ally and chose wrong. For by that choice he alienated Italy, Hungary, Spain, Japan, as well as all the true neutrals. . . . Mussolini is too intelligent a realist to help Hitler lose his war."

Of the Duce, Kaltenborn naively said, "Shortly before invading Ethiopia, he took the trouble to ex-

plain to me his repeated efforts to come to an understanding with the Emperor of Ethiopia," and with equally innocent vanity, "Lord Halifax himself assured me that the British Foreign Office is entirely reconciled to German economic domination of the Danube valley." This is recognizably the same Kaltenborn who, upon returning from France early in 1945, began his report with the phrase, "When I had the benefit of an hour's talk with General Eisenhower" — alluding to a press conference attended by more than a hundred correspondents.

A glorified newscaster, rather than analyst, is Lowell Thomas. The record of his busy, extrovert, successful life speaks for itself: young reporter in the Rocky Mountains, teacher of oratory in a Chicago law college, instructor at Princeton, photographer and historian of World War I in Europe and the Near East, explorer and lecturer, writer of adventure books about Lawrence of Arabia and Luckner the Sea Devil and of inspirational essays on keeping mentally fit, popular radio veteran, and more recently television commentator. Competent news digests, simple language, stress upon human interest, a warm, likable voice, and a kindly, hopeful outlook placed him at the top of a *Fortune* poll in 1940 and in the lead in a popularity vote taken early this year by *Radio Daily*, among a thousand newspaper and magazine professionals.

Coming on the air earlier than other major evening commentators, Thomas is a great favorite with the farmers, who like his plain, conservative talk. "Lowell Thomas to me means a good newspaper in the house" was a typical listener reaction in a study made by the Office of Radio Research.

Neighbor and reputedly voice-tutor of Governor Dewey, Thomas is not prone to espouse daring or reckless points of view. He is no deep thinker, but well balanced. Yet, as an instance of the hard row that even this mildest of commentators must hoe, Thomas was roundly upbraided by a listener of Polish descent for failure to mention in his comment on that day's World Series game the home-run hit by "Whitey" Kurowski — which omission, wrote the listener, was an insult to Poland and an act of "discrimination and intellectual dishonesty."

Thomas is almost unique among commentators in his reliance upon a staff of ghost-writers, the chief being a former newsman of the *New York World*, Prosper Buranelli. Indeed, Lowell Thomas is not only a man of flesh and blood, but a collective entity, a factory producing great quantities of copy — made articulate in a crisp voice going out over the air waves, and echoing from the sound-track of cinema news in conjunction with a friendly, clean-cut face.

5

THE military expert, writing and speaking to laymen, has been one of the notable home-front developments in this war. On the radio, this clan is best represented by Major George Fielding Eliot. No station would

ever hire him as announcer; his harsh and dogged voice, plodding like a regiment at the end of a long hike, offers no blandishments. But he has a considerable fund of knowledge, from his four years with the Anzacs in the last war, his night school studies of strategy as an R.O.T.C. enthusiast in a world between wars, and the summer weeks in army camp that brightened humdrum years as a Kansas City accountant and writer of battle stories for the pulps.

At the outbreak of this war, Major Eliot was one of the few professional writers who knew an echelon from a cadre, and has probably the best collection of maps in the country outside the Pentagon. Men with stars on their shoulders have respectfully consulted him, but the average serviceman probably has little respect for any armchair strategy and omniscience. Major Eliot has taught Americans useful lessons in military vocabulary and the essentials of strategy.

But in foreseeing the future, Major Eliot has been as wrong as the next man. Even his sound book advocating preparedness, *The Ramparts We Watch*, observed that the United States Navy needed little expansion. In 1938 he judged that "Germany is by no means ready for war and that the combined power of the Franco-British alliance is comfortably superior to that of the Rome-Berlin axis," and in the early summer of 1939 he found the Germans "far less ready for war than they were in 1914." From London on September 2, 1939, he reported that "the Polish Army will not be easily destroyed nor quickly overwhelmed." A few months later he pondered America's future: "This is one time when we're strong enough to stay out of war. It's nonsense to worry about our getting in." In June, 1941, he "doubted" that Hitler would invade Russia, but when the blow fell he promptly foretold "an early German success."

Less than a month before Pearl Harbor he announced at Town Hall: "Japan is in no case to fight a war with a group of major opponents. Her army is sadly out of date . . . Japanese air power . . . is almost non-existent." Up to the end, he took a bright view of the defensibility of Hong Kong and Singapore. Nevertheless, under the bludgeonings of chance, the Major began to build secondary defenses, which have steadily grown more impregnable. As early as April, 1940, regarding the battle for Norway, he said: "Before this arrival of German reinforcements takes place, the British may begin to arrive. Or they may not." Since that time, over many a situation, he has warned listeners and readers "to keep a balanced viewpoint," "to reserve judgment," and to remember that "nothing is certain about war except its uncertainty." This is the ripe conclusion of an expert.

One group of radio analysts might be termed the kinetic school. Strenuous, emotional, dramatic, they aim to electrify or inspire. The deepest thinker and most eloquent is Dorothy Thompson, formerly of the Blue and more recently with Mutual. Her sponsors, makers of men's clothing, obviously believe that her careerist femininity appeals to business or professional men more than to the average members of her own

sex. Yet Miss Thompson's first crusade, in her college years, was on behalf of woman suffrage. Through her later career as free-lance journalist and overseas news editor, she remained a passionate idealist. Between her expulsion from Germany in 1934 and her withdrawal under police guard from a 1939 Bund meeting in Madison Square Garden, which she had heckled with "strident laughs," Miss Thompson won the international honor of being a thorn in Hitler's flesh — a more vigorous and intellectual valkyrie than Geneviève Tabouis.

At times, in the latter thirties, her sponsor, General Electric, was reported to worry over Miss Thompson's private war with the dictators, waged every week in a crisp, metallic voice rich with scorn and irony. But events have surely vindicated her, as they did her astute forecast of a Russo-Nazi pact in 1939. Yet even Miss Thompson has prophesied rashly — for example, when she predicted just before Munich that England and France would fight for the Czechs, or foretold six years ago a peace between China and Japan, or scouted the idea of a third term, for which presently she made campaign speeches, or inveighed against a pre-war America which (she was convinced) had turned "soft." In a specimen broadcast, as of January 28, 1945, she anticipated that the Russians would roll straight into Berlin and the European war would end in three weeks — adding that "the Oder River is a barrier that exists only in the minds of military commentators." Perhaps her most dubious guess has been the steady assumption that a great renaissance democracy lies ready to sprout through the crust of Nazi dominion. "Listen, Hans!" she cried three years ago, exhorting to revolt the little man, the frustrated democrat, in Hitler's Reich.

6

Most daring of forecasters — "The Commentator Who Knows All, Sees All, Tells All," in a breathless staccato — is Drew Pearson. He covers Washington much as his crony Winchell covers Manhattan. Each achieves a Sunday quarter-hour of emotional patriotism, flash news, undercover stuff, and sheer adrenalin. They have converged upon the same center from different directions.

Winchell is a boy from the sidewalks of New York who rose from vaudeville turns and a leaflet of stage-door chatter, to the tabloids and a morbid fascination with gangsters ("the baddies") soon supplanted by his hero-worship of G-men, thence to a dawning awareness of world crisis and the biggest gangster of all, Hitler, and finally to a warm appreciation of America and its ideals — "the land that stands for Freedom, Tolerance, and the Dignity of Man." But Pearson has been steadily living down his staid, high-brow origins: his father the college professor and Chautauqua lecturer, his own schooling at Phillips Exeter and Swarthmore, his Balkan relief work with fellow Quakers in 1919, his instructorship in industrial geography at the University of Pennsylvania and later Columbia, until

globe-trotting inducted him into the world of journalism.

The turning point of Pearson's life came in 1931, with the anonymous *Washington Merry-Go-Round*, which he and his collaborator, Robert S. Allen, began to syndicate. Puncturing stuffed shirts and clambering over the hedges of official reticence entertained the nation in that winter of our discontent. Pearson has had every commercial incentive to continue to do so. He is today notably *persona non grata* with his former employers, the Patterson press. Pearson's broadcast of March 12, 1944, in which he read a cable sent in strict confidence by the *Chicago Tribune*, ordering from its London correspondent a story on the Army's *Stars and Stripes*, "an out-and-out Communist New Deal paper," left one more mystery for the McCormick-Patterson staff to ponder.

Pearson's pipelines have caused endless speculation and some insomnia in the national capital. President Roosevelt in September, 1943, referred pointedly to Pearson as "a chronic liar," after the latter charged Secretary Hull and associates with a desire "to see Russia bled white." (This was the second international embarrassment of the season to draw upon radio analysts the President's ire; only a few weeks earlier the OWI had rebroadcast to Europe Sam Grafton's remarks about "Italy's moronic little king.")

The following November, Pearson gained even greater notice by breaking over the radio his story of General Patton's slapping the soldier. But the commentator's assured forecast, that Patton would never be used in combat again, fell wide of the mark. In recent times the General's press has been excellent, a fact for which some credit is due Pearson's partner, Colonel Allen, who is now Patton's public relations officer.

The announcer occasionally points with pride to some development which has vindicated Pearson's feature billed as "Predictions of Things to Come." To his credit, Pearson scooped the world on the destroyers-bases exchange; he foretold Hitler's invasion of Russia three months before it happened, our war with Japan two months in advance, and numerous domestic matters ranging from the Navy's Elk Hills oil deal to dozens of Federal resignations and appointments.

On the debit side, in November, 1942, he announced that a true second front would open before the winter's end, but as late as March, 1944, he declared that Churchill would resign if Roosevelt joined Stalin in demanding an early opening of the second front. Pearson disclosed in December, 1943, that General Marshall would lead the invasion of Europe, but shortly before D Day he divulged that President Roosevelt would go to a place "close to the scene of action to help direct operations." Last July he asserted that "war in Europe will be over in a few weeks. Germany will make a peace bid before Labor Day." On March 11, 1945, he stated that the British had kidnaped the Fascist criminal Roatta in the midst of his trial to prevent his revealing some of Churchill's shady dealings with Mussolini, and he conjured up a delectable image by predicting that "Hitler will flee to the mountains

of Austria, probably disguised as a bearded Jewish rabbi."

In the world of Drew Pearson — a maze of hair-trigger intrigue, gossip, conjecture, semi-official secrets, Capitol Hill grudges, and tattletales, with alleged tapped telephone wires and planted dictagraphs — there is never a dull moment, but neither are they all lucid. This Merry-Go-Round often bears scant resemblance to the real world: its hue is bright and glittering, the excitement adolescent, and the sense of getting somewhere dizzily deceptive.

7

WINCHELL, another gossip, has grown more responsible with the years. Since his induction to radio fourteen years ago, with five minutes of chatter on the Lucky Strike dance program, and his early ventures into foreign affairs with Jergen's (March 29, 1937: "Adolf and Benito have phffft! The break will be officially announced soon enough"), Winchell has learned a good deal. He still retains a touch of that egotism which inspired him, on September 2, 1939, to dispatch a cable to Prime Minister Chamberlain advising him to declare war, not upon the German people, but upon their Nazi leaders, and then to credit himself with Chamberlain's adoption of the idea.

The hysteria of clacking telegraph keys is no milieu in which to mold thoughtful opinion among the biggest audience enjoyed by any American commentator on the air. But, armed with such formidable popularity, he has long been able to by-pass employers — whether his advertising agent and the Blue Network, or the editors of Hearst — in the expression of views often at picturesque variance with theirs. Winchell was a strong and early interventionist, a friend of England, and a tireless exposé of "international rogues" and the fifth column at home. Running battles with the late Senator Lundeen, Hamilton Fish, Clare Hoffman, and Martin Dies probably won him more popularity than they lost. And Winchell's services to the Navy, whether by local recruiting or good-will tours in South America, where a little flamboyance is not amiss, counterbalanced the trouble he caused the Navy by drawing fire from Congressional snipers.

Winchell's language is no more reticent than the man himself. He once called the opponents of food subsidies "thieves, crooks, and chisellers." In the late winter of 1943 he assailed not only those pre-Pearl Harbor isolationists in Congress but "all those damn fools who re-elected them." Many citizens flooded the FCC with protests against his "profanity on the Sabbath day," and Winchell retracted the epithet.

Those same files, however, reveal that the commentator's most persistent attackers are anti-Semites, whom to offend is an honor. "Winchell (the Jew) is disrespectful of the old stock Americans who has built up this nation" runs a specimen, in semi-illiterate vein. Some complain he is always boasting about Jews, like Irving Berlin and Eddie Cantor, or noting that "a Jew was the first man of the Soviet forces to cross East

Prussia"; but another plaintiff, hinting that Hebrews are mainly engaged in draft-dodging and the black market, asks, "How is it that no mention is ever made on Winchell's programs regarding Jews?"

In reply to such critics, Winchell might have quoted one of his little morale-builders, on his broadcast of last September 24: "The American doctrine of tolerance for the world will be judged by the tolerance Americans have for each other. That means that this country can no longer afford to be tolerant of the intolerant. Tonight there are some Americans sharing the same grave who in the United States could not have shared the same hotel."

8

THE last of the vibrant commentators, with a national following estimated at ten or eleven million, is Gabriel Heatter. Samplings show that he appeals most to the moderate, white-collar class, whose frozen salaries under inflated living costs he often mentions with keen sympathy. Heatter's throbbing resonance and solemnity suggest the camp-meeting exhorter, ringing changes upon the same refrain, calling errant nations to repent as he contemplates the darkest hour of the Axis: "Lord, make it dark, and make it bright for all mankind." Again to quote from Irwin Edman: —

Disaster has no warmer greeter
Than gleeful, gloating Gabriel Heatter.

A lover of shadow-boxing with the enemy — "Heatter hounded the Duce like a dog," he will recall — and inventor of long imaginary conversations between Hitler and his generals or followers, this commentator has personalized the war to a high degree.

He constantly thinks of himself as an institution. Lately he wrote to Mr. Philip Hamburger, author of an adroit *New Yorker* profile called "The Crier," thanking him for the pen picture and saying, "Now, at last, Heatter can look at Heatter." In these times of military success he likes publicly to recall gloomy days "when a man had to pray as he went to his microphone," and "a man named Heatter like a voice crying in the wilderness" promised that all would turn out right. In truth, his staunch optimism, even when uttered with doleful inflection, is almost proverbial. Some will remember a George Price cartoon in the summer of 1940, which showed a motorist with caved-in radiator being towed by a wrecking truck, and to his

rescuer gravely explaining, "Gabriel Heatter sounded an ominous note as I rounded a curve."

Heatter's peculiar style is due to two things. In the first place, he is the latest of commentators with big evening audiences, and inherits headlines already somewhat stale. So with the fact he tends to give a maximum of interpretation and rhetoric. "Tonight" is his key word — "We are driving on the road to victory tonight." Long ago he knew that Mussolini and Hitler would crumble, and now he believes that Soviet Russia can be fully trusted. He sends the old folks to bed secure in the knowledge that the world is safe for another night. This is the core of his popular appeal.

Heatter's idiom — somehow recalling an undertaker's manner — is explained by still another thing, his early career. As a boy orator in Brooklyn, writer of human-interest stories for Hearst, and composer of inspirational editorials for *Field and Stream* and the *Sporting Goods Salesman*, he taught himself to look for the sunny, wholesome, uplifting aspects of life. His friendship for the birds is perennial: in winter broadcasts he still pauses amid the wreck of empires respectfully to suggest that crumbs be put out for the robin redbreast. He used to broadcast five minutes of heart-throb or inspiration for Johns-Manville: boy saves dog, or dog saves boy, or the tale of an impoverished mother who offered her services to an aerial circus in order to provide costly music lessons for her talented daughter — "lessons made possible by a mother jumping in a parachute!"

Heatter is said to weep easily. His coverage of the Hauptmann case by radio was a masterpiece of sentiment, drama, and resourceful ad-libbing. These gifts still remain. Only recently, after a long analysis of what the Byrnes curfew order might or might not mean, Heatter ended disarmingly, "Why, I suppose a man could go on speculating like this all night long, and get nowhere." And at this point he turned smoothly to Kreml, "an unrationed pleasure . . . you'll discover a new enjoyment in your hair."

On other weekdays he addresses "the great war against gingivitis — gingivitis, that creeps in like a saboteur." No sponsor could ask for greater ardor than Heatter can bring to a middle commercial, ambushed in the thicket of the news. By and large, Heatter is really an exhorter, not an analyst. Spot news is merely the bible from which he culls a text for tonight. His influence is good, because his heart is in the right place, even though it is a considerably enlarged organ.

(To be continued)

JAPAN'S SECRET WEAPON

by EDGAR L. JONES

1

IT is not the American way to load planes with only enough fuel for a one-way trip, or to build buzz bombs which require suicide pilots, or to expect men to tie dynamite to themselves and dive into enemy pillboxes. The Japanese will do anything to kill their enemy. Because they have what they consider to be a superior fighting spirit, the Japanese believe they can turn back the superior power of the American forces. From Guadalcanal to Okinawa they consistently have been defeated; yet the Japanese have not lost faith. Win or lose, they still prefer death in battle to surrender.

Although the eventual outcome of the war in the Pacific is certain, inasmuch as no amount of courage and self-sacrifice can destroy an overwhelming amount of planes, ships, tanks, and artillery, it is essential nevertheless that we Americans understand both our own troops and those of the Japanese. The war in Europe was gentlemanly in comparison with that in the Pacific, where every battle is fought to the finish, with no holds barred.

The Pacific war is not so much between two armed forces as between two peoples. Even those Americans who may not consider themselves a part of the war effort are involved in the present conflict, because it is a war of extermination between Americans and Japanese. The showdown battle is not being fought for political, economic, or social theories, but for survival.

Now that the Federal Communications Commission has listening posts close enough to Japan to intercept the radio programs intended only for Japanese home consumption, we have a clear and rather disturbing insight on the Japanese. Although the programs naturally present only official views, they nevertheless represent openly expressed Japanese thinking. We can hear everything the Japanese hear, ranging from advice on harvesting grain while it is still green, so that the Yankee flying devils cannot set the crops afire, to lengthy quotations from the leading editorials of the day. The programs may contain criticism of Japanese plane production or of the feeble efforts of the fire departments to curb conflagrations, but no divergence of opinion in regard to Japanese feeling toward Americans is apparent.

From firsthand study of the fighting on Iwo Jima and Okinawa, EDGAR L. JONES, the *Atlantic's* correspondent in the Western Pacific, has learned much about the motives and methods of the Japanese soldier.

The Japanese hate and fear us. Nearly one hundred million Japanese consider themselves besieged by a cruel, merciless, unmoral, and all-powerful enemy who will spare them nothing in the conquest of their country. The more often Americans voice their own hatred and reiterate their demands for unconditional surrender, the more certain the Japanese are that their only salvation is to die in defense of their homeland.

At the beginning of the Pacific war, the Japanese thought of us as uncultured, soft-living, materially-minded, greedy people who publicly exhibited photographs of murderers being electrocuted, who lynched unfortunate Negroes, fought bloody riots among ourselves, and exploited the "inferior" peoples of the East to obtain the silk to clothe our women, the rubber to soften the passage of our expensive automobiles, and the rare foods, ornaments, and precious stones to satiate our jaded tastes. We were the insidious Western sensualists who threatened to subject the Eastern peoples to economic slavery, and the Japanese were the crusaders who would fight to free their Asiatic brothers from bondage.

Regardless of what self-interested motives prompted Japan to wage war against Western civilization in the name of Greater East Asia, that dream is over now. Gone are the boasts of a united and prosperous Eastern world; the Japanese now fight for survival.

Hatred for Americans, plus terror, pulsates through nearly every Japanese home radio program. Spokesmen repeatedly emphasize how American planes have leveled thousands of blocks of civilian homes in residential Tokyo, Nagoya, Osaka, and other large cities, killing untold numbers of women and children, and indiscriminately demolishing hospitals, schools, sacred shrines, holy buildings, and museums. According to the Japanese, seven mass raids on Tokyo alone destroyed more than half a million homes and rendered shelterless or killed their inhabitants. Survivors are brought to the microphone to describe how in one night we ringed seventeen square miles of Tokyo with fire, and how our pilots waited overhead to watch the fire departments and rescue squads try in vain to get through the burning rubble to rescue the trapped citizenry.

The Japanese people have been told and believe, just as we believe of them, that they are facing an enemy capable of committing the most ghastly atrocities on

record. In recent broadcasts they have been told that an American soldier boiled the flesh from the head of a Japanese soldier and sent the skull to the late President Roosevelt as a desk ornament; that the Americans on Guadalcanal ran their heavy tanks over the helpless bodies of wounded Japanese soldiers; that the Americans sank a Japanese mercy ship which was returning home after delivering Red Cross packages to American prisoners; that American pilots have strafed women and children in small towns and bombed large cities without any pretext of distinguishing between military and non-military targets.

In current broadcasts the Japanese spokesmen frequently compare us with the Mongolian hordes who tried to invade their country in the thirteenth century. The Japanese foot soldiers were no match for the lightning tactics of the Mongolian cavalymen, but the Japanese people formed a human wall of living flesh which stopped the advance of the Mongolians. Finally, tired of the bloody battle, the Mongolians returned to their ships, and then the Kamikaze, or Divine Winds, came forth and destroyed the Mongolian fleet.

Japanese spokesmen point out that on the last occasion when the Japanese people were besieged by a barbarian enemy, the Kamikaze did not come to their rescue until after they had sacrificed themselves in battle. They maintain that if at present the Divine Winds do not seem to be blowing in Japan's favor, it is because the people have not given enough of themselves to the war against the American invaders. Even if the Yankee devils actually land upon the shores of their homeland, the Japanese are told that they should not be disheartened, because the invaders will be stopped by a human wall of living flesh, and then the Kamikaze will wipe out all American ships. The Japanese daily are exhorted to condition themselves for the time when they must form that human wall of flesh. Every person able to walk and use his hands, from five to seventy-five, is tilling the fields, working in a war plant, or contributing in some way toward the defeat of the damned Yankees who seek to exterminate them. And the Japanese fight not for themselves alone, but for their gods.

2

THE Japanese no longer have an effective naval force, and their air force is negligible in comparison with ours, but they still have the one force upon which they place their greatest reliance: their spiritual power. Japanese troops are endowed, according to their spokesmen, with the Yamato Spirit — Yamato being their sacred name for Japan. Infused with the Yamato Spirit, the Japanese troops are willing to hurl themselves against a more powerful enemy, ram their dynamite-laden motorboats against the high sides of battleships, and attack tanks with bayonets. Spiritual rather than mechanical force wins wars, or so the Japanese keep telling themselves.

Until early in 1945, when the American forces in the Pacific acquired complete mastery of the air and seas,

the U.S. Navy refused to allow any public mention of the so-called Kamikaze, or suicide, attacks of Japanese who were determined to kill their enemy even if they had to die in the process. On the ground that the Japanese might learn that their self-destructive tactics were not altogether an unprofitable expenditure of men and machinery, any official acknowledgment on our part of the existence of Kamikaze warriors was banned.

Although suicide is an inadequate word to describe the exploits of men who are willing to make human bombs, torpedoes, and explosive charges of themselves, the so-called Japanese suicide attacks are as old as the war in the Pacific. The Japanese have not yet won a battle with such tactics, and there is little likelihood they ever will in a war against superior mechanized forces. Despite their Yamato Spirit, the Japanese never have been so formidable an opponent as the Germans.

The war in the Pacific has been long and bloody not so much because the Japanese have a magnificent army as because American troops have been forced to storm a long series of small, well-fortified islands where there was no room for large-scale land maneuvers. The Philippines campaign proved that the Japanese could not hold territory which was level and flat enough for the Americans to make full use of their mobilized might.

The willingness of the Japanese to die, however, does compensate materially for their lack of many of the tools of modern warfare, such as an adequate bomb-sight, motorized artillery, heavily armored vehicles, and construction equipment. Unquestionably a Japanese plane diving at a speed of five or six hundred miles an hour toward a ship is a more difficult target to hit than a plane which makes a horizontal bombing run. And no enemy artillery could be quite so accurate as the Japanese who places a dynamite charge against a pillbox and holds it there until it explodes. The goal of the Japanese soldier, as proclaimed by the Japanese Commanding Officer during the siege of Iwo Jima, is not to survive the battle, but to kill ten Americans before he himself is killed.

According to our own laws and moral codes, suicide is illegal, immoral, cowardly, and foolhardy. But we cannot judge the Japanese by our own laws and moral codes. The Japanese have a different set of values. Just because they throw their lives away in battle, we cannot consider the Japanese stupid runts. We can neither win a war nor achieve a lasting peace in the Pacific if we continue to underestimate and misunderstand the Japanese.

3

THE Japanese are short on the massive, highly technical accouterments of war and long on self-sacrifice. Take, for instance, the Japanese Special Attack Corps, which to the American mind are suicide corps and are mistakenly referred to as Kamikaze units in news releases. Without benefit of long black robes or any special trappings, the Special Attack Corps are

composed, say the Japanese spokesmen, of men assigned on a voluntary basis to special one-way missions. The pilots who flew from Japan with just enough fuel to crash their flying coffins into American ships off Okinawa were members of the Special Attack Corps of the Air. The Japanese sailors who smashed their suicide boats against the sides of American warships were members of the Special Attack Corps of the Sea.

Heroic as self-destruction may be, the Japanese military leaders have had to curb the impulses of their men to die the quick way, because the first years of war proved that impromptu suicide tactics were not always profitable. After a prolonged bombardment, the Japanese soldiers were inclined to abandon their heavy guns and charge their foe with bayonets and flags. The Japanese soldier, who knew that he was going to be killed eventually, wanted to get it over with hurriedly. The last mass Japanese banzai attack occurred more than a year ago on Saipan, where at least five thousand Japanese, who might have continued killing Americans for another week, suddenly charged American machine-gun positions and were wiped out in less than an hour.

Since Saipan, except for isolated instances, the Japanese have stuck to their guns to the bitter end. The battles for Iwo Jima and Okinawa prove that the Japanese have substituted organized suicide raids, under the heading of Special Attack Corps, for spontaneous and unauthorized impulses to win the war, and death, quickly. The Japanese leaders found that there was such a thing as having troops too eager to attain an honorable death in battle. Unless they were well organized, banzai attacks were inefficient; and the leaders had to discipline their men to wait until it was their turn to die.

Japanese pilots so far have not been restricted in their will toward self-destruction. Regardless of whether or not he is a member of the Special Attack Corps of the Air, a pilot is assured of an honorable death if he decides to crash into a ship instead of trying to drop bombs on it. One pilot who recently dived his plane through the deck of a warship was foiled when neither his plane nor the bombs exploded.

Standing on the deck of a ship and watching a Japanese plane circling just beyond range of the ack-ack batteries, one sometimes can feel the pilot's indecision. Some pilots never do get up nerve enough to take the final plunge, while others falter after they have started their dive and turn away.

Naturally the Japanese will step up Special Attack Corps activities, especially in the air, as the going gets tougher. Crash diving is no more effective than accurate bombing, but the Japanese never have had an adequate bombsight. At least a year is required to train an efficient bomber crew, while comparatively inexperienced pilots may be employed on one-way missions. American pilots who knocked down wave after wave of Japanese suicide planes headed toward Okinawa have reported that the quality of the pilots was far below the usual Japanese standards. Further indication that the Japanese were using green airmen in the Special Attack Corps was found in a broad-

cast of a Japanese Army official. In publicly acclaiming the heroic actions of ten Japanese pilots who, the spokesman said, sank or damaged an equal number of American ships in Leyte Gulf by crash-diving their planes, he proudly but incautiously mentioned that seven of the heroes were student pilots.

4

FACED with a shortage of new planes, the Japanese have put special armor plating on many of their older aircraft and utilized them, along with inexperienced pilots, for suicide missions. The obvious flaw in such a plan is the fact that a young and hastily trained pilot in a slow plane has an extremely small chance of fulfilling his mission. Unschooled in effective evasive maneuvers, most of the Special Attack Corps pilots are shot down by American fighters before they reach the target area, and even if they do break through the fighter screen to a position above a ship, only a highly skilled pilot could send his plane into a fast dive and come close to hitting a moving pinpoint target.

Even if experienced Japanese pilots escort their death-bound comrades through the screen of American fighters — a tactical plan which the Japanese borrowed from the Germans, who had to provide an aerial convoy for Stuka dive bombers to assure their reaching the target area — the American ack-ack gunners have found that suicide planes usually can be blown apart before they reach a ship. The death squadron trainees appear to be limited in approaches, many of which are known to U. S. Navy gunners. As the Japanese sacrifice more and more experienced pilots on Special Attack missions, the potential threat of the suicide planes will increase. The Japanese already have come out with a special pusher-type suicide plane with a nose filled with TNT, but even these planes, of which only a few have been seen so far, have limited effectiveness. A plane crashing into the superstructure of a major warship may cause considerable damage, but it cannot sink the ship.

Whether or not suicide planes are more effective than standard bombing procedure, they do serve as an indication of how little value the Japanese attach to their own lives when the opportunity for killing Americans arises. According to the Japanese radio commentators, whenever pilots from a squadron are selected for Special Attack Corps assignments (an indication that the pilots now are drafted for suicide jobs), the remaining pilots in the squadron hope that it will be their turn next, and are afraid that the American fleet may be wiped out by their comrades before they themselves have an opportunity to demonstrate their loyalty to the Emperor.

The self-sacrificing spirit of the Special Attack Corps is held up to the civilian population as the sort of supreme loyalty which everyone should try to emulate. The Japanese people have been urged to adopt the theme song of the Special Attack Corps of the Air as a battle hymn to carry them through the trying days ahead. This theme song, composed by members of the

Philippines-based Japanese Army Special Attack Corps of the Air, is sung by suicide pilots as their last farewell. With the falling petals of the sacred cherry blossoms utilized as a symbol of the inevitableness of death, the song is a haunting mixture of delicate sentimentality and determination:—

If cherry blossoms were but men,
The loving butterflies are their wives;
Bloom, cherry blossoms, spiritedly,
In eight petals or in singles.

With the dawn you will be gone tomorrow,
Another cherry blossom shall fall;
Bloom, cherry blossoms, spiritedly,
For I will be following you.

Branch out over Asia,
Blossoming in profusion;
Bloom, cherry blossoms, spiritedly;
The dawn of victory nears.

Peerless wild eagles, reliable,
Sear the blossom-filled blue —
Bloom, cherry blossoms, spiritedly —
Special Attack Corps of the Air.

There is something disconcerting, at least to my mind, about people who think of violent death in terms of falling cherry blossoms; who worship the beauty of their natural surroundings and with comparative calm prepare to form themselves into a defensive wall of human flesh; whose art, literature, music, and interior decorations reflect an innate, sensitive, and rather humble love for living things, yet who can hold a hand grenade to their own chests or disembowel themselves in a traditional ceremony which requires that all the entrails must be spilled into a bowl, not on the clean floor.

To those Japanese who are followers of the Shinto religion, sin is a matter of personal defilement, rather than an offense against an ideal. Their sin may be atoned, or the sinner may become cleansed, through a ritual of personal, physical sacrifice. Their religion reminds one of the ancient Hebrews sacrificing a lamb or a young son to appease the anger of their God, except that the Japanese believe that when they have failed completely in the eyes of their Great Heaven Shining Deity, the only way they can expiate their sin is to kill themselves. Through death they become clean once again.

Certainly the fighting quality of the Japanese manning the inner defenses of the Empire is far superior to that of troops, particularly labor battalions, which Americans previously have faced. The battle for Iwo Jima revealed that the Japanese Army today is well equipped with heavy artillery, with large numbers of mortars more powerful than any possessed by Allied troops, with a variety of rocket-type weapons, and with an abundance of small arms.

The battle for Okinawa revealed that the Japanese, fighting from a prepared defensive position, could uti-

lize their weapons and the natural terrain so efficiently that six American divisions, supported by the greatest concentration of artillery and naval gunfire yet employed in the Pacific, were needed to defeat an estimated 85,000 enemy troops. During forty consecutive days of fighting on the southern sector of Okinawa, American troops gained only three miles against Japanese who not only were badly outnumbered but were cut off completely from their source of supplies.

Estimates of remaining Japanese military strength indicate that the Japanese can utilize approximately four million troops in the defense of their homeland and still maintain their garrisons throughout China. Large numbers of those four million troops, like the ones who defended Okinawa, are well-trained, experienced men who already have seen action in China. We know how well they can fight, and we know that they hate and fear us so much that there is nothing they will not do to kill us.

We know, too, that a hundred million civilians in the homeland are being urged daily to take their places beside their fighting men in the event that the Americans attempt to land on their shores. We know the Japanese are fighting a holy, defensive, bitter war to prevent extermination, and that there is little hope of their surrendering unconditionally while men still live who can fire a rifle or throw a grenade. To a greater extent than at any other time during three and one-half years of war in the Pacific, Americans know the thoughts and feelings of the Japanese.

Certainly at least the Japanese military leaders realize that their country faces total destruction. They know that the Americans intend to destroy as much of Japan as possible from the sea and air and then move ashore with all their mechanized military might. These leaders could have surrendered and still saved face at the time of Germany's downfall, because they could have pointed out to their people that the Axis, not Japan, had been defeated.

Instead of preparing their people for surrender, however, they daily have exhorted them to condition themselves for the day when they must repulse the enemy with their very bodies. No matter how badly they are bombed, the Japanese apparently are determined to fight until they are defeated in hand-to-hand combat.

Continuous bombing may force the Japanese home islands to surrender, although no amount of pre-invasion bombing on Japan's outer island strongholds has weakened her troops' will to resist. Regardless of the outcome of the aerial offensive now being waged against Japan, American leaders are proceeding with their plans to make a landing in force upon the Japanese mainland. Unless the unexpected happens, the final battle therefore will be between our own American servicemen and the death-minded, bitter, hardened Japanese soldiers who think they are fighting for a sacred cause.

(In an article to follow, Mr. Jones will discuss the effect of our psychological warfare as we have been able to measure it so far in the Pacific war.)

17506

HORACE WALPOLE REREAD

by WILMARTH S. LEWIS

I

FEW writers can have fluctuated more in critical esteem than Horace Walpole. To his own age he was a brilliant essayist and historian (the eighteenth century in general knew nothing of his letter-writing). In the nineteenth century, Byron stated that he was a greater writer than any man living "be he who he may." Croker and Lord Liverpool, on the other hand, agreed that no more evil man had ever lived, because, they said, he had poisoned history at its source. Carlyle saw him as a light shining in darkness; to Macaulay he was a *pâté de foie gras* produced by an effete society.

In our own century we have had the praises of Saintsbury and Lytton Strachey. A distinguished scholar recently remarked to me that Walpole's place had been moved many rungs higher since he was a graduate student twenty-odd years ago. Horace Walpole has been the object of hatred, adulation, condescension, and respect.

When I began reading Walpole's letters twenty-one years ago, I had in mind the picture of a gossipy little dilettante, cold-blooded and sneering, which Macaulay gave the world. As I read, it became clear that something was wrong with the picture. Macaulay's talk about Walpole's wearing "mask within mask" beneath which was "the heart of a gentleman-usher" was untrue.

Walpole was witty and shrewd, but he was not a courtier; he was something of a fop; he was thin-skinned and abnormally self-conscious, but he was not trivial. He had an unworthy fear of ridicule and was prone to ridicule people he feared, but no account seemed to have been taken of his generosity and devotion to his family and friends. The main charge against him — that his indifference had driven Chatterton to suicide — was absurd; he was no more responsible for Chatterton's death than is any reader of this page. It seemed to me twenty-one years ago that posterity had misjudged Horace Walpole.

Saintsbury said Walpole was the key to the society

of his time. Saintsbury meant that portion of society which ruled England from St. James's Street and Whitehall; but as I continued to read, it seemed to me that Walpole was the key to more than that. I began collecting everything which had to do with him; and these objects — his works, letters, and the books and prints formerly in his library — disclosed the grand project of his life, which was nothing less than the deliberate and carefully planned transmission to posterity of a true picture of his time.

Horace Walpole felt the preoccupation with the future which was characteristic of many eighteenth-century men. He was determined to be remembered by posterity, to have a reputation independent of that of his father, Sir Robert. He knew that he was not suited to an important political career. He saw from the beginning that he could best gain his end by writing.

His earliest attempts were in verse, in which he was encouraged by his Eton friends, Thomas Gray and Richard West. On his return from the Grand Tour he wrote political pamphlets and then essays for the *World*. He wrote a catalogue of his father's pictures at Houghton — that great collection which his nephew, the third Lord Orford, sold to Catherine of Russia and which formed the foundation of the Hermitage. His five-volume *Anecdotes of Painting in England* is still the standard work on the subject. His *Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors* was to be found in every gentleman's library for the next hundred years. He wrote the *Castle of Otranto* and the *Mysterious Mother*, "the first romance and the last tragedy of our language," as Byron called them. The *Castle of Otranto* has passed into more than sixty editions, five of them within the past twenty-one years.

He wrote *Historic Doubts Concerning the Reign of Richard the Third*, a book as provocative as Strachey's *Queen Victoria*, which precipitated a controversy that lasted twenty-five years. He secretly wrote the political memoirs of his time for forty years, from 1751 to 1791, within six years of his death. He wrote books throughout his long life. Many of them broke new ground. Although they were on subjects which are commonly called dull, no one ever called Walpole's books dull. Still, as we know, he did not trust his posthumous fame to them.

WILMARTH S. LEWIS, a graduate and trustee of Yale, is the editor of the Yale Edition of Horace Walpole's Correspondence, and of several works on the eighteenth century, including *Three Tours Through London in the Years 1748, 1776, and 1797*. His collection of Horace Walpole at his home in Farmington, Connecticut, is the largest in existence.

In part, his preoccupation with the future rose from his preoccupation with the past. "The taste for anecdotes and historic papers," he wrote, "for ancient letters that record affairs of state, illustrate characters of remarkable persons or preserve the memory of former manners and customs, was never more general than at present." He was an amateur antiquary, a dedicated one. The days of the early Edwards and Henrys were magically restored at Strawberry Hill by pointed windows. The details of sepulchral monuments were carefully studied and introduced into its chimney-pieces. The past was composed of "ages that do not disappoint." "If I have amused you," he wrote Cole, the antiquary, "by retracing with fidelity the manners of ancient days I am content, and give you leave to think me as idle as you please."

If only, Walpole somewhere says, persons of the past who were at the center of affairs had written easily and naturally of what they saw, how much more interesting history would be! He was such a person; he knew everybody and went everywhere. His interests were wide — from the oratory of Pitt to landscape gardening, from Gothicism to the romantic savage. I once said that one can find every subject under the sun in Walpole except beekeeping, and the next unpublished letter of his that I found was all about the keeping of bees, how wasteful the English farmer was, how frugal the Spanish.

He was able to let himself go in his letters as though he were talking to his correspondent. Since his correspondents liked the way he put things down, no doubt there would be people in the future of kindred tastes who would also enjoy them. He would write for them and collect for them, he would annotate his books and prints and pictures for them, and he would be better known in the twentieth century than nine out of ten cabinet ministers of his own time.

He chose his correspondents with care — I am not speaking of his casual correspondents, but those to whom he sent what might be called his professional letters, the letters he intended us to see. These correspondents had to fulfill certain conditions: they had to live at a distance from London away from the springs of information; they had to be persons with whom Walpole could converse on the easiest terms; and they had to be persons to whom he could write on one of his four main subjects: politics, society, literature, and the arts — in which last were included antiquarianism and collecting. When one of these correspondents died or withered away under the blight of a "coolness," Walpole took up a successor. Thus Montagu was succeeded by Lady Ossory, Gray by Mason, Mason by Hannah More, and so on.

At least two of his correspondents were asked to return his letters, and a third to preserve them. The letters to Sir Horace Mann, some eight hundred and fifty in number, came back periodically from Florence during the forty-five years when the two men wrote each other without meeting. Walpole copied out his own letters in six folio volumes, suppressing some passages, but not, I think, altering them. Many of Mann's earlier letters to him contained bits in code on

the movements of the Old Pretender and his sons and other high matters. Walpole decoded these for his future editors, an act of thoughtfulness for which they cannot be too grateful. That he was able to write so freely and easily with posterity not exactly looking over his shoulder, but in the next room, is proof of the friendly reception he believed we would give him.

2

I HAVE recently reread the letters after an interval of three years. I spent this interval in a far distant society and age, in wartime Washington, and I wondered how Walpole would appear to me when I returned to him. I was struck by many things which I had not taken in earlier. I found I was less charmed by the enamel and leaf-gold he spread over his letters, and more impressed by certain aspects of his life and character.

One of these was his passionate championship of underdogs. When Admiral Byng was court-martialed and condemned to death, Walpole moved heaven and earth to save him; when his cousin Henry Conway was deprived of his regiment, he worked in the same way to restore him to favor, and this time he was successful. He refused to testify against Maclean, the highwayman who had robbed him, even though Maclean's pistol had gone off accidentally and the ball had so narrowly missed Walpole that his face was pockmarked with powder.

He raised money in a vain attempt to release King Theodore of Corsica from a debtors' prison. He printed one book at the Strawberry Hill Press for the benefit of Mr. Hill, a learned but indigent tailor; he printed a second to allay the misfortunes of the Reverend Mr. Hoyland, the decline of whose body and mind prevented him from accepting a living and comfort in South Carolina; still other publications were printed for the benefit of the poor of Twickenham, to whom he left £300 in his will.

It is significant, I think, that Walpole did not become attached to his father until Sir Robert fell from power. Thereafter he was the aggressive champion of his father's reputation and the apologist for every act of his life. One of Sir Robert's natural daughters, Lady Mary Churchill, was Horace's favorite close relation. He stood godfather to her children, opened his house to her and them, and left them all generous bequests.

When he discovered another of his father's illegitimate daughters, a Mrs. Daye, he at once took her to Strawberry Hill, where she lived until her death. Cole describes her as being of a "squab, short, gummy appearance," and with scarcely more agreeable qualities of mind. She could not have been a brilliant addition to Horace Walpole's dinner table, but the man who has been frequently called a snob immediately made his home her own. Still another resident of Strawberry Hill was Mrs. Leneve, a gentlewoman who had been a governess in his father's household.

No two men were apparently more dissimilar than Horace Walpole and Samuel Johnson. Actually, they

held in common many opinions and qualities, not the least admirable of which was the willingness to share their houses with derelicts of society. The statement of a neighbor is a tribute not only to Walpole's goodness of heart, but to his gifts as a housekeeper: "As a master, he was loved by all his domestics — a change in his establishment would have excited the wonder and curiosity of all Twickenham."

Walpole took up traduced figures of history in the same way that he espoused contemporary underdogs. Algernon Sidney and Lord Russell were his heroes. In his *Historic Doubts* he attempted to prove that Richard III had been accused by Lancastrian historians of murders which, Walpole believed, he had not committed.

His sympathy for the underdog extended beyond individuals to groups and nations. He was one of the first Members of Parliament to come out against the slave trade on moral grounds. He did this in 1750, nine years before Wilberforce was born. "We, the British Senate, that temple of liberty, and bulwark of Protestant Christianity," he wrote, "have this fortnight been pondering methods to make more effectual that horrid traffic of selling negroes. It has appeared to us that six-and-forty thousand of these wretches are sold every year to our plantations alone! — it chills one's blood. . . . We reproach Spain, and yet do not even pretend the nonsense of butchering these poor creatures for the good of their souls!"

When the workmen at Strawberry Hill went on strike and left him "up to the knees in shavings," his sympathies were with them against their masters. There was no more earnest supporter of the American Revolution. On the outbreak of the French Revolution he shifted his sympathy from the people to their victims. Macaulay cited this to prove the flimsiness of Walpole's detestation of kings and oppressors. What Walpole's shift proves is his detestation of violence and injustice whether the perpetrators of it were high or low; he had nothing against good kings and popes; quite the contrary.

One episode sharply contrasts his altruism with his rather dandified fear of being conspicuous and ridiculous. The occasion was a riot at Drury Lane over pantomimes. Fleetwood, the manager of the theater, wanted them; the pit did not. Fleetwood brought in some Bear-garden bruisers to knock down everybody who hissed. The pit threw them out.

"I was sitting," writes Walpole, who was then just twenty-seven years of age, "very quietly in the side boxes, contemplating all this. On a sudden the curtain flew up, and discovered the whole stage filled with blackguards, armed with bludgeons and clubs, to menace the audience. This raised the greatest uproar; and among the rest, who flew into a passion but your friend? In short, one of the actors advancing to the front of the stage to make an apology for the manager, he had scarce begun to say, 'Mr. Fleetwood —' when your friend with a most audible voice and dignity of anger, called out, 'He is an impudent rascal!' The whole pit buzzed, and repeated the words. Only think of my being a popular orator!"

"But what was still better, while my shadow of a person was dilating to the consistence of a hero, one of the chief ringleaders of the riot, coming under the box where I sat, and pulling off his hat, said, 'Mr. Walpole, what would you please to have us do next?' It is impossible to describe to you the confusion into which this apostrophe threw me. I sunk down into the box, and have never since ventured to set my foot into the playhouse.

"The next night, the uproar was repeated with greater violence, and nothing was heard but voices calling out, 'Where's Mr. Walpole? Where's Mr. Walpole?' In short, the whole town has been entertained with my prowess, and Mr. Conway has given me the name of Wat Tyler."

Just before his twenty-fifth birthday he expressed his views upon the prevailing concept of honor. One wonders how many other young Englishmen of quality would have been capable in 1742 of so revolutionary a statement. "There is nothing, sure, so whimsical as modern honor!" he wrote Mann. "You may debauch a woman upon a promise of marriage, and not marry her; you may ruin your tailor's or baker's family by not paying them; you may make Mr. Mann maintain you for eighteen months, as a public minister, out of his own pocket, and still be a man of honor! But not to pay a common sharper, or not to murder a man that has trod upon your toe, is such a blot in your scutcheon, that you could never recover your honor, though you had in your veins all the blood of all the Howards!"

Walpole was proud of his personal disinterestedness, and justly so. According to custom, his father had provided his sons with public sinecures. The value of Horace's rose as high as £4200 a year. He had opportunities to raise them still higher, but he never lifted a finger to do so or even to secure them to himself when they were in jeopardy. Characteristically, he wrote a careful account of his conduct regarding these places for anyone in the future who might be interested in it. "I have declined every opportunity of enlarging or securing my fortune," he wrote, "because I would not be bound to serve any minister contrary to my principles."

Although he was of considerable help to his friends, the Rockingham Whigs, in 1764, Walpole did not ask for the office which might have been his for the asking. In a world where personal power carried large emoluments, this abstention was as remarkable as it was unusual; and he did not give up opportunities to have more money with the conscious joy of an ascetic, for he liked having money to spend on Strawberry Hill and its contents.

3

FINALLY, I have been struck, in my rereading, by the zest for life which Walpole preserved to the end, in spite of his enduring ever greater tortures from the gout. It is this gusto which gives freshness to the pictures he tossed off so gayly. At the funeral of George II we see the Duke of Newcastle, who was obsessed by fear of catching cold, stepping on the

train of the paralytic Duke of Cumberland to escape the chill of the marble. We see Princess Amelia and the house party at Stowe leaning on the balustrade as they hobbled down the vast flight of steps to sup in the grotto in the cold and damp and semi-darkness while a crowd from the neighboring villages stared and "an ancient militia-man played cruelly on a squeaking tabor and pipe."

The eighteenth century runs its course from the peaceful days of Sir Robert Walpole to the troubled days of the younger Pitt. "Life," wrote Walpole, "seems to me as if we were dancing on a sunny plain on the edge of a gloomy forest, where we pass in a moment from glare to gloom and darkness." It was Horace Walpole's self-imposed task not only to paint the great figures of his time in action and in repose, but to catch the movement and the light and the changes of the very air itself.

He did all this with thought and preparation. I have at Farmington scores of little slips of paper on which he wrote the notes for his memoirs and letters. They include records of conversations, lists of new appointments and peerages, bon mots, "detached thoughts." He collected plays, pamphlets, and poems as they appeared and had them bound up with a "List of Pieces in this volume," supplied in his own hand inside the front cover.

He read his books and annotated them, perhaps merely filling in the blanks in a man's name or adding the date of a play's or pamphlet's publication on its title page. The margins of books which he particularly liked — biographies and county histories — were crowded with notes and anecdotes. These frequently ran over onto additional leaves which were bound in at the front or back of the book. He annotated his prints, thousands upon thousands of them, in the same careful way. The grand project was carried out with infinite pains.

Like Boswell, Walpole realized that all would be in

vain if, when posterity came to examine his facts, he was found to be inaccurate. This is why he repeatedly informs his correspondents, when he is sending them only a rumor, that he has not yet "heard the echo." In the past decade his statements of fact have undergone the clearest scrutiny. They have withstood the test. They have not only been borne out by firsthand accounts and materials which Walpole had access to — newspapers, Parliamentary Reports, directories, and the whole library of contemporary documentation — but by manuscript accounts unknown to him which have floated down to us from the past.

Horace Walpole is not an historian as Gibbon and Macaulay were historians. To find a closer parallel I think we must go to an historian whose works are listed in the libraries under quite a different classification. I mean Anthony Trollope. "The novel," Henry James reminds us, "is history." No two men were more unlike than Horace Walpole and Trollope: the one a small man to whom the words "elegant" and "ingenious" were applied by his contemporaries, a man who enjoyed such unmasculine tastes as iced water, pots of tuberose, and the society of old ladies; the other a big-fisted man who rode to hounds and slaved away his life in the Post Office.

But both of them gave posterity a host of men and women who are more real to their readers than most people those readers have known. Mrs. Lookalof and Mrs. Greenacre in the ha-ha at Ullathorne are the descendants of the respectable housewives of Walpole's Norfolk; Lady Glencora Palliser is a nineteenth-century Lady Caroline Petersham; Mrs. Proudie grasping her bedpost in death is no less real than the Duchess of Buckingham, who, as death neared, angrily ordered her funeral canopy to be sent at once even though the tassels on it were not finished.

March 2 was the 148th anniversary of Horace Walpole's death. Few men have planned their engagement with posterity so carefully and with such success.

ON ANODYNES

by SIMPSON SASSERATH, RT 2/c

WE who must live on substitutes for life,
 The powdered egg, the dehydrated spud,
 The processed V-mail from an anxious wife,
 We who must be prepared to trade our blood
 For someone else's plasma neatly bottled,
 Or learn the art of love with plastic limbs,
 Cannot disguise the months that have been throttled
 By counting Japs or singing victory hymns.
 When we come back, without our serial numbers,
 Racked with a fever which no drug can hide,
 We shall not find protection for our slumbers
 In atabrine or sulfanilamide.
 The loving hand, the soft, uncensored kiss,
 Will be our balsam and our armistice.

New Guinea, 1945



AN ATLANTIC STORY

MRS. RAZOR

by JAMES STILL

WE'LL have to do something about that child," Father said. We sat in the kitchen, eating our supper, though day held and the chickens had not yet gone to roost in the gilly trees. Elvy was crying behind the stove, and her throat was raw with sobbing. Morg and I paused, bread in hand, and glanced over our shoulders. The firebox of the Cincinnati stove winked, the iron flowers of the oven throbbed with heat. Mother tipped a finger to her lips, motioning Father to hush. Father's voice lifted:—

"I figure a small thrashing would make her leave off this foolish notion."

Elvy was six years old. She was married, to hear her tell it, and had three children and a lazy shuck of a husband who cared not a mite for his own and left his family to live upon her kin. The thought had grown into truth in her mind. I could play at being Brother Hemp Leckett, climb onto a chopblock and preach to the fowls; or I could be Round George Harks, riding the creeks, killing all who crossed my path; I could be any man body. Morg couldn't make-believe; he was just Morg. But Elvy had imagined herself old and thrown away by a husband, and she kept believing.

"A day will come," Elvy told us, "when my man's going to get killed down dead, the way he's living." She spoke hard of her husband and was a shrew of a wife who thought only of her children; she was as busy with her young as a hen with biddies. It was a dog's life she led, washing rags of clothes, sewing with a straw for needle, singing by the half hour to cradled arms, and keeping an eye sharp for gypsies. She jerked at loose garments and fastened and pinned, as Mother did to us.

Once we spied her in the grape arbor making to put a jacket on a baby that wouldn't hold still. She slapped

the air, saying, "Hold up, young'un!" Morg stared, half believing. Later she claimed her children were stolen. It wasn't by the dark people. Her husband had taken them—she didn't know where. For days she sat pale and small, minced her victuals, and fretted in her sleep. She had wept, "My man's the meanest critter ever was. Old Scratch is bound to get him."

And now Elvy's husband was dead. She had run to Mother to tell this thing, the news having come in an unknown way. She waited dry-eyed and shocked until Father rode in from the fields in middle afternoon and she met him at the barn gate to choke out her loss.

"We've got to haste to Biggety Creek and fetch my chaps ere the gypsies come," she grieved. "They're left alone."

"Doornail dead?" Father had asked, smiling to hear Biggety Creek named, the Nowhere Place he had told us of once at table: Biggety Creek where heads are the size of water buckets, where noses are turned up like old shoes, women wear skillets for hats, and men screw their breeches on, and where people are so proper they eat with little fingers pointing, and one pea at a time. Father rarely missed a chance to preach us a sermon.

"We've got to haste," Elvy pled.

"Do you know the road to Biggety Creek?"

Elvy nodded.

Father keened his eyes to see what manner of chap was his own, his face lengthening and his patience wearing thin. He grabbed his hat off and clapped it angrily against his leg; he strode into the barn, fed the mules, and came to the house with Elvy tagging after and weeping.

"Fix an early supper," he told Mother.

Father's jaws were set as he drew his chair to the table. The day was still so bright the wall bore a shadow of the unkindled lamp. Elvy had hidden behind the stove, lying on the cat's pallet, crying. "Come

The *Atlantic* published the first short story of JAMES STILL in 1936. At that time he was librarian of the Hindman Settlement School at the forks of Troublesome Creek in the Kentucky mountains. Now he is a technical sergeant with the AAF.

and eat your victuals," Mother begged, for her idea was to humor children and let them grow out of their notions. But Elvy would not.

2

WE KNEW Father's hand itched for a hickory switch. Disobedience angered him quicker than anything. Yet he only looked worried. The summer long he had teased Elvy, trying to shake her belief. Once while shaving he had asked, "What ever made you marry that lump of a husband, won't come home, never furnishes a cent?" Morg and I stood by to spread the leftover lather on our faces and scrape it off with a kitchen knife. "I say it's past strange I've not met my own son-in-law. I hunger to shake his hand and welcome him to the family, ask him to sit down to our board and stick his feet under."

Father had glanced slyly at Elvy. "What's his name? Upon my honor I haven't been told."

Elvy looked up. Her eyes glassed in thought. "He's called Razor."

"Given name or family?"

"Just Razor."

"Ask him to come," Father urged in mock seriousness. "Invite him up for Sunday dinner."

Elvy had promised that her husband would come. She had Mother fry a chicken, the dish he liked best, claiming the gizzard was his chosen morsel. Nothing less than the flax tablecloth was good enough, and she gathered spiderwort blossoms for the centerpiece. An extra chair was placed, and we waited; we waited noon through, until one o'clock. Then she told us confidentially, "Go ahead and eat. Razor allus was slow as Jim Christmas." She carried a bowl of soup behind the Cincinnati stove to feed her children. In the evening she explained, "I've learnt why my man stayed away. He hain't got a red cent to his pocket and he's scared o' being lawed for not supporting his chaps."

Father had replied, "I need help — need a workhand to grub corn ground. A dollar a day I'll pay, green-back on the barrel top. I want a feller with lard in his elbows and willing to work. Fighting sourwood sprouts is like going to war. If Razor has got the measure of the job, I'll hire him and promise not to law."

"I ought never to a-took him for a husband," Elvy confessed. "When first I married he was smart as ants. Now he's turned so lazy he won't even fasten his gallus buckles. He's slouchy and no 'count."

"Humm," Father had grunted, eying Morg and me, the way our clothes hung on us. "Sloth works on a feller," he preached. "It grows roots. He'll start letting his sleeves flare and shirttail go hang. One day he gets too sorry to bend and lace his shoes, and it's a *swarp, swarp* every step. A time comes he'll not latch the top button of his breeches — ah, when a man turns his potty out, he's beyond cure."

"That's Razor all over," Elvy had said.

Father's teasing had done no good. As we sat at supper that late afternoon, listening to Elvy sob behind the stove, Morg began to stare into his plate and could eat no more. He believed Elvy. Tears hung on his chin.

Father's face tightened, half in anger, half in dismay. He lifted his hands in defeat. "Hell's bang-ers!" he blurted.

I whispered to Morg, "Razor is a lie-tale." Morg's tears fell thicker. I spoke small into his ear, "Act it's not so," but Morg could never make-like.

Father suddenly thrust back his chair. "Hurry and get ready," he ordered, "the whole push of you. We're going to Biggety Creek." His voice was as dry as a stick.

Elvy's sobbing hushed. Morg blinked. The room became so quiet I could hear flames eating wood in the firebox. Father arose and made long-legged strides toward the barn to harness the mules.

We mounted the wagon, Father and Mother to the spring seat, Elvy settling between; I stood with Morg behind the seat. Dusk was creeping out of the hollows. Chickens walked toward the gilly trees, flew to their roosts, sleepy and quarrelsome. Father gathered the reins and angled the whip to start the mules. "Now, which way?" he asked Elvy. She pointed ahead and we rode off.

The light faded. Night came. The shapes of trees and fences were lost and there were only the wise eyes of the mules to pick the road when the ground had melted and the sky was gone. Elvy nodded fitfully, trying to keep awake. We traveled six miles before Father turned back.

TRIAL BY FURY

by DILYS BENNETT LAING

SHRED the flesh
until the bones are clean:
Shake the tree
until the boughs are seen.

Fire your house
until the timbers glow.
You had not known its pattern.
Now you know.

FOR THE RECORD: BUCHENWALD

by LT. COL. CHARLES R. CODMAN

I

WEIMAR must have been a rather attractive city — physically, I mean. Some of it still is. Northward the road winds through wooded country for three or four miles to burst abruptly upon an open sunlit area covered, until recently, with the buildings of a thriving German armament establishment, now a mass of rubble. The “heavies” do a good job. A quarter of a mile further on, the road — symbolically enough — comes to an end before a reddish-brown wooden pavilion from both of whose extremities stretch miles of wire fence encompassing long, low barracks of the same color. If you didn’t know what it was, you might take it for the entrance to a third-rate amusement park. In a sense it was that — to the SS. From the short pole on the wart-like cupola a flag hangs listlessly. A black flag. For the President, it seems.

Inside the gate is a spacious yard of rough flagstones. By prearrangement, our Military Government officer and a number of the French prisoners were waiting for us — Colonel Marhes, formerly head of the resistance movement in northern France, and Marcel Paul, member of the Paris Municipal Council; General Audebert of the Cavalry and General Challe, Aviation. All of them in for “resistance activities,” for it must be understood that the inmates of Buchenwald, while including many former officers and soldiers, is not a compound for military prisoners of war, but for those who have committed, or are suspected of having committed, “crimes against the Reich.”

“You might as well see the end product first,” the Military Government officer said, “and then work backwards.”

While not large, the crematory is, as I remember it, the only solidly constructed building in the camp. In a smaller yard, enclosed by a wooden fence, a large wagon like a farmer’s cart had just been brought in. Over it the flies buzzed lazily. Its content, the Military Government officer explained, was part of the day’s toll — thirty or forty bodies, naked, crisscrossed

like matches, and about as substantial. The crematory itself is not unlike the standard variety, with certain additional features. It seems that the routine was as follows. Prisoners who died from “natural causes” were simply carted into the ground floor of the crematory proper and tossed into six coke ovens, in which are still to be seen the charred remains of the last overhasty and incomplete job that the arrival of our troops interrupted.

The unusual feature is the basement. Here, according to eyewitnesses whom I have no reason to disbelieve, were brought prisoners condemned of capital crimes, — for example, attempting to escape, insubordination, stealing a potato, smiling in ranks, — usually in groups of twenty or so at a time. They were lined up against the walls, each one under a hook fixed at a height of about eight feet from the floor. (The hooks are no longer there. They were hastily removed the day we came in, but the emplacements are clearly visible.) A short slip-noose was placed about the neck of the condemned, who was then raised by the guards the distance necessary to affix the end of the noose to the hook.

If the ensuing strangulation took too long a time to suit the mood of the guards, they beat out the brains of the condemned with a long-handled club resembling a potato masher. (Specimens of the nooses and “potato mashers” are on view in the basement.) The remains were then placed on an elevator which lifted them directly to the crematory proper, the final run being made on a miniature railway of metal litters leading from the elevator platform to the furnace doors. Efficient.

Having seen and photographed the end products, we proceeded to the place whence they came — the infamous Barrack 61. Exteriorly, Barrack 61 is like the other barracks, roughly 150 feet long by 30 feet wide. Inside, four tiers of wooden shelves incline slightly towards the central corridor. In the rush season this single barrack housed 2300 prisoners jammed together on those shelves, 2300 “non-workers” that tuberculosis, dysentery, pneumonia, and plain starvation had rendered incapable of the daily twelve-hour stretch at the armament factory or near-by quarries. There were fewer when I was there. I did not count them, but the shelves were still well filled. Some of them were living human beings, but the majority were almost

Senior aide to General Patton, LT. COL. CHARLES R. CODMAN was one of the first American officers to see Buchenwald. In his letter to the Editor, Colonel Codman says: “I have written it only because I thought I ought to. *Au fond* I don’t like horrors any more than you do. It probably won’t be believed — even with the dozens of photographs I had taken. *Tant pis*. There it is — take it or leave it. Leave it, and there will be another war in ten years.”

indistinguishable from the corpses we saw in the death cart.

On one shelf barer than the rest, three shadowy figures huddled together for warmth. Cold comfort for the outside two, since the middle one had been dead for several hours. Under the old regime he would eventually have been stripped and thrown out onto the flagstones to await the next tour of the wagon. Farther on, an emaciated specter of a man who had managed to get to the latrine and back was attempting to crawl up onto the first shelf. It was only three feet from the floor but he could not make it. As he collapsed, his shirt — he had no other clothing — fell open. A living — barely living — skeleton, with a long prison serial number tattooed on the inside of the thigh. Two of the inmates who accompanied us picked him up by the shoulders and ankles, his sagging wasted behind dribbling excrement and bloody mucus as they placed him on the shelf.

So much for Barrack 61. Barrack 47 was like it, but frankly I hadn't the stomach.

2

ANY redeeming features? Yes. A number of individuals who through sheer will power and incredible fortitude managed to preserve their sanity and their self-respect, such as Professor Richet of the Académie de Médecine. An inmate of the camp for over a year, he had been allowed to organize his own clinic within the prison. With means so slender as to be negligible from the German point of view, he nevertheless brought some relief to those who could find room in the meager space allotted him — meantime amassing a wealth of informative data. From Barrack 61 we went there.

"What seems so pointless," I said, "is the elaboration of horror. If extermination is the object, why haven't they just wiped you all out once and for all?"

"Ah, my friend, there are certain considerations to be taken into account," he said.

"Such as?"

"Applied slave labor, turnover, example, and even public opinion."

"What public opinion?"

"German public opinion."

"The system is not pointless," he continued; "it is carefully thought out. In this camp are 25,000 Russians, Poles, Czechs, French, Belgians, and others who are in disagreement with the tenets of the Reich. True, they must disappear, but before they go they must contribute their bit. On arriving here they are put to work, twelve hours a day at the factory or in the quarries or elsewhere. A workingman requires a diet of 2000 or 2500 calories per day. Here he is put on a diet of 800 calories per day — a diet calculated to produce death by starvation in a certain period of time. That period may be lengthened or shortened in accordance with available replacements. If the replacements are ample, the quotas of non-workers sent to what are frankly known as extermination camps, such as Ohr-

druf, are increased. There the principle is the same but the tempo is accelerated."

"Why not exterminate them here?"

"They do. During the months of January, February, and March of this year there were 14,000 deaths. With the milder weather the rate has dropped slightly. Around 3000 a month."

"From what cause?"

"Overcrowding, disease, beating, hanging, starvation — chiefly starvation."

"Then why bother with extermination camps?"

"A certain amount of distribution spreads the number of 'deaths from natural causes' over a wider area. Public opinion, you see. Also among the workers the threat of being sent to an extermination camp has its uses."

"I have managed," he went on, "to retain a good many of my written observations of the system. Several volumes. I should like to get them to Paris."

"I think that can be arranged."

On the way out one of the Frenchmen said, "Did you know that Colonel Heurtaux is here?"

Good God, Heurtaux! Twenty to thirty German planes to his credit during the last war — perhaps more. I only saw him once, in 1916, when we were alongside the Cigognes at Bar-le-Duc. It was out at the field. He was talking to one of his pilots, a quiet unassuming young lieutenant with very clear eyes — Lieutenant Guynemer.

Well, here was Heurtaux again. We sat in the office of the former superintendent of Buchenwald and smoked cigarette after cigarette. He looked fine — that is, he looked like a fine man who has been through hell and still remains a fine man.

"Yes, I remember you," he said, "and Norman Prince, and Cowdin, and Thaw."

I gave him news of his old squadron, of Accart, of Murtin, and of the death of Marin la Meslee.

"A great leader," he said.

"What were you accused of?" I asked.

"Organizing resistance, sabotage, spying, and hostility to the Reich."

"An honorable indictment."

"And true, thank God. But they had no proof. My interrogation ran to 175 typewritten pages. I saw it. But all they had was accusations and they don't like to shoot an army officer without some 'semblance of proof.'"

"Who accused you?"

He was silent for a moment and then smiled — the saddest smile I have ever seen.

"A compatriot," he said. "I believe he thought he was doing his duty."

We talked some more — of other things.

"Are you also of the opinion that the whole system here is carefully worked out?"

"Does anyone doubt it?"

"Well, *who* works it out? Are there general directives, with the details left to the individual camp commanders, or what?"

"Listen, my friend," he said, "make no mistake. Down to the last detail it comes from the top, with

many willing hands to carry out both the policies and the details. Coming across France you must have learned of their interrogation methods — burning matches under the fingernails, pulling out tongues, eye-gouging, crushing the testicles with nutcrackers. Standard procedure. Occasional improvisations, as in the case of one of my comrades, who was seated naked on a dining-room table that was pulled apart sufficiently to contain his private parts and slowly pushed together from either end by a couple of SS men.

“Or the case of the four girls at Lyon suspected of knowledge of resistance activities. Stripping and beating them was merely standard procedure. An SS noticed, however, that one of the girls was having her monthly period. Being a man of fantasy, he removed her sanitary pad, dipped it in gasoline, replaced it, and struck a match. The other girls received similar treatment in terms of gasoline-soaked wads of cotton. It was four days before the last one died. One can go on endlessly. But to what good. Those who cannot or will not believe — and I don’t blame them — say ‘propaganda.’

“But I say to you that the obscene violence, the sadism, of the interrogation chambers is merciful compared to the prolonged inferno of the concentration camp. You yourself have seen the physical effects. What you have not seen at work is their diabolical ingenuity in breaking down morale. Do you think, for example, that when a contingent of prisoners is destined for the extermination camp at Ohrdruf the names are simply announced by the German officials? Certainly not. They make us do it. The head or heads of the prisoners’ committee are summoned. They are

told, ‘You will this evening submit a list of a hundred prisoners to be ready to leave for Ohrdruf at 5.00 tomorrow morning. When it has been approved, you will call the roll and announce the names to your section and have them ready at the appointed time.’

“In the same way prisoners are put on the cremation detail, the burial detail, the flogging detail. Anything and everything that is calculated to engender internal distrust, bitterness, hatred, is applied, often with considerable effect. That these people are individually and collectively mad there is no possible doubt. But there is method in their madness and a kind of genius for evil. The important thing is that this evil should be fully understood.”

I have taken a bath, changed my clothes, smoked two packs of cigarettes, but the overpowering moral and physical stench of Barrack 61 remains in my nostrils — the sour-sweet stench of death, dysentery, and despair. Perhaps it is meant to.

The day before, I had visited the camp at Ohrdruf. The pattern was much the same with minor variations. The hanging nooses were wire instead of clothesline and there was no crematory — just lime and a big ditch. The mayor of Ohrdruf was brought up to see for himself. “I had no idea this was going on in my municipality,” he said. Then he went home and shot himself through the head. Tomorrow a number of former officials and leading citizens of Weimar will be taken on a personally conducted tour of Buchenwald. I shall be surprised if any of them commit suicide. I think the mayor of Ohrdruf was just one of those oversensitive Germans. No good to the Reich. Better out of the way.

FORGIVE ME, STRANGER

by WINFIELD TOWNLEY SCOTT

SHRIVE me? Can it be Tuesday now?
Can I be touched, washed, blessed, made whole?
Stayed so on Wednesday? Sir, I fear
Who touches me feels acid; so beware.
And I am cold, sir, also; bitter cold.
You cannot come near if I say you can’t,
And you are not the child I put aside;
How can you touch me? In this garden
Are rocks and sand with roses, and beyond it
Spit and nails and vinegar and nothing.
Can you drink night? That gravel pit of stars,
They’d cut and choke you. Better, vinegar

Or even nails and spit; best of all, nothing.
Or could you if my thought believed you could?
No, I will not eat this blackness for you,
For I am cold enough. Go shrive yourself,
And I will lay one hand upon the other
To find if doubled zero makes warm wealth,
Or swallowing my tears turns salt to wine.
I’d heard the child was here who’d comfort me,
Having some wisdom about sleep and singing
Which I’ve forgot; but you are old and strange,
And no more help to me than I to you.
Forgive me, stranger; and — I’ll — Oh! my hands!

SHIPS AND SUBSIDIES

Following the publication of Lewis W. Douglas's article, "What Shall We Do with the Ships?" in the April *Atlantic*, the United States Maritime Commission issued a statement sharply challenging Mr. Douglas's estimate that the cost to taxpayers in operating a post-war merchant fleet of 20,000,000 dead-weight tons would run from \$200,000,000 to \$300,000,000 annually. The Commission stated that there would be no such costs to the country "in operating subsidies alone," which was Mr. Douglas's phrase; emphasizing the recapture clause in the Merchant Marine Act of 1936, the Commission estimated that a foreign trade fleet twice the size of our pre-war tonnage could be operated on an annual subsidy not to exceed \$30,000,000.

The Commission also emphasized that a strong and vigorous merchant fleet as an auxiliary to our navy would be essential to the defense of the United States.

Mr. Douglas is now overseas serving as Assistant to Lieutenant General Lucius Clay, Deputy of General Eisenhower as United States Administrator in Germany. Before his departure, Mr. Douglas prepared for the *Atlantic* an accounting of his disputed figures, in which he explains that the *total cost* (not the operating subsidies alone) would run in excess of \$200,000,000 a year. We publish here replies to Mr. Douglas by Mr. Basil Harris, President of United States Lines, and Mr. J. F. Gehan, National President of the Propeller Club, as well as Mr. Douglas's supplementary statement, together with the vigorous rebuttal by Admiral E. S. Land, Chairman of the United States Maritime Commission. — THE EDITOR

BASIL HARRIS

President, United States Lines

Mr. Lewis W. Douglas proposes that the United States limit its post-war merchant fleet to 10,000,000 operating dead-weight tons. He would dispose of a big share of the rest of our ships under terms that "should provide — at least in so far as the British are concerned — that in the event of war the tonnage so sold at nominal prices or so leased irrevocably at nominal rentals should be made available to us in the conduct of any war in which we might become engaged." In other words, Mr. Douglas suggests that we practically give away our merchant fleet to foreign nations and then expect to get it back when and if this nation is ever again plunged into a war!

The policy of the United States as set forth in the Merchant Marine Act of 1936, which is still in effect, decrees that the nation shall have a merchant marine sufficient to carry all its water-borne domestic commerce and a "substantial portion of the water-borne export and import foreign commerce of the United States" and that it shall "provide shipping service on all routes essential for maintaining the flow of such domestic and foreign water-borne commerce at all times."

"A substantial portion" of the American exports and imports to be carried in American ships after the war has been set at 50 per cent. That would make it even Stephen with the rest of the maritime nations. The United States carries 50 per cent of its own trade, and the other 50 per cent is carried by other countries. Certainly such a plan implies no grandiose effort to monopolize the seas after the war.

But it is argued by Mr. Douglas that countries like Britain, Norway, and Holland depend far more than the United States upon shipping revenues to build up credits which make possible the operation of their own

economies and the purchase of goods in the United States. Therefore, the argument goes, the United States would be cutting off its nose to spite its economic face if this country should try to carry more of its commerce in its own ships than it did immediately before the war.

Examination of the past and projection into the foreseeable future demolish the validity of that argument. Almon E. Roth, President of the National Federation of American Shipping, Inc., recently set forth some figures in this regard: —

(a) Foreign countries earned an average of only forty million dollars per year in usable dollar exchange from the United States in the twenty years between World War I and World War II; (b) this amount was only 1% of the value of our annual exports during that period; (c) our exports were only 7% of our average national income during this time; (d) it follows that if foreign countries had earned no net balance at all from the United States shipping services and had reduced their American purchases by \$40,000,000 per year, this could have reduced our national wealth by only seven ten-thousandths. As against this theoretical loss, we would have had increased employment for Americans as crew members, shipbuilders, etc., which would more than make up for the supposed loss.

There is no assurance that either England, Norway, Holland, or any other maritime country will use any extra income derived from ship operation to buy additional goods in this country. Besides, the withdrawal of all competition by the American merchant marine would undoubtedly result in a rise in freight and passenger rates that would prove expensive to us.

Contentions that these maritime countries must make their money by carrying more than 50 per cent of American foreign trade are all based upon the belief that post-war international commerce will be maintained at the low levels of the past. Yet even the

advocates of the idea that foreign nations should carry the bulk of American international commerce, like Mr. Douglas himself, talk in glowing terms of the necessity of developing world markets on a far bigger scale than in the past.

If the markets of the world are to be restored and enlarged — and I agree that they must be to maintain peace — then more shipping will be required all around the world to carry the expanded amounts of goods being exchanged. Britain, Norway, Holland, and the other maritime countries will find plenty to fill enlarged merchant fleets without carrying more than 50 per cent of American commerce.

And it might be a good thing to give this reminder. Before the war, Germany had a merchant fleet of 4,000,000 tons. Japan's merchant fleet was 5,000,000 tons. There seems to be unanimous agreement that neither Japan nor Germany must be allowed to operate merchant tonnage in international trade, since such operation constitutes a war potential for the future.

Thus, some millions of tons of shipping formerly operated by the enemy must be furnished by the maritime countries of the United Nations. Add that to the anticipated general increase in the demand for ships from enlarged post-war commerce, and fears for the welfare of the other maritime nations melt away.

It is asserted by some, including Mr. Douglas, that the United States is not essentially a maritime nation and that foreign nations operate their ships more cheaply than we operate ours. When Mr. Douglas says that foreign nations can operate more cheaply than we can, he is entirely correct. But why? Because they do not build or sail their ships under wage and working conditions which we have established as a fair standard of living. Wages on foreign ships are low, quarters are cramped, food is poor. Ask any seaman to compare American shipping conditions with those of other countries. He'll tell you in no uncertain terms.

And this is where the "subsidy" comes in. Under the Merchant Marine Act of 1936, payments are made to certain American shipping companies in order to equalize competition between companies flying the American flag and operating under American wage and working conditions, and foreign ships with far lower wage and working standards. Every cent of the "subsidy" goes to the men who sail the American ships. The shipowners and operators keep none of it. The same is essentially true in shipbuilding and ship repair, where the "subsidy" goes to make up the difference between American wages and working conditions and the lower wages and conditions in foreign shipyards.

Another criticism of an equalization subsidy for an American merchant fleet is that it constitutes a growing government intervention in affairs of private trade and thus threatens the free market. In the interests of historical accuracy, it should be pointed out that the British — for whom Mr. Douglas seems so solicitous — have themselves taken special action in violation of Mr. Douglas's "law of the market place." Almost at the very time that Mr. Douglas's words were being printed, the British were forming what amounts to an overall export-import trust into which all sections of

British economic life are gathered in order to bolster Britain's post-war position in foreign trade and shipping. Is that the free exercise of the "law of the market place"?

It is obvious that around the world almost all nations other than the United States will operate in their international commerce in much the same way. The Soviet Union has long dealt abroad through a state monopoly. The French lean in that direction for post-war trade. The Chinese have laws of the same trend. Other nations may follow. In no sense do these facts argue that the United States should follow suit. But it is important to bring home to our people that the rest of the world pays little attention to maintaining a free market.

Obviously the United States cannot employ 60,000,000 tons of merchant shipping. Estimates on what should be the size of an operating American merchant marine after the war vary greatly. They range from 20,000,000 tons to 35,000,000 tons (with some laid up as a naval auxiliary to be used in emergencies). Nevertheless, the United States will have on its hands millions of tons of shipping which it will not be able to use. What shall this country do with those millions of tons of shipping? That is the big question.

Mr. Douglas would have this country dispose of all but an amount equal to our pre-war ocean tonnage to foreign countries. Our small merchant navy would then be required to engage in competition on the high seas with ships we have sold or leased to others at nominal prices. We must dispose of our ships, according to Mr. Douglas, because others can operate the ships more cheaply than we can and because they need the revenue which this plan would give them so that they can spend some of it to buy more of our goods. In effect he is proposing that we subsidize the maintenance of the lowest possible wage and living standards for the world's maritime shipping.

This dictum would seem to run head on into contradiction with the ordinary American belief that this country should not help lower standards of living throughout the world, but should aid in raising the standards of other countries up to ours. Let the shipping of other countries lift itself to our wages and working conditions and the American shipping companies will be able to operate without subsidies of any kind.

Meanwhile, the United States must keep itself sufficiently strong on the seas to guard against any possible future aggressor and to contribute its full share towards maintaining a permanently peaceful world. Without an adequate operating merchant marine of its own — sufficient to complement our future navy — it will not be equipped to do either.

J. F. GEHAN

National President, The Propeller Club

As far as I am informed, the shipping industry of this country is not advocating a merchant marine large enough to drive other nations from the seven seas; and

I think the record will disclose that the United States government has no such plan in mind. What is really feared by the industry is that agreements may be made which will lessen the effects of the Merchant Marine Act of 1936 and hinder the United States from assuming its rightful place among the maritime nations of the world.

Notwithstanding a so-called agreement that we would build merchant ships here and Britain would build naval ships in Great Britain, the fact remains that Britain has built fast freighters during this war, and it is estimated that she will have about the same amount of tonnage at the end of 1945 that she had in September, 1939, and a large number of her ships will be new units — not *old units*. She will also have available passenger vessel tonnage far in excess of any other country, including the United States, which will have practically none.

We must take our rightful place in world affairs; we should help Great Britain to continue the role of world policeman. We cannot do it without shipping, and England has demonstrated that she cannot maintain such a role without our assistance. It will take a reasonable amount of tonnage for such a role. We are not trying to hog all the shipping of the world, but we are entitled to a fair share.

Under such conditions, I agree it is up to the private operators to make this tonnage work and to pay a profit, but if the operators do not succeed, the government will probably take over. The past has proved, however, that it costs more of the taxpayers' money through government operation than under private operation. Is it better for the government to pay directly greater losses on its own fleet, or to assist private operators, where required, at a smaller indirect cost? That is the dilemma which faces many maritime nations.

If all foreign governments should agree to discontinue trade barriers, subsidies, and preferences, the United States could probably afford to do likewise. Let's see the other fellow make such a proposal before we go off the deep end.

LEWIS W. DOUGLAS

Deputy Administrator of War Shipping

May, 1942 — April, 1944

Several matters stated in my article "What Shall We Do with the Ships?" have been questioned as to their accuracy and implication. It is argued that the proposals do not give sufficient weight to the requirements of our peacetime navy. On this point the article contains the following language: —

Besides this tonnage [that which should be disposed of by the government on favorable terms to American operators] there is of course the amount necessary to serve as a fleet train for our peacetime navy. But this tonnage would not be operating in commercial trades and would be used purely on military duty.

Serious doubt has been cast on the estimated subsidies necessary to operate a fleet of cargo vessels of

some 20,000,000 dead-weight tons. The article did not attempt to distinguish between the subsidy required on direct operational account and on construction account. The total of these two types of subsidies was the basis for the estimated burden a cargo fleet of this size would place on the country. For purposes of clarity, there follows a detailed calculation and analysis of each of the two types of subsidies and the total cost.

In December, 1941, there were approximately 7,500,000 dead-weight tons of dry cargo vessels under the American flag, of which 1,575,000 tons were operated over subsidized routes and 5,925,000 in the coastwise, intercoastal, and non-subsidized offshore trades. The domestic and non-subsidized owners' fleets probably will not increase in dead-weight tonnage in the post-war period; therefore, if we are to have a fleet of some 20,000,000 tons, the increase in offshore subsidized tonnage would be approximately 12,500,000 tons, making the total dead-weight tonnage in subsidized operation 14,075,000 tons.

The average daily operating subsidy payment to operators in 1940 was approximately \$152 a day, which is about half the total daily operating cost, excluding overhead and other items not included in the subsidy calculations.

The following is an estimate of the average daily cost of operating a cargo vessel in post-war foreign trade: —

Wages.....	\$200
Overtime, vacation, and taxes.....	20
Food (\$1 per man per day).....	40
Stores and equipment.....	40
Repairs (10,000 d.w. tons @ \$3 per ton per year — est. average d.w. tons).....	82
Miscellaneous.....	6
Marine insurance.....	71*
	\$459

* Marine insurance daily cost would be about \$142, but the subsidy would apply to not more than 50 per cent of that figure.

At a 50 per cent operating differential, this total of \$459 would produce a subsidy per day per vessel of \$229.

Based on a total of 14,075,000 dead-weight tons subsidized in foreign operations, at an average of 10,000 dead-weight tons per vessel, there would be 1407 vessels. At \$229 per ship per day, this means a total daily cost of \$322,203, or a total each year of \$117,604,095. (If the average dead-weight should be less than 10,000 tons, there would of course be an increase in the number of vessels, which would offset any lesser cost of operation.)

The total cost of these 1407 vessels, at an estimated initial cost of \$2,400,000 each, would be \$3,376,800,000. On the basis of a 50 per cent construction differential, these 1407 vessels would be sold to subsidized operators for \$1,688,400,000, thus costing the government \$1,688,400,000. Assuming a twenty-year life for the vessels, the cost per year would be \$84,420,000. If the government's interest rate is 2½ per cent per year,

there would be a further cost annually of \$42,210,000, or a total of \$126,630,000. This, added to the \$117,604,095 operating differential mentioned in the previous paragraph, brings the grand total of annual subsidies on the 1407 vessels to \$244,234,095.

If, however, it is assumed that the ships are already built and have already cost the government the amount above mentioned, then there must be taken into consideration the replacement cost of these vessels over the next twenty years. Assuming a replacement cost of \$2,000,000 each, with a 50 per cent building differential, the cost to the government would be \$1,000,000 each on 1407 vessels, a total of \$1,407,000,000, or an average of \$70,350,000 per year based on a twenty-year life. Interest at $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent on the building cost absorbed by the government would be \$35,175,000 per year, making a total of \$105,525,000. This, added to the \$117,604,095 operating differential above mentioned, makes the grand total of annual subsidies on this assumption \$223,129,095.

These figures are estimates, of course. But it is not likely that the error, if any, will be substantial enough to alter the conclusion.

But the matter of subsidies is not the only reason for reaffirming my proposals. It is often difficult to distinguish between temporary and ephemeral gain, on the one hand, and future and permanent gain on the other. Temporary gain for the benefit of a small part of our economic life, at the cost of creating international frictions and endangering the peace, is no gain at all. It is a devastating loss.

The basic question is: Subject always to the qualification that we should take reasonable steps to protect ourselves against possible military contingencies, shall the United States organize itself, and assist in the organization of at least a part of the world, for peace? Or shall it turn intensely nationalistic, imperialistic, and organize for war? Either will exact a price. But I prefer paying the price for peace to paying the price for war.

ADMIRAL E. S. LAND

Chairman, U. S. Maritime Commission

Mr. Douglas, in his "explanation," makes three basic assumptions, none of which has any justification whatever:—

1. His hypothetical post-war fleet of 20,000,000 dead-weight tons consists entirely of dry cargo vessels,

which means an increase, on the basis of his figures, of 12,500,000 tons.

2. All of this increase will be in foreign trade.
3. All of this increase in the foreign trade fleet will be subsidized.

I repeat that there is no justification, on or off the record, for any one of these assumptions. Taken collectively, they compound Mr. Douglas's distortion of the truth.

Leaving Mr. Douglas's figures for a moment, what are the facts? Our foreign trade fleet before the war consisted of slightly more than 3,318,000 dead-weight tons. Of this total about 1,575,000 tons, or $47\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, received operating-differential subsidy payments. Of these subsidy payments, about *two thirds* went to combination cargo-passenger ships and not, as in Mr. Douglas's fleet, exclusively to dry cargo vessels.

These facts should certainly arouse some suspicion as to the reliability of Mr. Douglas's sources and "facts" and cast serious doubt upon any conclusions he may present to the readers of the *Atlantic*.

But, even more important, I particularly call attention to what seems to be a remarkable misstatement in Mr. Douglas's "explanation" where he says:

The article did not attempt to distinguish between the subsidy required on direct operational account and on construction account.

Yet in his article Mr. Douglas said:—

If, for example, there is to be an American merchant fleet of 20,000,000 tons . . . the cost to the country in *operating subsidies alone* will range between \$200,000,000 and \$300,000,000 each year, depending on the way the subsidy is calculated and the form it takes. (*Italics mine.*)

If I read the English language correctly, Mr. Douglas again did not state the facts in his "explanation." Consequently, I say I should prefer not to continue the discussion except to suggest the irresponsibility of his whole approach to this very important problem.

It is hoped that if this statement does not fully correct certain inevitable false impressions to be gained, both from Mr. Douglas's article and from his interpretation of what he would have us think he said, it may at least serve to keep readers' minds open on this matter until they have convinced themselves as to the facts from reliable sources.



NEW YORK SUMMER

by CORA CARTER

EVERY evening they come, the men and the women,
And the children too, even the babies come,
Up, out, through the box-like attic doors
To sit on the roofs of the ancient city houses
To drowse in the evening in the running gold
From beyond the blackening palisades of the river
In the grave hesitation of twilight.

Like grubs from the soil, only the soil is cooler,
And the dark of the ground is sweeter,
They poke their heads out of perspiring houses.
They come wearily, arms against their brows
To wipe the final sweat. "Don't it feel good!"
They say and sigh as they seat themselves
On the chairs they have dragged from the kitchen for the old women.
The men lean against the chimney in their shirt sleeves.
Their faces are red and day-worn. The women's hair straggles.

I have seen them brood on the roofs in the evening
In clouds of quietness, uncritical as pigeons.
Their knees are limp and their elbows slacken.
They sit and breathe the warm dusk; breathing is living.
The sea air eases along the Hudson and touches
Their shoulders delicately with soft nudges.
Odor of wharves and tugs weighs on their nostrils.
They will forget the dishes, the cockroach in the kitchen,
Forget the close beds and the tough meat and the torn slip.
They take the quiet and the gold that softens
And ripens and darkens; the silver that whitens
The sky when the gold has gone, and the break of the white star.
They will sit on the low roof and watch the gold river run.

The street lamps hold spheres of pale fire to the dusk.
Light drifts through the sky as the stir of a bell
Drifts through a meadow where no church is. The heart
Pulls to the sun. Above the chattering streets
Silence leans on an enormous elbow.

They will not stay long, sitters on city roofs.
Evening is tenuous as a butterfly and sooner dead.
The sky rushes to the dark. The street lamps blaze
To a steady clang. The child on the roof
Stirs heavily against its mother's shoulder.
The summer air is hoarse with the baby's whimper.
The close brown houses are stronger than dusk.
And the voice of the woman darkens with the breeze,
Sighs at the end of silence, "We'd better go in."

BIRDS OF MIDWAY

by CAPTAIN T. McKEAN DOWNS

1

I REMEMBER well one particular summer day on Midway Island. There was no wind, and the sun was hot. I was watching a game of tennis. Flowering vines were growing on the backstops; pairs of fairy terns were everywhere. A flock of canary birds dropped down from the surrounding trees to feed; and some of the fearless finches, whose beaks are so large as to appear deformed, hopped around so close that more than once they actually perched on my foot. Overhead was an aggregation of sea birds: sooty terns were there, tropic birds and frigate birds, shearwaters, and even a few albatrosses, all soaring and circling up to the very limit of sight. Not far off, a pheasant was crowing. The scene was so peaceful and friendly it was hard to realize that we were in the midst of a bitter war, and that this had been an important battleground in that conflict.

Tiny Midway Island, where one can walk hardly a mile in any direction, is remarkable as the nesting place of nearly incredible numbers of sea birds. There is also a small but interesting group of land birds, and at certain times there are large numbers of migrant shore birds from Alaska and Siberia. It is a typical atoll. The climate is mild and equable. Rain is abundant, but the soil is so porous that there is no fresh water on the surface. All drinking water must be imported or be distilled from sea water.

The island is low, with rolling dunes covered with a dense growth of a shrub resembling rhododendron. The general effect is like parts of Cape Cod or Nantucket Island. There is a large grove of Australian ironwood trees that were planted years ago and now form a dense forest. Midway has for years been maintained and guarded as a bird sanctuary, and even under present warlike conditions it continues to be a refuge. This permanent closed season is enforced as much by public opinion as by orders and police. All hands go out of their way to avoid doing injury to the birds.

I remember one red-tailed tropic bird that hatched her egg and reared her chick at the edge of a road which carried a busy traffic of heavy trucks. As the chick

grew, it showed a suicidal fondness for the thick, unshaded dust of the road, where its whiteness made it blend closely with the road. I have heard many truck drivers curse this foolish bird as they drove aside to avoid it, but it was never injured and in due time grew up and flew off to sea.

The red-tailed tropic bird is characteristic of the open ocean; except at its breeding season it never approaches land. Occasionally in the tropics one will see from a ship this white bird flying high on rapidly beating wings. It seldom sails, and never soars close to the water in great sweeping curves as do most pelagic wanderers. Also unlike them, the tropic bird pays little attention to a ship, but goes on about its own affairs. If its course should bring it near enough, the two long central tail quills may be seen, colored a bright vermillion, the only part of the plumage not white. It is these quills that inspired the old whalers to call it "bosun bird," for, they said, "it carries its marlinespike in its tail."

Although obviously a consummate and tireless flyer, the bosun bird is nearly helpless on land. Its tiny four-toed feet will hardly support its weight, and it creeps on all fours, using wings as well as feet to shuffle on and off its nest. It can rise from the level, however, by striking the air with its wings; unlike its relative the frigate bird, it does not need a jumping-off place.

The bosun bird does not make a nest, — not even a hollow scooped into the ground, — but lays its egg apparently at random. The chick at first is covered with white down. When it is about half grown, the first feathers begin to show, white with narrow cross-bars of black. It grows slowly. One that I watched daily was believed to be about a week old when I first saw it, and when I left Midway two months later, it was not yet full-grown or able to fly.

The adult was a most devoted parent; but as there is no easy distinction between the sexes, I do not know if both parents shared in brooding or not. When small, the chick was closely brooded; as it grew larger, the parent crouched close by, with one wing thrown protectingly over it. The brooding was evidently to protect the chick from the almost vertical rays of the sun. When the youngster was well feathered, the parents no longer brooded, but spent their days at sea, returning only with food. Apparently the chick was fed mostly in the early morning, or at night. The one time I saw

As a surgeon in the Navy, CAPTAIN T. McKEAN DOWNS, (MC), USNR, eventually came to Midway, where, interspersed with his medical duties, he had opportunities to become acquainted with the feathered population that has been using this pinpoint as a landing field since long before man built an airplane.

it fed was shortly after dawn, and the food was a squid that was still moving. The morsel seemed larger than the bird, and was the only food I saw it receive that day.

Most of the nesting bosun birds lacked their ornaments, or showed at most new quills sprouting. The conspicuous tail quills of the birds are favorite souvenirs of the Midway population. It is a simple matter to pluck out the quills from the brooding bird, for she is a close sitter. She objects to the ravishment in a voice that sounds like a saw being filed, but the loss does no harm, and new quills sprout promptly.

2

THE most conspicuous of the Midway birds are the albatrosses, locally called "goonies." Strictly speaking, in the old whalers' vocabulary, *goonie* was applied only to the great wandering albatross of the southern oceans. The word may come from the Scottish *gonyel*, meaning "a stupid, clumsy fellow." It is so appropriate, as applied to the youngsters, that its use has been spread on Midway to include the whole race of albatrosses.

Of the three kinds of North Pacific albatrosses, two, the Laysan and the black-footed, resort to this island to breed. The black-footed is the bird more commonly seen at sea. It is a long-winged, soaring flyer given to following ships. The Laysan species has been met with less frequently of late, since some feather hunters nearly exterminated them from Laysan Island in the Hawaiian group a number of years ago.

Both kinds are very similar in their habits, and differ mainly in color. The black-footed albatross is of a uniform dark chocolate-brown, nearly black; the Laysan species shows the same color on the back of the spread wings but is otherwise a snowy white. They are birds of the open ocean, rarely seen within sight of land, and they spend most of their time on the wing, soaring in wide circles never far above the water.

They are large birds, weighing at a guess twelve to fifteen pounds. Their wings are pointed and very narrow, and so long as to be unwieldy. They can be flapped only slowly, and not through a great arc. This characteristic, combined with the bird's heavy weight, makes launching into flight a laborious matter, involving a long run over the water like an airplane before flight is possible. In calm weather, flight is heavy and difficult; most of the albatrosses then sit idly on the water, waiting for a breeze. Few albatrosses inhabit a region where calms are common, and the stronger the wind the more easily they fly.

In the air, the bird holds itself too stiffly to be graceful, but its flight, once established, is a poem of easy grace. Nothing but a skillful skater can compete with them. They fly by soaring on rigid wings. Taking advantage of the air currents deflected upwards from the weather sides of the waves, they rise sometimes thirty feet or so from the surface, then swoop down into the trough, using their momentum to propel them considerable distances before rising again. They move

in great sweeping curves, banked to just the proper angle to prevent skidding, and travel through the air many times farther than the direct path over the water. The tip of the lower wing often just clears the surface; sometimes it looks as though it were actually dipped in and acting as a fulcrum. But I have never convinced myself that they really touch the water.

Albatrosses are strictly surface feeders, and are unable to dive. They are attracted to ships partly by the waste food thrown out from the galley, or by the living creatures brought to the surface by the disturbed water of the wake, and partly, it seems, by the pleasure of soaring in the steady flow of air deflected upward over the ship. Albatrosses keep to the windward side, where they often come so close that they appear almost to be within reach of the hand. On the lee side of the ship they cannot come near, for all soaring flight depends on a rising air current.

Occasionally at their breeding islands, if conditions are suitable, the albatrosses soar to high levels. If the air is calm and the sun warm, a rising current of warm air will ascend over the land until it is cooled and can rise no more. In this rising air the albatrosses circle. On account of their excellent aerodynamic design, they can soar in a very weak updraft, and seem to take delight in riding it to the top. I have seen them in calm weather at Midway appearing as mere specks in the sky at an altitude that I guessed at 2500 feet.

The albatrosses come to Midway to breed in December. The black-footed ones are the first to appear. One can always tell which birds are newly arrived from the open sea, for they have forgotten how to land. Having been accustomed for months to alight only on water, they make their approach, slow down, lower their feet ahead like brakes, and touch, apparently expecting to skim along the surface until they lose speed and stop. Instead, they tumble head over heels. When they have collected themselves and scrambled to their feet, they walk off hanging their heads, looking around furtively as if hoping that no one has seen their disgrace.

Graceful as is the flight of the albatross, the bird's behavior on the ground is correspondingly awkward. Mr. Beebe says the waved albatross of the Galapagos Islands walks as if it had flat feet and rheumatism, and the description applies to the other kinds as well. They seem to creak in every joint and waddle painfully. Some species, indeed, have quite lost the ability to walk, and can nest only on cliffs, where taking flight is a simple matter of jumping off into space. But the ones I know, which nest where there are no jumping-off places, must be able to walk and run in order to get into the air.

On first reaching land, the birds give themselves over to an orgy of courtship and lovemaking, at first apparently promiscuous, but they soon form pairs. There seems to be little real fighting, but they frequently perform a kind of stylized duel or fencing match which does not seem to be either a courtship display or yet a battle. During the first week or two on shore, courtship is such an engrossing affair that the birds apparently forget to eat.

Soon the single egg is laid on the sand, with no particular nest except a somewhat smoothed place, and the long incubation period of nearly two months is begun. Probably both birds take turns at sitting, but as the sexes are exactly alike it is hard to be sure. A surprising thing is to see the parent bird talk to its egg. She partly rises up from time to time, looks down to see that the egg is all right, fondles it with her bill, and for several minutes utters a low crooning note, entirely different from the harsh sound that albatrosses occasionally make.

Nests are chosen and eggs laid at random. The birds are utterly fearless — perhaps indifferent is a better term. If the nesting pair think a human pathway or road a suitable place for egg-laying, there the eggs will be laid and traffic will have to go around. The only definite requirement is that the site chosen shall be near an open space, free of obstacles and obstructions that would interfere with a take-off. For an albatross, like an airplane, cannot spring into the air. It requires an open runway for building up speed, and it cannot rise above obstructions until flight is well started. Also like an airplane, an albatross can light on a surface that is too small for the necessary take-off run. Every day during the season, the roofs of buildings must be cleared of goonies that have landed on them and then find themselves imprisoned in a place too small to fly away from.

When the young hatch, they are weak and do not wander far. They are carefully brooded and tended, and are abundantly fed. They grow fairly rapidly, and soon get stronger and wander all over the place. In a few months the babies have reached full size and are so fat as to be considerably heavier than their parents. Under their heavy coats of grayish down, their permanent feathers start to grow.

About this time the parents, till now most devoted in their care, desert their offspring utterly and forever, and fly off to sea. The woolly youngsters spread out and take over the island — woods, "rhododendron" thickets, roads, lawns, every place but the beaches. One cannot look in any direction without seeing them, and the appropriateness of the name "goonie" becomes evident. Anyone who has seen pictures or movies of the Battle of Midway remembers that a number of them appear in every view. Mostly they stand solemnly in groups, or squat, or even sprawl. Many choose a most uncomfortable-seeming pose, seated on the end of their tails and heels, with their broad flat webs, fully spread, sticking straight up in front.

For two months the young goonies take no food. If one tries to feed them, they refuse the food. They slowly lose weight and become active. They start to indulge in frequent wing exercises, spreading and flapping their long wings. If the breeze is strong they may even be lifted into the air, but this is too much for their composure. With an appearance of fright they hurriedly close their wings, or perhaps only one of them, and crash to the ground. Gradually they lose their down, gain strength and confidence, and by about the first week in August start to leave their birthplace.

Many wait before leaving until they are strong on the wing and fly directly off, but some are impatient and go earlier. I have seen several making their departure when a flight of a quarter-mile distance or a minute in length was still an effort.

One beginner, taking off from the top of a dune, headed boldly out into the lagoon, but after two or three hundred yards reached the limit of his strength. With no attempt to check speed or prepare for a landing, he just relaxed and plumped into the water with a splash. He capsized, his enormous wings still wide-spread and unmanageable, and for a few moments it looked as if he had reached the end of his career. He finally righted himself, drank heartily of sea water (the first fluid he had ever touched), and after a rest made another try. This landing was more successful, and in a series of short hops he finally disappeared from sight.

3

ONE of the most abundant of the nesting birds is the sooty tern. The terns nest in dense colonies of a couple of acres, where the eggs are as thickly set as possible. As long as a sitting bird is just beyond reach of her neighbor's bill, she has all the room she needs for rearing her family.

The sooty tern is about the size and shape of the common tern, colored dark chocolate-brown above and pure white below. When the bird is flying over the water of the lagoon, the white breast reflects the color of the sea, and also appears blue. Away from the nesting ground these birds are fearless and indifferent, drinking or fishing even among a group of swimming people; and they are most valiant in defense of egg or chick. Shrieking with the raucous voice that is characteristic of all terns, they swoop and dart at one's face. I never knew anyone to be actually struck by these feathered dive bombers, but I also never knew anyone who could refrain from ducking.

The sooty tern presents some interesting problems. Dr. R. C. Murphy says that it is not known where they go between nesting seasons in the Caribbean Islands. From Midway they must go to sea, for there is no other place to go. Yet they never voluntarily alight on the ocean, or even allow themselves to get wet. When the experiment was tried of putting them into the water, their feathers promptly became saturated, they could not take off, and they drowned. How, then, do they live during their months at sea? Have they solved the problem of perpetual motion and done away with the need for sleep?

Whatever one may think of the whim of nature that forbids a fish-eating bird to get soaked, this apparent handicap does not hinder them from being good providers for their young. They carry home such an abundance of small minnows that the chicks cannot eat them all, and the nesting ground is constantly littered with little dead fish the size of sardines.

Another sea bird that cannot get saturated on pain of death is the fairy tern, which on Midway is called the Japanese lovebird. The "lovebird" part of the

name I can understand, for they are never seen singly, but always in pairs or trios; but I have never heard an explanation of the epithet "Japanese." That qualifying adjective is not applied to these birds at any other island except Midway, and they are not found in Japan.

The fairy tern is somewhat smaller than a street pigeon, snowy white except for a stout black bill and two shiny black eyes. The plumage is thin, soft, and fluffy, and is no protection against water. The feet are small, with sharp claws, and the web has dwindled so that it is hardly larger proportionately than the web of a chicken's foot. The birds are fearless, friendly, and very active, and perch only on trees. One youngster, though it was old enough to fly, allowed me to pick it up. It rested comfortably on my finger and allowed itself to be petted and carried around for an hour with no sign of dismay.

The fairy terns have practically become perching birds that get their nourishment from the sea, rather than sea birds; but they still have the same harsh, unpleasant voices common to all terns. It always seemed to me unfitting that such dainty, pretty fowl should so offend the ear.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature of the fairy tern is its nesting habit. A horizontal branch an inch in diameter is a suitable place for it to deposit the egg, and no nesting material is provided. I remember one that had chosen such a branch, barely out of reach overhead. The limb was smaller in diameter than the egg, which it did not hide from below.

I cannot understand how the laying tern can deposit her egg on such a branch and make it stay there. The egg is large for the size of the bird, — about twice the size of a pigeon's egg, — of the ordinary oval shape without any flat places, and not sticky. Yet it stays in place. I have never seen one that had fallen off and broken. I once picked up an egg to look at it, but was not able to balance it again, and it fell to the ground.

I have seen the parents relieve each other during the three weeks' incubation, but the egg never rolls off during the transfer. Anyone who has ever seen the struggles of a hatching bird to release itself from the imprisoning shell must be astonished at how the little fairy tern can escape from its confinement without at the same time kicking itself off into space.

4

AS ONE walks through the Midway woods, one often sees on the ground what looks like a rather sluggish mouse, but it is not a mouse. Closer inspection shows a small bird that is practically wingless. If it suddenly darts for an insect or stretches itself, it spreads what ought to be its wings, but they are only tiny tabs, though fully feathered. This is the Laysan rail, originally an inhabitant of Laysan Island and of no other place. Before this harmless little creature was exterminated from Laysan, a few pairs had been liberated on Midway, and here they have thrived. They are more interesting than attractive, rather sluggish and

secretive, but yet too active and alert to be caught by hand. Their principal food is the maggots and the fat flies that feed on the excess of food brought home by the sea birds.

Besides these little rails, the only land birds on Midway are the large-beaked finches, ring-necked pheasants, and the canaries. With the possible exception of the finches, all the land birds have been introduced. The canaries were freed on the island a number of years ago, and have multiplied until there are large flocks. They have the habits of sparrows, and seem to thrive. They form a very colorful addition to the garden and woods, and the song of the feral male seems much freer and happier than the song we are accustomed to hear from caged birds.

Strangely enough the canaries, though they are without enemies, are alert and cautious, and never come very close to people. Other birds are tame and trusting. The finches perch freely on one's knee or shoulder. Fearlessness and the tendency to caution seem to be inborn traits and not the result of individual experience. Beebe comments on this in the birds and mammals of the Galapagos Islands, where the native birds are utterly without fear, though the dogs, donkeys, cattle, and goats that have run wild are as cautious as though their recent ancestors had never been tamed.

When night falls and the noisy terns and other day birds have quieted, the silence of Midway is broken by a chorus of shrieks and moans unlike anything one has ever heard before. The midnight song of cats on the back fence is musical by comparison. This wailing is the greeting and love song of the "moaning birds," which is the name locally given to the shearwaters. Two kinds nest here — the wedge-tailed in summer, the Bonin shearwater in winter. At sea they look and act like very small albatrosses, soaring on rigid wings just above the surface. But they are less exclusively aerial, and daily spend several hours toward noon resting on the water in great flocks. One bird of each pair spends the day on the nest, which is made at the end of a tunnel in the ground. In places these nest holes are so thickly crowded as to make walking difficult.

At dusk the birds return from the ocean and are met by their mates, who come up from underground with wails of welcome and elaborate gestures of affection. Sometimes in bright moonlight they can be seen flitting overhead, or running about in couples on the ground. Shortly before sunrise the commotion ends. One of each pair returns to the nest while the other goes off to sea for the day.

Although I heard these birds constantly, I saw them clearly but once. On the day of my departure from the island, I got up before dawn, because my airplane left early. As I rode down the airport runway in a jeep, the morning twilight was lightening. The birds were all about, moaning as if their hearts would break, standing close together in pairs with heads touching. It looked as if they were kissing each other good-bye and bemoaning the coming day's separation. Even as I sat in the plane, waiting for the engines to warm up, the shearwaters were already streaming out to sea.

THE BALKANS JOIN UP

by STOYAN CHRISTOWE

1

ALL Balkan liberation movements are continuations, and enlargements, of pre-invasion resistances against domestic dictatorships. The peoples of the Balkans were deprived of their liberties and sovereignties by their own governments before they were invaded. With few exceptions the leaders of the resistances against the occupationists were in jail, in banishment, or in exile before the countries were occupied. They were put there by home governments which afterward either opened the doors wide to the Axis armies or fled to London and Cairo to set up shop as governments-in-exile.

For us Americans, victory lies in the overpowering of the enemy. That done, we have something solid to go back to. For the Balkan peoples there is no such going back. If they go back to what they had before the occupation, they will have fought the war in vain. They must go to roots and sources of democracy, to political rights and liberties they never had, or had lost before the occupation. For this reason, victory for them has a deeper and wider meaning than it has for us.

In countries such as Greece, sovereignty must be restored to the people, regardless of whether they eventually choose to retain the monarchy or go back to a republican form of government. The Greeks are a homogeneous people, except for a limited Slav minority in Macedonia and some Albanian nationals in Epirus. They all speak the same tongue, belong to the same Church, and are bound, as nations should be, by a common heritage, common traditions, common culture and history.

In Greece the cleavages are largely political and economic. In Yugoslavia, in addition to these, there are divisions on the basis of nationalities. For Yugoslavia, unlike the other Balkan countries, has not been a nation, but a state on a co-national basis, with none of the three component nations (Serbs, Croats, Slovenes) constituting a majority of the population of 16 million, and all three combined accounting for but two thirds of the total. The rest, or nearly 6 million, have been non-Slav minorities, chief among them

being the Hungarians, Austrians, and Albanians — roughly half a million each — and the Turks and Rumanians — a quarter million each.

If in Greece the paramount issue is that of republicanism versus royalism, in Yugoslavia the question of the monarchy is subordinated to broader issues that aim at the radical reconstruction of the state on a federative basis. Of all the legislative acts passed by the Yugoslav Anti-Fascist Assembly for National Liberation, the most momentous is that providing for a federal Yugoslavia. The Anti-Fascist Assembly is the temporary Parliament of Marshal Tito's united government, and was recognized as such by the Big Three at Yalta, with the recommendation that it "should be extended to include members of the last Yugoslav Parliament who have not compromised themselves by collaboration with the enemy." This has already been done. The Big Three likewise recognized the legality of legislative acts passed by the Anti-Fascist Assembly, subject to ratification by a Constituent Assembly when hostilities should cease.

Acceptance of all this by Great Britain was no doubt a broad concession to the Russians, under whose guidance and tutelage the South Slavs are now giving reality to their dreams of union. Being related by blood and other bonds to the Russians, it is more natural for the South Slavs to fall under Russian influence than under that of any other great power. And it will serve their own interest and the interests of world peace better to compose their conflicts and find a common path — albeit under Russian influence — than to be free of outside guidance but squabble among themselves, and so be the prey of influences from many quarters.

The Anti-Fascist Assembly took its decision for a federal Yugoslavia at its second session on November 29, 1943, at Jajce in the Bosnian mountains. The decision embodies the right of national self-determination, including the right of secession and unification. This means that a group of people like the Bosnians and Herzegovinians can detach themselves from the Serb and Croat nations and merge with another in the federation if they so choose, or establish themselves as a separate unit of it. On the strength of this new plan, Yugoslavia is to be a federation of six autonomous nations instead of, as heretofore, a single state composed of three non-autonomous nations.

A native of Macedonia now in his forty-seventh year, STOYAN CHRISTOWE became an American citizen in 1924. He covered the Balkans for the *Chicago Daily News* in 1927 and 1928, and from 1942 to 1944 he served as Adviser on Balkan Affairs for Military Intelligence. Mr. Christowe's autobiography, *This Is My Country*, was uppermost on the President's desk at the time of his death.

Now who are the Yugoslavs, or South Slavs, who would form this union of six nations — or, with the expected entry of Bulgaria, of seven nations?

2

ROUGHLY there are some 18 million South Slavs, divided into four distinct nations, as follows: Bulgarians, 7 million; Serbs, 5 million; Croats, 3.5 million; Slovenes, 1.5 million. The last three constituted the original Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes known as Yugoslavia at the time of its dismemberment by the Axis and for some ten years prior to that.

The three new national units are the Macedonians, the Montenegrins, and the Bosnians and Herzegovinians. The Macedonians have long and violently struggled for national recognition, and this is the first time they have been officially recognized as a separate nation. The Montenegrins have previously existed as an independent nation, but are pure Serbs in language, culture, and tradition. Some of the foremost Serb patriots have been Montenegrins. The Bosnians and Herzegovinians have never been a nation. The Roman Catholics among them are Croats; the Greek Orthodox, Serbs; the Mohammedans — and these are in the majority — are mixed, Serbs and Croats. Since it is impossible to draw a line and put the Serbs within Serbia and the Croats within Croatia, the simplest solution seemed to be the creation of a new unit, on the strength of “the right of secession and unification.”

The idea of uniting the South Slavs into a federation is not new. It has been a dream among them for generations. It was, in fact, in line with these aspirations that the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes was founded in 1919, when for the first time in history three of the four South Slavic nations united into a single state.

These three kindred peoples, embarking upon a common destiny, made a sorry spectacle of their venture. They behaved like the eagle, the crawfish, and the pike in the fable. Instead of all pulling together, one pulled up, another down, and the third horizontally, with the ship of state getting nowhere. Yugoslav history from the founding of the state at the end of the First World War to its collapse at the beginning of the Second World War was an uninterrupted series of quarrels that ended in disaster.

The Serbs thought they were the eagle. They were the only ones to exist as an independent nation prior to the establishment of the triune state, and their motto had been “Unity or Death.” Their aim was the liberation by Serbia of all Serbs outside its boundaries, and their inclusion in a Greater Serbia. Since Serbs were scattered all the way from Salonika to the Austrian border, this scheme meant a Serbia encompassing the larger part of the Balkan Peninsula.

It was in pursuance of this national aspiration that the Serbs had become the *immediate* cause of the First World War. Gavrilo Princip, in assassinating the Archduke Francis Ferdinand in Sarajevo, had acted under orders of the “Unity or Death” society. In the

war that followed, the Serbs fought bravely against the Central Powers; and when overcome, the Serbian Army escaped annihilation by an epic retreat across the snow of the Montenegrin mountains and then across the Adriatic, later to re-form and become the spearhead of the Allied offensive on the Salonika front, which was the beginning of the end of World War I.

It was not in the nature of Serb psychology to regard the new state as a joint enterprise by three kindred peoples, but rather as a well-deserved and justifiable enlargement of Serbia itself — the realization of the Greater Serbia dream beyond its own daring. The Serbs extended their own state machinery — the Army, the gendarmerie, the civil administration, and all other state apparatus — over the entire territory. Belgrade became a sort of Rome, whence all authority issued and for whose benefit all the provinces — Croatia, Slovenia, Montenegro, Macedonia, Bosnia-Herzegovina, Dalmatia — were ruled by their Serbian military governors. As an example of Serb hegemony and Serb pre-emption of all state offices, a situation in the Army may be pointed out. The Croats are not so noted for their military prowess as are the Serbs; yet many of them had risen to high rank in the Austro-Hungarian Army. None, however, with a rank higher than lieutenant colonel was taken into the new Yugoslav Army. And of those of lower rank who were taken in, only one, in twenty years, attained to the rank of general.

Half of the state's budget went for the maintenance of a large army and gendarmerie to keep in subjection a disaffected population. Everything was done to exploit this population, nothing to improve its condition. In a land rich in natural resources, poverty became universal among the peasantry, which made up 80 per cent of the population but received less than half of the total income. Import duties and internal taxes were such that farm machinery in Yugoslavia cost three times what it did in other European countries. Sowing and harvesting were done by hand, threshing by horses and flails. To pay the postage of an ordinary letter to a relative in America, a Yugoslav peasant had to sell a hen; to buy a radio he had to sell a carload of wheat.

The average annual per capita income of a Yugoslav peasant household was twenty dollars. And the reason for this poverty was not the unproductivity of the land, but the state's complete neglect of the peasant and its exploitation of him to the utmost. King Alexander's salary was one million dollars a year.

The Serbs met with bitter opposition from all quarters. The most violent were the Macedonians, three quarters of a million. They were not a member nation and, being Slavs, were not even accorded the status of a minority, but were classed as Serbs, and Serbism was rammed down their throats. Having no representation in Parliament and therefore no legal means of resisting Belgrade's chauvinism, they claimed that terror was their only weapon. And they used terror, a department of political argument in which they are precocious. They killed Serb governors and generals; they killed King Alexander himself. The

Serbs countered with greater terror, killing a hundred Macedonians for every Serb the Macedonians killed.

3

To understand the attitude of the Serbs toward the Macedonians it is necessary to go briefly into this most complex of all Balkan dilemmas. For Macedonia is the crux and source of all troubles among Greece, Bulgaria, and Serbia. At one time or another every one of these countries held sway over Macedonia. As these countries, one by one, won their independence from the Turks, each looked upon Macedonia, still under Turkey, as an unredeemed part of itself, yet to be freed and united with itself. They made of Macedonia a bloody arena for their own expansionist designs. Schools, churches, newspapers, and other cultural institutions were not in the hands of Macedonians, but in those of propaganda organizations from Belgrade, Sofia, and Athens. In a single village, where everybody spoke the same language, there would be a Greek, a Bulgarian, and a Serbian school, and a child might attend the first grade in the Greek school and the second in the Serbian, and finish his elementary education in the Bulgarian.

All three nations fought for Macedonian children as if they were potential Dalai Lamas. If the parents could not be won over by bribes, terror was used, for all three countries maintained revolutionary armed bands in Macedonia, ostensibly to liberate it from the Turks. For higher education the Macedonians, enticed by stipends and other favors, went to the capitals of these three countries, later to become champions of the national aspirations, with respect to Macedonia, of the country that gave them their education. For example, a dozen years ago nine of the eleven Bulgarian ministers plenipotentiary to foreign capitals were Macedonians, as was the prime minister himself. One can readily imagine what a powerful argument that gave Bulgaria for her claims over Macedonia.

To save themselves from their would-be "liberators," the Macedonians founded their own revolutionary organization, the well-known and indefatigable IMRO, which raised the banner of Macedonian independence and fought the Turks, the Bulgarians, the Greeks, the Serbs, and finally itself, because there were people who joined it for the sole purpose of capturing it from within for one or another of these countries, or for the Third International. After a stormy and bloody history, outside powers succeeded in splitting IMRO into three factions, one of which was captured by Bulgaria (eventually also by Mussolini and Hitler), another by Yugoslavia, and the third by the Third International.

For the record, however, it should be pointed out that in 1913, when the Turks were finally driven out, Macedonia was divided unequally among Serbia, Greece, and Bulgaria, which got the smallest part. And that neither ended nor solved the Macedonian difficulty. The most sanguinary episodes were yet to

come, and the idea of a separate and independent Macedonia never died.

At long last such a state has come into being. On August 2, 1944, 125 delegates from all parts of Macedonia assembled in a monastery near Bitolia and, in the presence of the Allied Military Mission to Yugoslavia, proclaimed, in accordance with the principle of national self-determination adopted by the Anti-Fascist Assembly, an autonomous Macedonia as a unit in federal Yugoslavia. This of course applies only to Yugoslav Macedonia. There are still the territories under Greece and Bulgaria. But a beginning has been made toward the solution of a problem which has been the source of perpetual trouble and terror for half a century. A Macedonian government is now functioning in Skoplje, capital of Yugoslav Macedonia.

The most formidable opposition to ultra-Serbism, largely legal-political, came from Croatia. Next to the Serbs, the Croats were the most numerous in the state. If less military and less nationalistic, they are far superior to the Serbs in every way that makes for civilized living and civilized government. The best-organized group in the state politically, 80 per cent of the Croats were banded into the Croatian Peasant Party, founded in 1904 by Stephan Radich and led by him for twenty-four years. This was more than a political party in the traditional sense; it was a social institution, with its activities and interests extending into every phase of Croat life. It taught the peasants how to get the most out of their land with the means at their disposal, organized village coöperatives, published books, newspapers, and magazines, promoted literature, painting, drama, and generally tried to do for the Croats, while Belgrade ruled them, what any enlightened government should do for its people.

Unlike the Macedonians, the Croats were a member nation, and even if they had no control of their own administration, next to the Serbs they had the largest delegation in Parliament. For there was a parliament. The protracted, bitter parliamentary debates, marked by incriminations and recriminations between Serbs and Croats, lasted for ten years and were finally ended by a Serb deputy who drew his pistol and fired into the Croat delegation, killing two deputies on the spot and wounding two others, including the chief, Radich, who later died of the wounds. Then the Croat representatives stalked out of Parliament in a body and stayed away from Belgrade for ten years. But Belgrade did not stay away from Croatia. It governed Croatia like a colony, without Croat participation in Parliament or in the government.

Still loyal to the crown, and still keeping faith in the future of Yugoslavia, the Croats now demanded, as a condition of their return to Belgrade, a form of autonomy, with local self-government and control over their finances. Led by Machek, who took the place of the murdered Radich, they still hoped to bring the Serbs to terms through political pressure and pacific means. But a group of extremists, headed by another deputy, Ante Pavelich, argued that terrorism was the only way to deal with the Serbs. It was they who founded USTASHA, the Croat revolutionary society

fathered by Mussolini and later blessed by Hitler. They patterned their organization after IMRO, with which they signed a pact for joint terror on Belgrade and for the dissolution of Yugoslavia, which, with the help of Hitler and Mussolini, they finally achieved.

Hitler and Mussolini, and small have-not nations such as Hungary and Bulgaria, gave backing to the Croats and Macedonians, while the Serbs had the support of France and England and of smaller countries like Poland, Rumania, and Czechoslovakia, which were well content with the status quo. It was in France, not in Yugoslavia, that the IMRO-USTASHA terrorist assassinated King Alexander and the French foreign minister, Louis Barthou.

Five years before his assassination Alexander had taken a bold and radical step. He had suspended the state's constitution, abolished Parliament, and through a series of royal decrees had proceeded to change the structure of the state and to destroy the identities of the peoples which composed it. It was then he changed the state's original name (Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes) to Yugoslavia and, as a further move toward centralization and obliteration of national concepts, divided the entire territory into nine *banovinas*, naming each after the principal river running through it. Thus the old and honored names — Serbia, Croatia, Slovenia, Macedonia — disappeared from the map of Yugoslavia. There were to be no other peoples, only Yugoslavs. Yugoslavia was to be a state and a nation, one and the same.

However statesmanlike, this bold attempt at dissolving the conflicts through amalgamation of the nations and the creation of an integral Yugoslavia was doomed to failure. The Croats and the Slovenes, who at least so far had national recognition even if they had no equal share in the affairs of state, found themselves in the same boat with the Macedonians, whose only comfort now was that, instead of Serbs, they could call themselves Yugoslavs. Otherwise their situation was exactly as before. The dynasty being Serb and the symbol of Serbism, they all saw in this move only a subterfuge of the Serb hegemonists, a mask concealing a sinister design to dominate the state under the guise of Yugoslavs.

After Alexander paid for his policy with his life, the Regency continued unification by force for another five years, until August, 1939. Then, faced with threats from the Axis and reading a lesson in what had just happened to Czechoslovakia, the Serbs reached an accord with the Croats by granting them a form of autonomy and a separate budget. Machek became Vice Premier in a new government, and Ivan Subasich, a prominent member of the Croatian Peasant Party, became Viceroy of autonomous Croatia.

Mr. Subasich, a wealthy landowner, had been a close friend of King Alexander and was entirely loyal to the Crown. Later, after the country was invaded, he fled with the government and lived for two years in the United States. When events finally forced King Peter to abandon Mihailovich and to recognize Tito, King Peter chose Subasich as the man best able to work with Tito and at the same time to safeguard the

Crown's interest. In the new United Government, Tito is the Prime Minister, Subasich the Minister of Foreign Affairs and, as such, chief of the Yugoslav delegation to the San Francisco Conference.

4

BUT we are ahead of our story. By 1939 the cleavage cut too deep. The intransigent USTASHI had no part in the accord, and clamored for complete independence. Their leader, Ante Pavelich, was on the border, ready to march in with the Axis armies and take over the "independent" Croatia which had been promised him. The Axis kept its promise.

Alexander's integral Yugoslavia collapsed. The Army, esteemed one of the best smaller armies in Europe, was not animated by loyalty to the state, and lacked cohesive force. The Croats in the north not only did not fight, but actually facilitated the invasion. In the south the Macedonians did effective work behind the lines. Fraternal Bulgaria, its eyes on Macedonia, did its own share by giving the Germans bases so that they could strike simultaneously from the east and the south. They were able to take Skoplje, the Macedonian capital, two days before they entered Belgrade from the north.

It must be remembered that, at that time, the Germans had not yet invaded Russia. Even so, Moscow was angered by this treacherous act on the part of the Bulgarian government and issued a dire warning to Sofia. That warning has been followed up by positive action. Hundreds of Bulgarians who then and subsequently led the nation away from the path of Slav brotherhood have been executed.

The Serbs found themselves "betrayed" on all sides, and learned a belated but thorough lesson in statecraft. A proud, brave people, had they been by themselves, relying on their native courage and solidarity, they could at least have saved the national honor by putting up a heroic fight, like the Greeks, even if they could not have saved their country from eventual occupation. But however united they were among themselves, they were but 5 million among 16 million.

It is from among Serb groups that opposition comes to Marshal Tito's federal Yugoslavia, which is a threat to the dynasty, and of course to any designs for Serb hegemony still cherished by some die-hards. Fiercely attached to their royal house, these groups fear that the combined votes of Croats, Slovenes, Macedonians, and others who are not sentimental about the Kara-georgievich dynasty may thwart their desire to have their king back. And they look with forebodings upon a federation, preferring instead a separate, pure, and indigenous Serb state. Fortunately they are in the minority: former cabinet ministers, diplomats, and high army officers, mostly in exile. Their representative at home is General Draja Mihailovich, who, as this is being written, is still hiding in the Bosnian mountains.

This then is the cause for the strife between Mihailovich and Marshal Tito: The Yugoslav Army of

National Liberation and Partisan Detachments fought as separate national units under their own national commanders with Marshal Tito as supreme (or federal) commander, precisely as the armies of the various Allied Nations fought in Europe under the supreme command of General Eisenhower. General Mihailovich and his Chetniks fought the Italians and the Germans, refrained from fighting them, collaborated with them, fought against Tito, and did whatever else they did, or did not do, solely in the interest of Serbia and the Crown, and against a federal Yugoslavia. Theirs has been a conflict between ultra-Serbism and genuine Yugoslavism.

The attitude of the majority of Serbs at home is attested by the fact that between 40 and 50 per cent of Tito's forces are Serbs, which is in excess of the percentage of Serbs in the total population of Yugoslavia. Next to Tito, who is a Croat, the foremost leaders in the Anti-Fascist Assembly and in the Committee of National Liberation are Serbs.

5

THE South Slavs are at a turning point in their history. They took their decision for federation while they were hard pressed on all sides by the enemy, — engaging as they did, at various times, twenty Italian and fourteen German divisions, — and while they were fighting for survival through six successive, concentrated campaigns aimed at their annihilation. They have earned the right to determine the structure of their future state.

The recommendation by the Big Three at Yalta to combine Subasich's government-in-exile with Tito's provisional home government, as well as the recognition of the Anti-Fascist Assembly as the temporary Parliament, was sound statesmanship and a most realistic approach to the Yugoslav situation. They have given the South Slavs the green light to go ahead with their plans of union. It is up to them now to overcome existing difficulties and to work out their common destiny.

But age-old animosities cannot be wiped out with a single stroke. Some of the Serbs will not so easily give up their dream of supremacy. And many intransigent Croats will have to swallow a bitter pill. The important thing is that the plan for federation is the best yet devised for the well-being of the Balkan Slavs and for the future peace of the whole peninsula. It opens the door for the entrance of Bulgaria, the largest of the family of South Slavic nations, into the federation. And this is more than a mere likelihood, for the people who now head the Bulgarian government have been the champions of Yugoslav fraternity for a generation. At a time when there was bitter enmity between Serbs and Bulgars, these people set afoot a movement in Bulgaria for close collaboration with Yugoslavia and for the eventual linking of Bulgaria with it.

The movement being then unpopular, the protagonists of it formed not a political party but a political club, which they called Zveno, or "link."

The leaders were two retired army colonels, Kimon Gheorghiev, now Prime Minister of Bulgaria, and Damian Velchev, now War Minister. They knew well enough that, not being a political party, they could not achieve their program through the ballot box, and that their only hope of seizing power and implementing their program was through the fine technique of revolution. Their chance came in the spring of 1934 when by a brilliant and bloodless stroke (which I myself witnessed) they seized the reins of government.

The power of Zveno was brief. It lasted from May to November. The government which displaced it put the leaders in jail and sentenced some of them to death. Throughout the period of Axis domination they remained in jail, in concentration camps, or under house arrest. It is remarkable that the two leaders, Gheorghiev and Velchev, survived. Again in power, they have now taken down the barbed wire that literally fenced the 300-mile boundary line between Bulgaria and Yugoslavia. The road is wide open for Bulgaria's entry into the federation, though signs are already appearing that the British, having made large concessions to the Russians with respect to federating the peoples of Yugoslavia proper, are reluctant to permit the inclusion of the Bulgarians in the new Slav state, because Bulgaria was an enemy nation and its inclusion in Yugoslavia would spare it from receiving its due penalty.

There is no better setup among any other group of nations for a fraternal union. Geographical, political, and economic factors favor such a union. Ethnically the peoples are a kindred mass. There are, of course, differences among them — of background, culture, religion, even of alphabets. But it is precisely these differences and the highly developed group-consciousness among them that find recognition in the principle of self-determination. The Serbs, Bulgars, and Macedonians, being Greek Orthodox, use the Cyrillic alphabet; the Croats and Slovenes, as Roman Catholics, use the Latin characters. Yet they all read and write and speak languages that are very much alike.

In time these peoples may coalesce into a single nation, for they are as much alike as they are different, but for the time being their immediate objective is a federation of nations. They have made Woodrow Wilson's principle of national self-determination the cornerstone of their plan. That is the core and central meaning of their plan — the recognition of nationality and the creation of a common state of free and equal national units.

The plan strikes boldly at the very heart of the Macedonian problem, which has been the cause of two Balkan wars, of several revolutions, of countless murders and other terroristic acts. It strives to neutralize the age-old rivalry between Serb and Bulgar, and to dissolve the recent contentions between Serb and Croat. By bringing all the Yugoslav peoples together within the framework of a common state, without destroying their national identities or depriving them of local self-government, it promises to remove them from the arena of international intrigue, which in the past has played one brother nation against the other.



A N A T L A N T I C S T O R Y

COME YOU HOME A HERO

by LT. LAURENCE CRITCHELL

Come you home a hero,
Or come not home at all.
— THE SHROPSHIRE LAD

No!" shouted the voice on the telephone. "I want it tonight. Bring it over now."

"Damn!" said the lieutenant under his breath. He clicked off the receiver. Tired, wet, the snow thick on his boots, he had just come in from the lines. Glumly he stood in the underground operations office of the regimental command post and stared at the wall.

"What's up?" grinned the operations sergeant. "Have to go out again?"

"No," he said, buttoning his coat. "Yes," he said.

The sergeant folded the *Stars and Stripes*. "Did you read this about 'the heroes of Bastogne'?" he asked, accenting the phrase. "Somebody says we said, 'They got us surrounded — the poor bastards.'"

"Did you say that?" asked the officer.

"No."

"Neither did I," he said. "Especially not when they bombed." He went out.

Since nightfall the blizzard had become severe. Artillery had set fire to a house in the main part of town, and the glow — whitened by the snow — looked like flares. He stood at the gate of the command post watching. It was a fire, all right. The shelling had stopped for a while. Cursing the captain who had called for him, he shoved his hands deep in his pockets and turned left past the frozen sentry towards the city gate. No one was abroad. Half-tracks and tanks were parked along the sidewalk by the prisoner-of-war enclosure. They had not been moved since the last

attack two days before and were banked high with snow. He blew the snow out of his face and tramped down to the shelter of the city gate.

Bastogne had changed greatly since that first foggy daybreak when he and the other men had marched into it. Until then the war had passed through the Belgian town twice without harming it — once during the German advance and again during their retreat. Most of the buildings still showed evidence of German occupancy. The walls of the convent at the northeastern side of the town were slotted for machine guns.

But since the air-borne units had held the town, ruin had come to it. Unlike the neat towns in Holland the lieutenant remembered, where the Dutch people had come out as soon as the shellings were over and begun piling the bricks in neat stacks along the sidewalks, Bastogne had had no repairs. Broken water mains spilled out of the ruins unattended, then froze and made icicles on the charred stone. Stores stood burned and wrecked, their wares abandoned. Hardly a window in town was unbroken. Night bombings by solitary German planes had torn up the streets, caved in the houses, left wreckage in which, for six days, no one had had the time to dig out the dead.

Few shells had fallen by the city gate. But beyond it for a stretch of several hundred yards the road led across a black misty stream and up onto the hill slope on the opposite side. There heavy artillery shells had been falling all day. The lieutenant hesitated a moment. It was a gamble. If he waited, they might begin later; if he went now they might start at once. He shrugged his shoulders and walked forward across the open stretch, keeping close to the snow-filled ditch. The storm in his eyes was blinding. He tried to listen for the first whistle of the shells.

He turned up the slope of the hill towards the lines, getting the snow at his back. A series of houses, almost leveled by the earlier German bombs, flanked the street at one side. They looked queerly skeleton-like against

The author of an *Atlantic* story, "Flesh and Blood," which has been selected for the O. Henry Memorial volume for 1944, LAURENCE CRITCHELL is a lieutenant of paratroopers whose outfit was cut off at Bastogne. The author tells us this new manuscript "was written underground during messy periods of waiting between attacks."

the storm. He tried to remember which way the shells had come during the day. Diagonally over the hill from the northeast — that was it. He kept to the shelter of the ruins. Somewhere along this hill was the command post that he was looking for, the basement headquarters of Task Force O'Hara. The captain had said the place was marked by a stack of wood. Stack of wood! Even the fences were deep in snow.

On the other side of the hill, shortly before nightfall, the enemy had begun an attack. It was only a probing effort, but the volume of small-arms fire audible through the storm was impressive. Once a 40 mm. tracer shell ricocheted over the rooftops where he walked, whirling end on end musically. Beyond where it fell, the flames of the burning house in the main part of town were whipped up in a fresh wind.

He remembered what Bastogne had looked like on Christmas night. Bombs had set part of the southern limits of the city burning. He and the Protestant chaplain had stood by a church near the prisoner-of-war enclosure and watched it — a curtain of luminous orange smoke over the moonlit rooftops, the whole city blue and silent and snowy while its houses burned.

He saw a pile of wood. But the house next to it was on the wrong side of the road. Seeing a cellar door at the bottom of the steps, he climbed down and tried the handle. The darkness inside was cold. It had a sickly-sweet odor. He recognized that odor at once and closed the door again. Some dead civilian, he thought. Lots of them had taken refuge in abandoned cellars during the bombings. If any of them were killed, they were found afterwards only by accident.

"Halt!" shouted a voice. He stopped dead.

"Lieutenant Foley," he said. "Artillery liaison."

"The password, sir."

"Brassie." The guard let him approach; the lieutenant heard the little click of the safety being put back on. "You can ask in the CP, sir," said the guard in answer to Foley's question. He gestured back towards the house. The lieutenant opened a door into a room warm with gaslight and Armored Force officers. The major working on the situation map with a grease pencil was a thin young man with black hair, about twenty-five. He shook his head. "Better try in the main part of town," he said. "Nobody ought to go wandering around getting lost out here."

The lieutenant said nothing. He persisted up the hill road another quarter of a mile. The snow was still fine and dry. If it had not been for the constant explosions over the hill crest and the occasional *wop-wop* of incoming shells on the open space in the valley, he would have enjoyed the walk. But a man felt naked outdoors in country where shelling was heavy.

Eventually he found the second woodpile. This time the door opened into a dim, warm room under the abandoned house.

Tell him I need those things tonight. Got it?" He twisted the lever of the telephone. "Sit down, Foley. Give me Red again, Beaver. Red. Give me —"

Someone said to the lieutenant as he came in, "Hello, Jess." It was Captain Lunin, the surgeon of the 1st Battalion, a small, cheery man with a dark face like an eclipsed moon.

"Any news about Kennedy?" asked the lieutenant, looking for a good chair.

"Still missing," said an enlisted man in the corner.

"Coffee coming up," announced Captain Lunin briskly. "Sugar on the table. And tea." He rubbed his hands. "Over here, we *live*."

"Except that Lunin's never here," said Captain McKaig, still at the telephone. "Operator, what the hell has happened to this line? I got Division — I wanted Red."

"Give us the low-down, Jess," said Captain Lunin, pouring the coffee. "You get all the inside dope."

The lieutenant leaned back and drank the coffee gratefully. Now that he was safely inside, he was glad he had come. The shabby little room was comfortable. Task Force O'Hara had been formed of several small units taken variously from the whole division. During the first days in Bastogne, when the pressure from the German forces had been too heavy to spare reserves from the line, it had served as a mobile support. Now that the armored columns had relieved the town, its future was uncertain.

"All I want," shouted Captain McKaig to Lunin, "is to stay indoors tonight. After tonight they can send me anywhere."

The lieutenant tried to remember the news he had heard during the day. "Division says our oak leaf cluster for Holland was approved. For the unit citation. I don't know who approved it — Corps or Army. And they say Roosevelt mentioned Bastogne last night. That's all I know."

"We're famous," said the enlisted man.

"Don't I know it," agreed Captain Lunin. "I expect to make a fortune lecturing to women's clubs. 'The Battered Bastards of the Bastion of Bastogne' — that should be a drawing card. But tell me more about the oak leaf cluster. Is it definite?"

"So they say at Division." The lieutenant poured himself another cup of coffee.

"Geez," said the enlisted man in the corner. "That makes three for us. Normandy, Holland, Bastogne."

"Carnegie Hall is another possibility," Lunin mused. "To accommodate the crowds."

"We were in the *Stars and Stripes* again today," added the enlisted man. "A big article. Says this place was like Gettysburg, Valley Forge, the Alamo."

"Gawd!" Lunin rubbed his face. "Maybe I ought to go in for the big time."

The lieutenant leaned back towards the fire and let the warmth burn into him. He recognized the familiar banter of the group. It made him think of something he had written home after the Normandy invasion — that in the midst of death they were in life. It was true. He looked at the shabby, warm, comfortable room that Task Force O'Hara had made for itself

TWENTY-FOUR!" Captain McKaig was shouting over the phone. "Twenty-four galoshes short. That's right. Find out from Jenkins what the hell happened.

out of the abandoned cellar — the pictures of girls from home, the opened packages, the letters.

Since the siege, the whole town of Bastogne was undermined with hidden places like this. Almost all of them were underground. Walking through the streets of town at night you saw nothing except the ruins, the snow, the lemon flares of outgoing artillery. Yet warmth and congeniality and hot coffee were all there, behind the blacked-out doors of the wrecked Belgian homes, underneath the desolated shops.

"Foley is here," shouted Captain McKaig over the telephone. "I can't talk all night. All right, all right, we've got the galoshes. Twenty-four short." He went on talking.

"You're putting me in for a Medal of Honor, aren't you, Jess?" asked Captain Lunin.

"That's right," said the lieutenant. "That night you dug an underground aid-station singlehanded."

"A Medal of Honor," Lunin mused. "I'd get home. And it would help the publicity for my lecture tour."

"I was all set to go home once," put in the enlisted man. "But the doc said it was scabies. I thought I had leprosy."

"That wasn't me," said Lunin. "We always coöperate in matters like that."

"I'd give a lot to be on Hollywood and Vine right now," continued the enlisted man. "Even with leprosy." He moved over to the light; the lieutenant saw that he was Sergeant Selz, the 1st Battalion supply sergeant. "My wife says it's kind of dull at home right now. Imagine that! I told her that what I wanted was to be bored stiff with her, right in the middle of North Hollywood." He laughed. "She thinks I'm having a good time with those French girls."

"Louisiana for me," said Lunin. "I'd settle for a newsstand on Canal Street."

"And tell that driver," shouted McKaig over the telephone, "that he'll have to go out to the Red CP tonight. Tell him to hook up the trailer — we've got galoshes to go. That's right." He hung up. "There's a little town called Belton in Texas —"

"I know Belton," said Sergeant Selz. "My wife and me had a house there when I was at Camp Hood. That town was so crowded they had a waiting line for Main Street."

The shelling down in the valley, Lieutenant Foley could hear, had begun again. He was glad the captain was ready to work. Unfolding the overlay he had brought, he sat down near the situation map. The storm was muffled. Within the room there were no drafts. On the floor against one wall of the cellar were three bedrolls. Beside them was a wooden table with two kerosene lamps, a few dirty plates, the situation map that he was beginning to correct, and a package from home for Lieutenant Sallin. Sallin came in while Lieutenant Foley was working. "Fruit cake," he announced. After a smell, "No, it's rum cake."

"Squeeze out the rum," suggested Sergeant Selz.

"We've got rum up there in the cupboard," said Captain McKaig, looking up from the map. "That British ration from Holland."

"This is what my folks would like to see," said Lieutenant Sallin, cutting the rum cake. "The receiving end."

"They'd say you were gypping 'em," commented Captain Lunin, pouring extra glasses of rum for everybody. "Task Force O'Hara is too comfortable."

"We had a shell right at the door last night," said Sergeant Selz. Lieutenant Foley looked at the man. Since the first shells in the valley had begun falling, the sergeant had moved around the room uneasily, sitting at last in the shelter beside the empty fireplace. The nearer bursts made the glowing tip of his cigarette jump. The lieutenant looked away. Nobody had a right to criticize. As a matter of fact, he was glad of the glass of rum himself. In a little while he had to go back over that open space in the valley where the shells were falling.

3

WHEN you're ready to go, let me know," said Captain Lunin.

The lieutenant folded up the situation map. "Right now," he said. "Are you coming?"

Captain Lunin was putting on his coat when Jenkins, the supply officer, bundled slowly into the room. "That's my ammunition dump burning over there," he said heavily. "They made a clean hit. Two hours ago."

"The ammo dump?" asked the sergeant. He stood up. "I guess —" He hesitated. "I guess I'd better get back over there."

"That's a good idea," Jenkins agreed.

"I want to send those galoshes out to the line tonight," shouted Captain McKaig.

"They'll be frozen stiff by morning," said Jenkins, moving over to the fire. "Better send them out with the ration truck at breakfast." He looked at Lunin. "I'd wait a while, Pappy. There's a lot of incoming stuff down there."

"Arrange a temporary truce, will you, Jenk?" said Captain Lunin. "Tell 'em the Geneva Convention is down here visiting."

"Let's go," said the lieutenant. He took a last gulp of hot coffee.

The wind had died outside the house. But the snow was coming down more heavily. The three men turned up the collars of their coats and trudged down the hill road towards the group of houses that marked the left turn towards Bastogne. No one said anything. All of them were listening to the shellfire in the valley below. Between the rolling heaviness of the incoming shells were the sharper, almost hollow *whooms* of the tank guns, firing counter-battery. The lieutenant remembered with a wry grimace how scared he had been the first time, unable to tell the two sounds apart. Now he could even distinguish the tank guns from the artillery. The tank guns made a hollower sound.

"I don't like this," said Sergeant Selz, his voice muffled under a coat collar.

"It may let up," added Captain Lunin.

"I don't mind the small-arms stuff so much," said

the sergeant. "But this artillery . . ." His voice trailed off. The lieutenant looked at him again.

"I'd go back and wait a while if I were you, Sergeant," he said. "There's no sense taking risks you don't have to."

"I have to," said the sergeant with finality.

The lieutenant felt better for having company. It was strange how soldiers disliked solitary danger. He remembered T. E. Lawrence's phrase — "Of all danger, give me the solitary sort." Something like that. But Lawrence was not an ordinary soldier. The ordinary ones preferred dying, as the lieutenant did, in a crowd. That was why so many of them shared foxholes on the front lines.

The three men paused at the open stretch on the entrance to the valley. Through the blizzard they could see the occasional sharp whitish flashes of the shellbursts. The thundering was much more intense. Captain Lunin pulled his Red Cross brassard higher onto his arm. "Does anybody want to wait?" he asked. When there was no answer: "How about making a run for it?"

"I tried that coming over," said the sergeant. "The ice is too slippery."

"Let's go," said the lieutenant impatiently. He wanted to get it over. To himself he did what he always did at moments like this: he committed to God the care of his wife and child. He was not religious, but some reassurance in the words of the short prayer was always forthcoming. None of them said anything just then. Isolated by the exposure, they walked forward steadily through the swirl of storm. When a shell exploded on the end of the road they fell flat. But then they got up and continued walking forward, still silent. In the huge booming storm of the night, violence seemed manifest. The sergeant cursed when he slipped. Lunin walked as rapidly as he could. The lieutenant noticed, almost without seeing it, that the fire in the town had died down.

They had almost reached the shelter of the city gate when the shell came in. The sickening whine that it made was ended before they could move. It struck the embankment of the road and exploded. The lieutenant felt two things at once: a violent crash on his eardrums and a hot, bursting upheaval that slammed him into the air. Something sliced by his ear with a whine. He heard his mind saying "Aii!" and before he could close his eyes he was smashed blindingly into the ground. He was stunned. His ears were ringing. Struggling, he got to his feet. "Hurry up!" he shouted. "Let's get out of here." More shells would come in at the same place.

"Over here!" shouted Lunin. "Come over here!"

The lieutenant swore. "Damn it!" He floundered over to the medical man. "The sergeant," said Lunin. Hurriedly the lieutenant took the man's shoulders. Staggering, slipping, they worked their way back as fast as they could towards the road. The second shell fell a hundred yards beyond them. Climbing through the ditch, they gained the city gate.

"Hold it," said Lunin. "I'll get a stretcher." He disappeared into the storm of the city.

Dazed, the lieutenant covered the wounded man with his overcoat. He almost fell when he bent over. Sinking to his knees, he pulled off the Canadian combat jacket that he wore and made a support for the man's head. His eyes failed him for a moment then, and he sank back against the stone. A nauseating succession of violet spirals wheeled under his eyelids. He took two or three breaths. He realized that he was shivering violently. He tried to speak to the wounded man, but his shaking lips refused the words. He recognized his own symptoms; he was suffering from shock. He knew how to treat himself — or at least he knew what helped him. He got up and double-timed in place for a few moments under the shelter of the arch. Then he got slowly down on his knees again and hunted through his pockets for a flashlight. The sergeant made a shuddering noise.

"Down here," said Lunin's voice from the front. A half-track, approaching from the rear, tried to pass under the archway; the lieutenant waved it aside dizzily. He was still feeling nausea. But he swallowed hard and followed the stretcher group up to the regimental aid station.

4

IN THE first days at Bastogne, when the air-borne units had been cut off by the enemy, the regimental aid station had been set up in the chapel of the Belgian convent. There, for almost a week, the wounded men had steadily accumulated, until they covered the whole floor, even up to the altar. It was cold in the chapel. So the command post personnel had given up their blankets to the wounded. Steady shelling and night bombing had knocked out all the stained-glass windows. Snow had drifted in the holes. When the first air resupply mission was flown to Bastogne, the recovered parachutes were added to the blankets. Then when the armored elements opened a corridor, the wounded men were evacuated to rear hospitals and the regimental aid station moved across the street to the vaulted underground cellar of a private house.

When the lieutenant entered, the warmth struck him in the face like a blow. Holding himself, he moved as close as he could get to the stove. He noticed with relief that Captain Lunin's hands were shaking too. Lunin let Captain Waldman take charge of the wounded man.

"Let's take a look at you, fella," said Captain Waldman. He touched the side of the man's head speculatively. The lieutenant could see, then, what had happened. Like Lunin and himself, the man was trembling violently. His lips were parted; his eyes were open and staring. One of his hands kept straying up to his head. "Hold his hand," said Captain Waldman. He bent over the wounds with a flashlight. "Now just lie quiet, fella — this isn't going to hurt." He probed the ear with a cotton-covered stick. "No ear injury apparent." Then he turned the sergeant's neck slightly and looked for a long time at the other side of the neck. In the silence the lieutenant could hear the gas lamp hissing.

"You're going to be all right," said Captain Waldman. Reaching back for the penicillin, he nodded to someone in the shadows. For the first time the lieutenant saw the chaplain.

The chaplain looked at the wounded man's dog tags. "I want you to pray," he said. "Can you hear me, Al?" He paused. "If you can't speak, just think the words to yourself with me." He paused again and began. The man trembled violently. "What are his chances?" the lieutenant whispered to Captain Lunin. "He's dying," Lunin whispered back. The lieutenant took a deep breath. He looked at a magazine that lay on one of the bedrolls in the corner. It showed a picture of a flight nurse. She looked too clean and impersonal, he thought — too sure of herself. Women were out of place so close to the lines. The men were too badly hurt, too near to violence.

"Saying," whispered the chaplain, "Our Father, who art in heaven, Hallowed be thy Name. . . ." The lieutenant listened to the words. He knew Sergeant Selz very slightly. But it was hard to feel deeply anyone's death, where each hung so narrowly, even one's own. He knew that all the soldiers felt that way. For the first time he thought again of his wife. It was odd, he reflected, how the life over here was lived on two levels. Men carried on the casual friendliness that kept them sane, and on the other level were the violence and sudden death.

Sergeant Selz closed his eyes. Sometime in the few moments that they stood there, he must have died. Two wounded Armored Force men were brought in on stretchers. Neither was seriously wounded. They joked with the chaplain about their home towns. The lieutenant heard the low words, "You can't be from California, Chaplain. I thought everybody out there got deferred by Kaiser." Outside the cellar the storm and the artillery pounded like brothers on the door.

"Did ya' see the *Stars and Stripes* today?" said one of the aid men. "It told how one of the Washington papers printed that 'Battered Bastards of Bastogne' business. They called it 'The Battered B——'s of Bastogne.'"

"Imagine that!" said the man who had filled the hypodermic. "They think we're a bunch of dashes."

"Things are getting rough back home," commented an Armored Force man. "They've had a hell of a cold wave."

"Maybe the War Department'll send us home to lecture in the war plants," suggested the first man.

"That would cut in on my business," said Captain Lunin. "The field is definitely closed." He buttoned his coat collar. "I think I'd better be going on. My boys may cut a finger."

The lieutenant and the chaplain left together. They walked in silence across the whirring snow-filled street to the convent where they both slept. "It's all very heroic, ain't it?" said the lieutenant as they entered the cloister. "What the hell is a hero?"

"I dunno," said the chaplain noncommittally. "Certainly not me."

Snow drifted down through the wrecked cloister

onto the tables where the men were served chow. A statue of Mary looked out on the still-steaming cans where the mess kits were washed. A few fires in the grease cans were alight; some of the guards who were off duty sat there warming themselves. The lieutenant felt tired. His body had at last stopped shivering. But the weariness was overpowering. When he climbed over the coal pile in the cellar to the place where he slept, he felt a deep sense of comfort.

The coal pile had been leveled flat by the soldiers. In the next chamber, connected by vaulted arches, nuns of St. Francis, who had come to Bastogne from Aachen, spent the nights sleeping upright in chairs. They had a small altar with them and each evening at about ten o'clock, before they went to bed, they sang evening prayers. Sometimes they said the prayers in the middle of the night, if they were awakened by German bombing. They were praying as the lieutenant turned back the covers. "Sainte Marie, Mère de Dieu . . ." It was familiar. Somewhere upstairs in the cloister an incoming shell made a sound like a crashing door. Glass fell.

"You're not listening," objected the chaplain, who had been talking.

"I was thinking," he said. "That sergeant came from California."

"So do I," nodded the chaplain. "A good place. I expect to have a home in Burbank after the war."

"You've told me about that," said the lieutenant drowsily.

"I decided not to buy it ready-made. Build it. Buy all the materials. Of course I'd need advice. I was wondering the other night whether we should have a cellar. Lately I've got tired of cellars." He paused and listened to the blizzard outside the slits in the stone. "Or maybe I can interest you in dogs?" wistfully.

"Yes," said the lieutenant. "All kinds. Especially wire-haired. I'm going to get my kid a wire-haired."

"Now here's the trouble with wire-haired," said the chaplain happily. "They're all right if . . ."

The lieutenant went to sleep.

Much later someone in the darkness awakened him by calling his name. He raised his head. "Yes?"

"The colonel wants you out at White, sir. They're having an attack."

"They want me out there now?"

"That's right, sir. They've had to commit O'Hara."

The lieutenant leaned back slowly, looking at his watch. "O.K.," he said. He pulled the blankets over him again, closed his eyes and, quietly and fluently, from four and a half years of experience in the Army, he began to curse. Finished, he lay back and let the drowsy warmth of the sleeping bag steal over him. He was so damned tired. The war could go to hell. He'd had enough. He was through. The hell with honor. The hell with duty. He was through. Through with the Army, through with the war, through with the whole damn mess. Utterly and completely. Heroes! He laughed. He didn't even know what a hero was.

Rolling his legs out from the covers, he started passionately lacing his boots.

A PRESIDING SPIRIT

by H. M. TOMLINSON

1

THE spring this year was the first we noticed since 1940. The last spring we remember, of five years ago, was just as vivid, but it was not for us. It was in a dimension removed, the apparition of a fabled existence. We dared not so much as wonder whether we should ever see its like again. Opposite us on the coast of the Channel was the exultant enemy.

But this year the earth was awakening, and we had the space to admire. In April the London air was free of warnings, shocks, and convulsions. In suburban gardens, as if in celebration and at a signal, apple, pear, cherry, almond, and lilac were suddenly alight. A house might be only an abandoned wreck, with revival about it, but now spring astonished us where last year we had forgotten. There had been no time then to join in the rejoicing of earth. We were occupied in watching robot bombs instead, to judge whether this one coming would carry straight on or was about to hit the ground.

One morning, still at ease and expecting more good news, we picked up our daily paper. Roosevelt was dead. We stood and looked at each other, then drifted silently apart. For a time there was not a word in the house, and then someone asked, "Now what shall we do?" What answer could be given?

Long before Pearl Harbor, when the night was dubious and there was no knowing what our fortune would be before sunrise, his familiar voice was telling us across the Atlantic that America intended the goods and weapons meant for us not to go to the bottom if she could prevent it (and to us he was America). It was an article of faith over here that what he knew then all America was bound to know soon. We heard the voice of courage from America, austere and formidable with understanding and purpose. A friend was speaking who knew the power of evil and that it was at large, but knew of a greater power. He spoke for the helpless and inarticulate everywhere, and he had great authority. He was the President of us all.

What Americans possibly did not realize was that outsiders regarded Roosevelt's existence as an act of Providence at a critical juncture for humanity. Whether its destiny was to be this way or that, America too was involved. Yet was that known to most

Americans? Well, presently it would be, without a peradventure. The only doubt we had was that general knowledge of a common cause might come a day too late. But Roosevelt knew the issue and the danger and was watching. The decision was with him, and we could no more hasten it than change the minute of sunrise. We must endure, and America would come to us.

It may be said now that we looked with concern at the pictures of him when he attended conferences. At Yalta and elsewhere his expression was that of happiness, but it could be seen that he was spending his life extravagantly. Would he last this out? For he was giving away fast his dwindling store to those in need of his life. We saw a reason then why even foreigners should honor the affectionate words, "Old Glory," for the flag of America. Has it been supposed that the last sacrifice for helpless mankind has been made? Only cynics and the half-witted would still deny that good men have always given their work and their lives to their fellows. That is a commonplace rejected only by the ill-disposed and self-seekers who cannot believe it, because inevitably to them human nature is their nature. Roosevelt was happy in spending himself for the welfare of unknown men and women, and the light of that virtue overcame the shadow of death in his eyes. It will overcome death itself.

2

THIS has been a narrow escape. Our industrial civilization had forgotten or rejected what religion it had. It was supported by a substitute no more reliable than casual and cynical materialism. It has been uneasy for many years with a sense of collapse to come. Most of us felt that. We suspected that our society had faith solely in material power, as if Paris, New York, and London were but superior Zulu kraals — that it did not deserve to continue because it was uninformed by the light of reason. This was suspected, for conscience remained with us, though only as memory and comparison.

Still, change was resisted. What change could there be but by revolution to anarchy? With the futility of our vacant souls we recognized no positive good worth our effort. But these outlaws could be positive enough

Seafarer and journalist, and the most eloquent essayist in England, H. M. TOMLINSON has expressed what President Franklin D. Roosevelt's leadership meant to other nations.

for evil because they knew what they wanted and judged they had the means to get it. And they were determined to have it.

The Nazis and Fascists merely took advantage of a state of affairs favorable to their adventure. The origins of this catastrophe are lost in the beginning of this century, when pride in man's control of nature overcame what sense of moral responsibility remained with us for the proper use of power. Revolutionary mechanical inventions were let loose into a society unaware of their inherent perils.

Shall we instance this? There was the invention of the Wright brothers. That miraculous outcome of imagination and industry has resulted in the blasting and disruption of the foundations of civility in Europe. There is the plain truth of it: that invention did not mean progress. It has thrown civilization back far beyond the Middle Ages, back behind the beginning of history into nomadism. Again vast multitudes are this day drifting apathetically to starvation and death. Europe is a wilderness. Cities and transport have gone. It was not life more abundant that the flying machine brought, but a condition of things worse than the period of the Black Death. And the reason is apparent. We had not the least idea what should govern the purposes of men when they could dodge about the heavens. Therefore the latest contrivance was damned at birth.

During the long period of the blitz, the flying bombs, and the rockets, I wished that those people who are anxious for freedom of the air were compelled to live in London, and that I wasn't. Freedom of the air? Freedom for what? If this freedom of the air continues, it may result in an inability to breathe it. The stillborn babies will be the lucky ones. Never before in history has man had such a store of knowledge and so little understanding. He has been satisfied with facts; he has cared little or nothing for the implications of facts and their relationship to a rational life. Immediate profit was all he wanted. The authority of religion, law, literature, and the arts went long ago, usurped by technology.

The present enterprises of men with power enough behind them to blot out human existence altogether, whether by chance or sudden whim or maniacal passion, have been directed heedless of a worthy tradition for guidance. They have had no background for reference at all. The only responsibility enterprise has acknowledged has been to some narrow personal advantage. Life itself has lost its importance. It has been sacrificed to a fabulous necessity. In such a world we should have expected that nihilists more energetic, unscrupulous, and cunning than ourselves would surely scheme for access to greater power.

Germany and Japan — with peoples both docile and industrious, with masses of manpower of a uniformity unknown elsewhere — have shown what can be done when the political controls of this age of machines, with the new means of forming a flat opinion

by the radio and the cinema, with a perfected science of policecraft, and with war engines winged and wheeled, are seized by men whose motives are those of man-eating sharks.

Is this new to us? It is not new. For twenty years past, the signs have been as plain as a volcano smoldering. We have even had victory before this year — and remember what was done with it. In all Roosevelt's words there were echoes from that old tragedy, when an opportunity came for a more seemly world but was thrown away. Beyond this war, we were aware that he was the leader who understood well that if the opportunity were lost again, then humanity's last chance went with it. And he was resolved that it must be saved. In all he did there was vision, which is the mark of a superior mind. You see it in his choice of admirals and generals — Eisenhower, for one, gets the devotion from the British that he gets from his own folk. We have merged; I have yet to hear a jealous word.

Well, there the miracle is, and Roosevelt brought it about. We must not lose the treasure he has given us. He succeeded in winning the complete confidence of people beyond America because he always freely acknowledged the contribution of each to the common effort. When England stood alone and stood her ground, we were confident he would never allow that initial success in the service of mankind to be lost. And he was also aware that but for the gigantic sacrifice of Russian life and treasure the enemy might never have been overthrown.

Where truth was concerned, he did not recognize frontiers. And what, after all, are frontiers, when every land is wide open to rockets and the rest of the diabolism of modern war? Today no land is exempt. The jet plane alone, now in its infancy as the plane with a propeller was an infant last time, is a threat to human existence unless the right controls are made. The Atlantic and Pacific are to America today what the Channel was to us when Blériot crossed it one fine morning not so very long ago. And no expanse of water or any other protection will hold off the rocket, which drops without warning like doom from interstellar space.

It is not much use rescuing the world's economics from anarchy, since civilization is impossible without a settled life, and settlement has no meaning when the sky is a constant menace to plows and workshops everywhere. That was our situation when the discussions began at San Francisco for its improvement. Over the confusion of national aims and the intrigues of many interests, a shape there presided, silent but influential. The death of Franklin Roosevelt ordained a final outcome beyond recall by any resolution the Conference may make. A presiding spirit has been raised for us by death, and it keeps alive the hope and aspiration of the nameless men who have fallen in battle. This time the unknown warrior has a name with which to conjure.



AN ATLANTIC STORY

THE MEETINGHOUSE

by JESSAMYN WEST

ONE of Jess's bad times came upon him the night before he was to start south delivering nursery stock. Spring had been late that year, and the April nights had the frostiness of a season working toward greater coldness, not greater heat. The stars still held to their winter's outlines, sharp and frigid; the breath on the night air was long and white; and the body was only truly warm in bed or close to a fire.

Jess stepped in from the porch, where he had gone for a look at the sky, and went to the fire. There, with fingers opening and closing, he seemed to be trying to roll warmth into a ball to take to bed with him.

"Eliza," he said, "it comes over me that this trip I ought to have a last look at the Meetinghouse where my parents worshiped."

A last look. That told Eliza all she needed to know. She dropped the carpet rags she'd been sewing into her workbasket and went to Jess's side. "Jess," she said. "Jess."

Jess was a man who ordinarily looked outward and whose health permitted him to do so; from inside himself came none of those quaverings or raspings which cause others to question how they do, set them to examining liver and lights to discover how these organs are holding up in the long seesaw to fend off mortality. And for this reason he was more vulnerable than most. Some small defection, a grain or two too much of quinine, or a rising on a sensitive spot — and a remembrance of man's thin hold upon life swept in upon him.

Or in perfect health, standing on a small lift of ground in spring, giving his team a breather after plowing an uphill furrow, or in his own bed in the fall, the house creaking in a rising wind, he would think of

young men dead before their time: David's son, bright Absalom; John Keats, the poet. His own little Sarah. A conviction of mortality would settle down upon him and he would walk back to the house with his team, or down the stairs in the morning, a man from whom life was ebbing. And once this pall had settled, there was nothing in all logic to lift it from him.

Why should it not be so? Why should he, Jess Birdwell, nurseryman, past middle age, the father of children, be spared when young men were taken? Young men whose feet had not touched a fraction of earth's arc and whose tongues were still burdened with saying how even that small segment blossomed. It was unreasonable to expect it. In all reason and with much sorrow Jess would look about him with eyes that said farewell.

"Jess," asked Eliza, "what is it?"

It was a hard thing to put into words. Outwardly it was so trifling, so picayunish even, that Eliza might miss its meaning, fail to see what its course would likely be, that it might be fatal — since it was only that the wen, which, walnut-size, curved the skin at the base of his skull, was now growing.

"Preparing to strike inward toward the brain," Jess said, touching it with solemn fingers.

"Has thee seen a doctor?" Eliza asked.

"No," Jess said. "Seems like I couldn't bear to hear it put into words."

For Eliza, who had borne seven children and been near death, not once, but often, though always too busy at the time to ruminate upon it, these seizures of her husband were very strange. Resigned and even cheerful as Jess often was, the days, for the time his conviction held, were bleak. He had said farewell to the finite — to her and Maple Grove Nursery — and it was sorrowful and upsetting for Eliza to eat breakfast with a man who already looked at her as from under a headstone.

Eliza yearned toward Jess, but there was little she

A birthright Quaker and a graduate of Whittier College, JESSAMYN WEST has the serenity of mind to write short stories which are so refreshing to the American spirit that the *Atlantic* has published four of them within a year. We think this is one of her best.

could say. His disease was like measles: lacking gentle treatment, it struck inward, festered in silence. Nor did any reminder of bygone attacks, surmounted and lived through, help. Those deliverances had been Providential, and a Providence which let young men die must in time loosen its hold upon even the undeserving middle-aged. It was in the nature of things — sad to be sure, but not unreasonable or unexpected.

“Jess,” said Eliza, looking up into his big-nosed, well-fleshed face, “I don’t recall thee ever looking in fuller health.”

Jess shook his head. “Its being so deceptive,” he said, “is what makes it so dangerous. Far gone,” he told her, “before thee gives it a thought.”

“In my heart,” said Eliza, who felt that organ to be the seat of Jess’s troubles, and her own as capable as his of discernment, “nothing speaks to me of it.”

Jess was gentle with her. He would spare her, in so far as it was possible, the pain of his going. “As for man,” he reminded her, “his days are as grass. As a flower of the field he flourisheth. But the wind passeth over it and the place thereof shall know it no more.”

2

HE SET out before sunup. He headed down pike into darkness and cold, leaving Maple Grove Nursery, the windows yellow with lamplight, behind him. He drove east and south. His fingers often left the lines to see how his wen did. There was no pain about it, but his heart would harden like a dornick as he felt its unnaturalness beneath the skin. He, a live man, to die. He extended his hand, recalling its cunning, marveling at the way stiff, unpliant bones could be so cushioned and strung together as to be capable of music, of grafting a tree, of lifting a foal from its mother’s torn flesh — and that hand to be dust. And the enemy present, carried with him as a passenger — the live hand feeling its outlines, recognizing the source of its dissolution.

The way of his journey was laid out for him. He was delivering nursery stock ordered the fall before and he could not now ask himself which lane he’d fancy to turn up, which pass by. It was all settled, a foregone matter — the names in his order book and the trees themselves, well-balled and covered with burlap, behind him in the spring wagon. Already the ground which would nourish their thread-like roots was prepared and waiting, and even now farmers were saying to their wives, “Call me up to the house if Birdwell, the nurseryman, comes. He’s due any day now.”

The names of his customers and the numbers and kind of stock they had ordered were all there, written down six months before when he’d had no inkling of what delivery time would bring. For Jonas Rice, twenty-five Rambo, twenty-five Ben Davis. For Dade Douser, six Early Beatrice, six Stump the World. For Eli Morningstar, two May Duke, six Flemish Beauty. For Abel Sander, Jr., twelve Early Harvest.

Jess journeyed deep into spring, the meaning of his wen traveling with him, spreading out web-like to

encompass landscape and people. He saw objects two ways now — both as more beautiful and as more pitiable. Those which would stay, endure beyond men, — stones, trees, the moving air, — had new beauty, that of their own endurance and of his leaving; but men and women were more pitiable, his trouble added to their own until their cups were filled with sorrow, pressed down and running over.

Jess journeyed on in his spring wagon. The wagon itself often seemed to be standing still while scalloped hills and sun-yellowed winter wheat moved past him bringing him without effort of his own to the houses, the voices, the footsteps crossing the creaking floor boards before the doors swung open and greetings were said. So deep was he settled inside himself and his own affliction that he was hard put to separate the remembered from the imagined, his mind so busy running forward to the anticipated sorrow that he lost track of boundaries, saw no difference between yesterday and tomorrow.

At Jonas Rice’s, the gate was off a hinge and hung aslant so that beneath the broken arc of its swing a brown furrow had been plowed in spring’s green. A shingle blown from the roof in some past high wind still lay in the yard, tiptilted now by the blunt, pushing leaves of a Chinese lily. On the porch a plank had rotted through and the trash from bygone sweepings was heaped almost to floor level in a faded cone. This, where in the fall there had been high plans, spruceness, and the big order.

Jonas Rice himself let him in. “It’s our young’un,” he told Jess. “It’s Jasper. Taken with the little-disease, the doctor says, and no hope held out for getting shut of it.”

Jasper lay in the parlor-bedroom in a dark bed which, with roof-tree and siding, would have made a house of rooms for him. He lay like the tiny little goody inside an out-size nutshell. The head and footboard of the bed curved like a sleigh, and Jess thought, driving along afterwards, “A poor peaked little grain of Rice for such a big conveyance.”

“Seven years old,” said Jonas Rice, “and dwindling backward toward the cradle. The little-disease, the doctor names it — shrinking backward to where he started from and not a thing to be done to stop it.”

Mrs. Jonas Rice stood by the bed and smoothed the coverlid above her son, all the neatness and care which the rest of the house lacked centered here.

“Jasper’s body,” she said, “is wasting toward nothingness, but it don’t touch his mind. The little-disease, the doctor names it, but Jasper’s got the big-disease, I say, if you reckon mind and heart. Nothing he can’t read or remember, and a heart set on goodness. Say the psalm for Mr. Birdwell, Jasper.”

Out of the nut-sized face, the small voice: “The Lord is my shepherd. I shall not want.”

Wheels beneath him once again, Jess repeated the words Jasper had said, “The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want,” and remembered the way he had heard it said when he was a boy: “The shepherd I shall not want.” A good and holy One, the Lord, no

doubt, his child mind had reasoned, but not a Man you'd choose for a shepherd — His mind on other things and coming home at night, half the flock missing and no notion where He'd lost them. Why people were so fond of saying the Lord was a shepherd they didn't want, he had no idea. Nor Jasper, either, like as not, lying in his big bed, dwindling back toward his beginning.

A pullet touched by spring and in love with dying beneath a horse's hoofs, it seemed, flew up and down in front of the spring wagon. "The little-disease," Jess meditated, "is what we're all bit by." His fingers traced the outline of his wen — recoiling. "Man's a sizable hulk reared-up on his wagon seat and pulled about the earth by horses; dead, no more'n a spoonful of dust — not enough, spread thin, to take the print of a small-sized horse track."

3

OLD Eli Morningstar took delivery of his two May Dukes and six Flemish Beauties in a V of his land, leaning on the fence post of the angle. They were good trees, flourishing — the May Duke in season bearing a firm, well-fleshed cherry; the Flemish Beauty, a pear whose taste was summer in the mouth. Jess forgot for a minute his trouble, in pride of the trees he had grafted and raised, but they were nothing to old Eli Morningstar. He set them aside as if they had been canes or switches — or a dried cattail, cut down and brought to him by a child.

"Mr. Birdwell," he asked, "how're you grounded in regards of religion? I have no mind to shake any belief of yours."

"Grounded deep enough," Jess said, "so's nothing thee can say will matter."

"When I's a child," Eli said, "I believed as a child, but now I've come to maturer thinking."

Jess looked into old Eli's eyes. They were like the screens a man sets across his windows, reflecting nothing, but hiding whatever lies beyond from sight.

"God's only begotten son," said old Eli, leaning across the fence rail in his earnestness. "Why only one, Jess Birdwell? Why only one? And why a son? Whyn't a daughter? Something fishy there, Jess Birdwell, and the more you think on it, the plainer it becomes. Something mighty fishy."

"Something mighty fishy." Jess sat on his wagon seat and the weather warmed about him. A wind dropped down from the high sky like a shallow-winged bird, able to beat the air only a few times before tiring. The yellow spokes of the spring wagon flashed in the sun; the steel rims ran quietly through sand or noisily across gravel. Trees were leafed out, fallow now in their beginnings as they would be again in the time of fall. Small flowers — bedstraw, buttercup, and dogtooth violet — were opening; and the dogwood, not small, lifted a spangle of white stars high in the spring woods.

"Me, only, decaying," Jess said in sorrow, hoping to find some change in his wen, feeling it always the same.

Dade Douser's big house lay open to the midday sun, light shining on the fancy carpets and lace curtains.

"Dade Douser," said his widow, "passed on six months ago. Short time after you were here. But we want the trees, my present husband and myself. My present husband is a master hand for fruit trees."

Jess, like any other man, had had his thoughts about women, but they never made up for him, out of whole cloth, women like Mrs. Douser.

"Mrs. John Henry Little," she reminded him.

Judging by outward appearances was a sin Jess had tried to wean himself from — and Mrs. Little, for all she looked like an overripe peach, likely to spatter if shaken loose from the limb, might be a spiritual woman beneath the billowings of flesh. Though crab or quince, Jess thought, while puckerish, were more to his taste and had better keeping qualities once summer was past.

"Meet John Henry," said Mrs. Little as her husband, sleepy-eyed and in his sock feet, came to the door.

Jess had met John Henry before; last year he had been the Dousers' hired man. "He's younger'n me," said Mrs. Little gustily, "but a thousand years are as one in the sight of the Lord." She did not let her stockiness hamper her a whit in twining herself over and about John Henry's slab-sided frame. "A master hand with fruit," she said, "and at sweetheartin'."

4

JESS watched the rich farm lands roll past the spring wagon. "Flesh," he thought, "is the Lord's invention, and there's no call for me to fault it. God knows my own flesh is dear enough to me: that of my own body and that got by marriage and begot out of marriage. Dear enough. Nothing in me so fine-haired as not to be able to stomach Victoria Cinderella Douser and her John Henry."

The sky was a deepening blue, and the sun each day seemed to hang nearer earth. Jess took off his coat and hunched his shoulders sunward, eager to meet it halfway, put its heat so deep into his bones that some of it, at least, would go to his grave with him, live beneath the sod and warm, in another spring, some needy root. He had come to the end of his list: three more deliveries — Scully's peach trees, Mrs. Mayhew's two gooseberry bushes, the Sanders' Early Harvests — and he could turn toward Fair Hope Meetinghouse and there reconcile himself as best he could to the promise his flesh bore.

He came to the Sanders', where he planned to stay the night, the dusk of a clearing evening after a day of showers, an unsettled day fairing off just at nightfall as it often will. He had lodged here on his fall trip, found the house commodious and the Sanders, young people without children, clever to company. Nightjars were calling as he drove up the lane, and the wheels of the spring wagon turned now and then through water. Apple trees bloomed in the dusk, the last of daylight seemingly sucked up into their white petals. He

mounted the doorstep with a feeling remembered from forty years before: that a house was a strange place to come to after a day in the sun. There was no reply to his knocking, though he could see a flicker of light through the windows on each side of the door, and presently he made out a woman's voice bidding him enter.

The room he stepped into was not strange at all — nothing amiss, things set two by two, every chair in line with its brother, even the fire smoldering in an orderly way, no coal out of place. Beyond the center table with its unlit parlor lamp and albums, a little glass lamp, lighted and turned low, burned on the wide sill above a cot bed.

"Mrs. Sander," Jess asked, "is thee sick?"

"I've been poorly for a time," Mrs. Sander said, "and I had a kind of sinking spell this afternoon — but not sick. Just poorly."

Jess stood looking down onto the neat bed and onto Mrs. Sander, so neatly disposed, beneath a kind of knitted throw, that she scarcely curved its surface, feet and hipbones alone lifting the covering to show that the head with its great pile of black hair was not bereft of a body.

"Thee's wasted," Jess said, then bit his tongue; but he was shocked at the young face fined down to nothing but eyes, cheekbones, and mouth.

"The fever eats off the fat," Mrs. Sander said, "but I don't reckon it takes anything you really need. Trims you down, takes what there's no need lugging around, and makes you spry. The fever burns fat, I reckon, the way a wick does coal oil." Mrs. Sander lifted a hand fever had burned down to its essentials, turned the lamp higher, and smiled. "Except for my own mother," she said, "I don't know's there's a person I'd be more pleased to see than you, Mr. Birdwell."

Jess, who had a mind now for his tongue, continued to stare. "Poor child," he thought, "the wick's sucked the lamp so near bone-dry, there's nothing left but the empty bowl and a final spurt of flame."

"If thee's poorly," he said, "I'd oughtn't spend the night. Trouble thee, maybe. Put thee out."

"Put up your horses, Mr. Birdwell," said Mrs. Sander. "I was laying here pining to speak with someone."

Jess smiled. "To tell thee the truth," he said, "they're up. Thee and thy husband were so clever to me last fall I been looking forward to staying here again. I brought thee a little present, too," he said. "Four of the Prairie Queen roses thee said thee'd like."

"Prairie Queen," said Mrs. Sander in her voice which was half breathing, half words said. "Have you ever seen the prairies, Mr. Birdwell? I've often thought of them. High and even, they must be, like a hayfield, running on without end, and a strong wind always blowing so it would be easy to breathe."

"Yes," Jess said, "I've seen the prairies. Like a dry ocean, the grass moving like waves."

"And a queen, Mr. Birdwell," Mrs. Sander said, starting to laugh and stopping, because laughing made

her cough. "You ever laid eyes on a queen yet, Mr. Birdwell?"

"No," Jess said, "no queen yet. But if I did she'd be black-haired like thee and Eliza."

"How's Eliza?" Mrs. Sander asked, hiding her pleasure in talk. But before Jess had time to answer, she said, "I've lost my manners, Mr. Birdwell. Ask you questions and keep you standing. Draw up a chair."

Jess brought a chair to the cot side. "Eliza's flourishing," he said. "Full of health and good works. And thy husband? Is Abel about?"

"Abel's away for the minute. Stepped off for a spell." Mrs. Sander lay quiet for a time. Then she said, "You're like as not famished, Mr. Birdwell, delivering trees all day and feeding on chips and whetstones. And I'm in like case. Empty and famished. As soon as a little more of this faintness ebbs off, I'll cook us up something tasty."

Mrs. Sander's cheeks were burning and her black eyes, with little flesh about them to diminish their size with its greater curves, blazed with excitement. "We'll have us a real social time, Mr. Birdwell. If you had let me know you were coming, I'd had the house redd up."

"Redd up," Jess said. "Why thing's as neat as a beehive now. Any neater and I'd have been afraid to set foot inside. Would've bedded down for the night on the doorstep, scared to cross the threshold."

Mrs. Sander began to laugh again, then stopped. "Soon as it passes off," she said. "I got plenty of gravy-timber and fruit down cellar. I don't know how it is. In the mornings I'm spry as a two-year-old, but by sundown something gives way — and I'm a hundred."

Jess stood up. "How is thee," he asked, "long about noon?"

"Twenty-three," she said, "at midmorning."

"Thy name's Lydia, ain't it?"

"Lydia Ann," Mrs. Sander said.

"Lydia Ann," Jess said, "thee's young enough for me to be thy pa, and now I give thee an order. Thee's to lay there while I cook us up a bite. I'm a master hand at cooking. All I need to know is where to find matches, lamp, and kindling. The rest I'll root out for myself."

"I'll do it," Lydia Ann said. "I'll lay here and it'll be a treat. The kitchen fire's not died out, and the woodbox is full."

When Jess brought the food in, Lydia Ann said, "You wasn't storytelling, was you! A real master hand." The side meat was hot and crisp, the gravy brown and just thick enough — neither soup nor pudding. There were soda biscuits to put it on, and fried potatoes on the side.

"Cake," said Lydia Ann. "You never baked a cake!"

"No," said Jess, "I didn't. That was a present to me a ways back from a lady, and I figured it was just the thing to go with thy canned pears."

"I never knowed food could taste so good. Cooking it, my appetite goes with the smelling and stirring."

"It's a pity," Jess said, "thy husband's not back to eat with us."

"He's where he chooses to be," Mrs. Sander said. "He'll not be back the whole night, more'n likely. Abel can't bear sickness, he says. A weak chest turns his stomach — the hacking, you know — and worse. He's found someone sound in wind. And limb too, I reckon."

5

THEY were finished with their eating and Jess carried the empty dishes into the kitchen, thinking, "Here's the two of us, brought together under one roof on the same night. Outside, calm as forever, trees blossoming, owls hooting; and inside, us two sickening. Trying to learn to loosen our hold on what we've spent half a century getting acquainted with."

The words "half a century" gave him pause. "Jess Birdwell," he asked himself fiercely, "what call's thee got to lump thyself with that girl? She's had no half century. She's had no children, got no one to do for her. Thee's got Eliza, strong enough to stomach any misfortune that'd come to thee and never flinch. Leprosy or plague would never daunt Eliza. Thee's got no pain, no fainting spells, no need to lie lonely through the nights. Thee's an old fool, Jess Birdwell, saying 'the two of us.' Leave thyself out of this. Beside that girl, thee's traveling a flower-edged path. Think on her for a spell and ask God to forgive an old codger et up with his own troubles."

He clattered the dishes for a while, shook down the ashes, blew his nose, and came back, shamefaced, into the sitting room. He thought Lydia Ann might feel downcast or bashful because of what she had said, but her words seemed to have passed from her mind.

"Recruit the fire, Mr. Birdwell," she said. "Let's have us a big blaze."

Jess laid new logs on the fire. "Oak," he said. "Hard and long-burning."

"I hope you're not thinking of turning bedwards, Mr. Birdwell. I hope you're set for visiting. I lay awake so much of nights, it'd be a treat to have someone to talk to for a change."

"Turning bedwards?" asked Jess. "Why, I wouldn't care if I didn't shut an eye this night. What's thee think on, nights thee can't sleep, Lydia Ann?"

"Times when I was a girl, mostly."

"Not so far back," Jess said smiling.

"Far back seeming. Another person, almost. Happy and well."

"Ah, yes," Jess said. "Those years. Sound flesh and nothing to ever give the heart a jupe. Morning to nightfall, nothing but pleasure."

"I had a white dress, aged eight or ten, with strawberries printed on it as if they'd fallen there. A long dress, to the ground, not suited for work or best. A thing I'd taken a freak for and my mother made it up. Working nights, with little money or time, because I'd taken a freak in that direction."

"Yes," Jess said.

"I'd sit in a swing and it covered me to the toes, and

I'd ride like a lady through the air, it blowing out on either side. Me and that mess of strawberries swooping through the air."

"A pretty picture," Jess said. "One to think on."

"My mother made it working nights, going without something herself. When you study on it, there's much loving-kindness in the world, Mr. Birdwell."

"Much," said Jess. "At this hearthside, too."

"At a pie supper once, twelve boys took it into their heads to have my pie or none. They all bid on it, paid the price of a whole pie for a sliver, and the thirteen of us ate together. They made a song about me, those boys did, and sang it. It was midwinter and I remember watching it snow outside the schoolhouse while they sang. And one boy said anything I made was too precious to eat. So he put his sliver in a matchbox and said he'd keep it forever."

"What kind of pie was it?" Jess asked.

"Sweet potato."

"Likely gone bad by now."

The moon came up, and its light lay across the clean rag carpet. The oak log fell apart and Jess set another on the fire. A cricket reached the hour for playing — first tuned, then bowed its fiddle. Mrs. Sander turned on her side so that she faced the fire.

"In the Pigeon Roost country," she said, "quite a far step from here . . ." Or, "Once I had a cat who slept every night under the bedcovers, curled round my feet . . . a gray cat, a tabby with long white whiskers . . ." And after a while, "Promised to love and cherish . . . but a two-timer from the beginning. . . ."

"The doctor," she whispered, "says — but I know better. Just a poorly spell, and I'll pick up with summer weather. . . ."

"A thing I'd like to know," she said, "is the names of all the rivers, or maybe all the trees. They'd be nice to say over in the night."

6

A COCK on a near-by farm, roused by moonlight into thinking morning had come, crowed and a Sander cock answered him. "I'm downright unmannerly," said Mrs. Sander. "Talk all night myself, and you the company. And there's things I'd like to hear you speak of, Mr. Birdwell. Places you've been and how you've fared."

"Where've I been," Jess asked, "and how've I fared?" He stood up at the bedside. "Well, I'll tell thee, Lydia Ann, I've been a good piece — " And he thought, "I'll tell her how I do. Let her see how it stands with me. It'll maybe comfort her to know suffering's ladled out to all, not any one man's burden to bear alone." And he laid his hand to his wen — and found it loose and easy beneath the skin, the size it had been for twenty years, not growing, not striking inward, a trifling little lump, less than egg-size, harmless as a summer squash, and not to be thought of twice by a man in his senses.

"You feeling dauncy, Mr. Birdwell? Did you maybe stand up too fast?"

"No," Jess said, "I maybe got to my feet just in time." But he didn't take his hand down from his neck, making sure his deliverance didn't lie in any manner of feeling his wen, but in its real nature: a small lump, the same as his father'd had before him, a wen and no more dangerous than a freckle.

"You got something wrong with your neck, Mr. Birdwell? Got a crick in it?"

"I got a crick in my head," Jess said, "but like as not the healthiest neck this side of the Ohio. Other side either, for that matter."

He was walking about the room, testing the new and innocent meaning of his wen, crossing and recrossing the bar of moonlight that silvered the rag carpet. He put two logs at a time onto the fire and used the poker so that a stream of sparks flowed upward like a column from a fountain.

"You've come to a kind of waking-up spell, haven't you?" asked Mrs. Sander.

"Yes," Jess said, "I have for a fact. Wide awake. Thee asked me where I'd been and how I'd fared. I've been quite a step, Lydia Ann, and fared mighty well the whole ways. If a man had fared any better'n me, it would have unsettled his mind. I've had two eyes and seen sights so pretty there's no words to duplicate them. I've drunk the wine of astonishment, Lydia Ann, standing still, gazing. I've had two feet and no better land anywhere to walk on. Green plush grass in spring, and leaves like a carpet in fall. I've smelled white clover in haytime and quenched my thirst with live spring water. I've earned my bread in the sweat of my brow, and still do, hard-scrabble like any other man, but making out. I've had for wife the one woman I'd choose, and been free to lift my voice to God — though mighty backward, I reckon, in making out what He's had to say to me. I've fared so well," Jess said, moving his hand off his trivial wen and up across his jaw, already in need of morning's shaving, "that a jot more and I'd be crying."

He was crying already, if tears make crying, but he was smiling, too, and pacing back and forth.

"It's like a party we're having, isn't it, Mr. Birdwell?"

"Yes," said Jess, "it is. And I'd give thee for a party present, if I could, a share of the ease I've had in my faring. Thee could put it in a matchbox, like the piece of pie, to keep forever."

Mrs. Sander smiled at Jess as if she knew that his wish to make that gift was real. He was standing now before the fire, seemingly finished with speaking, and

Mrs. Sander, not yet ready for sleep, asked him another question.

"You've said how you've done," she told him, "but not where you've been. Name the places, for me to remember when you're gone."

Jess turned from the fire and named the places: east as far as Philadelphia; north to Chicago; south to Natchez, Baton Rouge, Louisville; west past unnamed clearings and settlements. While he named the places, said what business had called him there, and told how the cities stood, — on the bluffs overlooking the water or spreading across the upper reaches of a valley like a dam, — Mrs. Sander slept. Jess found another cover and laid it across her, thinking, "Deserving don't cut much figure in this life." He banked the fire and came back to sit by the cot. As soon as a little grayness seeped into the room he went outside, noiselessly, hitched his horses, and turned homeward.

Eliza had had a strong feeling all day that he was coming, and was waiting for him at the bottom of the driveway when he turned in at nightfall. Jess helped her up onto the seat beside him.

"Thee make out all right, Jess?" Eliza asked, anxiously feeling about for the right words.

"Yes," Jess said, "I did."

"How'd thee find thy customers?"

"Different ways," Jess said. "Marrying. Sickening. Meditating on the Lord. Taken with the little-disease."

"Thee," Eliza asked hesitatingly, "got to Fair Hope Meetinghouse?"

"No," Jess said, "I didn't. I turned homeward soon as the last order was delivered."

"I thought thee said — " Eliza began.

"I did," Jess answered with some asperity, "but boards don't make the only meetinghouses, Eliza. Here's a spot, too, for praying and learning," and Jess tapped his solid chest.

Eliza had never doubted it. She scanned Jess's face in the growing dark. "The swelling thee had — ?"

"Thee means my wen," Jess told her, unabashed.

"No swelling. A matter of twenty years' standing. A trifle. A thing I never give a thought to."

Eliza leaned back with a little sigh.

"How's things gone here, while I been away?"

"The cold snap held for quite a spell, but it's moderated. Lilies-of-the-valley opened yesterday."

Jess lifted his big nose and sniffed the air of home. "I can smell them from here, seems like," he said.



KEEPING THE COUNTRY AT WORK

by PAUL G. HOFFMAN

I

How many jobs will be needed to provide abundant peacetime employment? There is no exact answer; but there is general agreement among economists and statisticians that an employment level, in the immediate post-war period, of between 53 and 56 million jobs, not counting those in the armed services, will be necessary. That would mean 7 to 10 million new jobs, over and above the 46 million available in 1940.

Now before output can be increased sufficiently to provide one new job, someone has to have an idea, a plan, capital, plus the willingness to risk that capital, and the necessary skill in production or distribution, or both, to translate all these factors into a program of action.

To create the 7 to 10 million new peacetime jobs needed will require hundreds of thousands of ideas, billions in risk capital, and a vast amount of forward-looking courage. These new jobs can be created only through an increase in our national output of goods and services to a level 30 per cent to 45 per cent above that of 1940. That means bold expansion, not cautious temporizing. Stated in terms of 1943 prices, it means we must achieve a gross output of from 155 billion dollars to 170 billion dollars.

Is such a goal fantastic? To some people, yes. I was told not long ago that discussion of a post-war output of 155 billion dollars to 170 billion dollars was a gross fraud on the public. The suggestion was made that we take instead the "realistic" goal of 120 billion dollars. Actually, 120 billion dollars at 1943 prices would be about 95 billion dollars at 1940 prices, which was approximately our gross output for 1940. This "realist" didn't say what we should do with the 12 to 15 million people who would be unemployed with output at that level, nor did he shed any light on how we could meet the 30-billion-dollar Federal, state, and local tax bill with which we shall be faced in the post-war period. He just said we had to be realistic.

Speaking for myself, I don't think it is realistic to take a goal which would involve us in Federal deficits that would make those of the 1930's look like small

change. Nor do I think it is realistic to give heed to a gospel of despair and yield up our free economy by default. On the contrary, I think it the quintessence of horse sense to accept and strive for a goal high enough to meet our social and fiscal needs. Anything short of that will, I fear, prove tragic.

The fact that a goal in output of 155 billion dollars to 170 billion dollars is needed in the post-war period does not mean, of course, that it is attainable. No one can guarantee it. However, it is the studied opinion of the Committee for Economic Development that this goal can be reached, and perhaps exceeded, in the first post-war decade — provided America's two million employers are ready, when the green light is given for civilian production, with bold, smart plans; and provided further that the post-war economic climate is favorable both to the expansion of present businesses and to the starting of a vast number of new businesses.

One fact we should recognize is that most of these new enterprises, and indeed most of the expansion of our present enterprises, must come in the field of distribution. Manufacturing has never provided more than a fourth of the total jobs in peacetime. It is the trades and services which hold the greatest promise for the attainment of new levels of post-war employment.

People's hopes and fears about freedom and security center in the common denominator of jobs. Three years ago the Committee for Economic Development was organized as a private non-political and non-profit organization of businessmen devoted to the single purpose of encouraging and assisting in the planning for post-war business expansion and more jobs.

The Field Development Division of CED early reached two decisions: that the task called for personal selling activities on the part of business leaders, and that it was essential that the program be carried out community by community. In the late fall of 1942 we asked the businessmen and community leaders of three cities to act as pioneers and to help us find out how best to promote job-making. Reading, Pennsylvania, Wheeling, West Virginia, and Peoria, Illinois, organized the first three community committees for economic development.

We were not prepared for the tremendous response of community self-help and initiative which sprang up

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over the country when knowledge of the CED program began to spread. When CED was first organized, it was our highest hope that in time perhaps one thousand communities and some ten thousand business leaders might be interested. Within the last three years more than 2800 community CED's have been formed, and more than 75,000 local business leaders serve as their volunteer members. One will now find a local CED in almost all towns and cities of 10,000 population and over. There are nearly two thousand CED's in towns smaller than 10,000.

2

A GROUP of local businessmen and other community leaders who have formed a committee for economic development cannot create new jobs by holding meetings and making speeches. They must knuckle down and get the necessary facts. A community CED begins with a series of surveys to determine (1) local employment in 1940; (2) wartime employment; and (3) expected post-war employment based on current plans of local employers. But since no employer can fill out a check sheet intelligently *until he has actually sat down and done some post-war planning*, the surveys are frequently the first real spur to post-war thinking among many employers.

Once a committee has its "job budget" down in black and white, — and particularly when the budget shows a job deficit looming after victory, — then the local planning program begins to take on real individuality. Worcester, Massachusetts, for example, made the sharp discovery that present plans among its employers would leave the community with a post-war deficit of 9000 to 12,000 jobs. But in unearthing this disturbing fact, the committee also made the interesting discovery that not one of its many present-day "big businesses" started with more than \$25,000 capital. They all had grown from very moderate beginnings.

"If that is the case," reasoned local business planners, "the thing to do is find out what made these concerns grow and apply some of the same stimulant to the 300 Worcester concerns which now employ 50 people or less." And that is precisely what Worcester is doing as the keystone of its post-war planning. The Chamber of Commerce, coöperating with the CED, has reorganized its Industrial Bureau, a permanent office which will include on its staff: —

1. A specialist in accounting and production problems.
2. A specialist in product engineering and sales.
(These two experts will assist small businessmen in an advisory capacity, in solving internal problems of business management, of production, and of merchandising, and in determining credit and capital needs. They will also serve in certain outside liaison capacities to help small businessmen obtain whatever types of credit, services, materials, and personnel are found to be needed by a specific enterprise.)
3. A competent foreign-trade expert who will counsel local businesses on export problems and travel part time in

foreign countries seeking out new markets and representing Worcester industries.

4. A domestic sales representative who will function as a field representative to find new markets for Worcester products within the United States.

In contrast to industrial Worcester, the little town of Bradenton, Florida, depends predominantly on agriculture for its livelihood. CED surveys showed that it, too, must expand its employment after the war. After extensive economic self-examination, Bradenton's business leaders decided that what the town needed most, to improve its winter vegetable and citrus business, was to fly its post-war produce to Northern markets. So it has arranged to buy a "surplus" airport from the Army and has made a deal with a commercial airline to supply air freight service for Bradenton's post-war tomatoes, lettuce, and grapefruit.

Down in Arkansas, the state-wide Economic Council is coöperating with community CED's and other planning groups to build small industries around local raw materials or commercial needs. Among its "project specifications" issued to date have been plans and costs for small mattress factories, local wineries, soft-drink bottling plants, frozen food locker plants, cheese factories, and hardwood baby furniture factories. These project specifications are drawn up by qualified experts and include detailed information: raw materials, quantities needed and sources of them; financial requirements; labor needs and costs; equipment; plant layout; potential markets; and estimated profits on various levels of operation.

3

HUNDREDS of American towns and villages have no manufacturing, and their only job-providing business activity is commerce — mainly retailing and service stores. "How," they ask, "can we do post-war planning and create new jobs?"

That was one of CED's most troublesome questions until the little town of Franklin Square, Long Island, dramatized at least one answer with its "Main Street Face-Lifting Project." The town's thirty-four merchants, lined up on both sides of a single shopping thoroughfare, operate typical small-town stores. Narrow doorways, inadequate display windows, nondescript signs — but lots of activity at their cash registers during wartime with carless housewives forced to concentrate their trade locally.

Despite this temporary prosperity, Franklin Square's CED chairman was making poor headway selling post-war planning until he hit on a "visual aid" scheme. He took pictures of Main Street in all its workaday "jes' growed up that way" appearance. Then he had an architect make a drawing of how Franklin Square would look if all the stores had Early Colonial fronts.

The merchants got the idea; and when it was demonstrated that, by going into the deal together, they could face-lift the whole shopping center for about \$15

a front foot, they signed up. Aided by experts from building materials manufacturers and contractors, they now have the project blueprinted and are ready to go. Financing has been arranged. After the store fronts have been attended to, it will be natural to improve the interiors with air conditioning and all the trimmings.

Merchants in Seneca Falls and Rome, New York, Springfield and Akron, Ohio, Niles, Michigan, and Slayton, Minnesota, are investigating possibilities of doing a Franklin Square job on their stores. In Fari-bault, Minnesota, retailers are already in action and have their plans ready for the carpenters. And in Utah, twenty little towns are working on the necessary liaison plans with manufacturers of plate glass, hardware, and other building materials, to face-lift the shopping centers of all twenty communities in one fell swoop.

Unemployment is no respecter of persons or places. And many large cities now crammed with war work are finding that their post-war future requires even more planning attention, proportionally, than in smaller communities. Philadelphia's CED, as an example, was rudely shaken to find, after its first employment surveys, that future job prospects were short by almost 100,000.

Remedying the situation called for some really intensive planning, and to stimulate such planning the local committee organized and conducted a series of twenty separate Industry Forums — one forum for each of Philadelphia's basic industrial groups. At each meeting representatives from management, labor, suppliers, and others interested in a given industry group, such as leather goods or textiles, got together and examined all available data on their pre-war economic status, changes during the war, major problems of reconversion, potential new avenues of expansion, and other matters. Following each meeting an Industry Committee was formed from that particular group to continue working with the overall Philadelphia CED to plan more new jobs. As a result, new surveys show that the 100,000 job deficit has now been whittled down to around 21,000 and is still shrinking.

The table below shows results of CED surveys in a number of cities where post-war planning is making good progress. The surveys are illustrative though not necessarily "typical." Neither should they be taken as a promise. Primarily they are one of the working tools of post-war planning.

City	Jobs in 1940	Present	Jobs Planned for 194X	Post-war Increase over 1940
Middletown, Ohio...	14,403	15,385	17,244	19.7%
Syracuse, N.Y.	71,353	60,500	78,234	9.6%
Janesville, Wis.	5,486	7,643	7,058	28.7%
Memphis, Tenn.	24,125	50,219	36,820	52.6%
Duluth, Minn.	35,866	41,568	39,918	11.3%
Fort Worth, Tex.	76,052	102,000	99,000	30.2%
Binghamton, N.Y. ...	27,291	27,783	32,997	20.9%
High Point, N.C.	13,998	14,230	17,339	23.9%
South Bend, Ind.	27,422	41,529	37,343	36.2%
Louisville, Ky.	61,456	84,549	81,412	32.5%
Sioux Falls, S.D.	11,575	12,579	15,189	31.2%
Salt Lake City, Utah.	64,445	81,649	78,000	21.0%

4

SCATTERED about the nation, particularly along the coasts, are a number of cities which have become boom towns as a result of the mushroom growth of shipyards and aircraft plants. Some of them are facing their future with a gloomy "What can we do about it?" attitude. But others, like San Diego, California, are taking a more determined view. Since 1940, San Diego has had a 41 per cent increase in civilian population and a 97 per cent increase in military personnel. It has both shipyard and aircraft problems. Early surveys showed prospects of a potential post-war job shortage of 30,000. It was not an encouraging outlook.

But San Diego's business leaders, represented by their very active Chamber of Commerce and their CED, believed that their increased manpower was an asset and that it could be permanently added to the community.

The Chamber of Commerce engaged the engineering firm of Day & Zimmerman to make a complete study of San Diego's possibilities. The firm spent a full year in making the study, and the results are now on hand in a 1303-page report costing \$72,000. Its recommendations range all the way from a listing of 42 new products which might be profitably produced in San Diego to suggestions for taking over the huge Defense Plant Corporation plant now occupied by Consolidated Vultee and converting it into a "factory apartment house" for use by a number of small firms.

In the meantime the local Chamber and the CED had completed their own surveys of industrial and commercial employment. Working together they reduced the expected job deficit to 7000 jobs, and local leaders are confident that they can close this final gap and start their post-war career with a far stronger and more prosperous community than they had before the war.

Another war boom city, Wichita, Kansas, has also taken its post-war bull by the horns and hopes to throw him by resorting to scientific research. A manufacturing center for Boeing B-29 Superforts, and also having plants of the Beech and Cessna Aircraft companies, Wichita has a war-swollen labor force of 52,000 people in direct war production. Surveys show that 66 per cent of these workers hope to stay in Wichita. What will they do?

Wichita business leaders believe they can find out through research what can be done with local reserves of oil, gas, minerals, ceramics, and soil. Accordingly they have raised a budget of \$500,000 to form the Wichita Industrial Research Foundation at Wichita University. The search is on for new job-producing products.

There is still a lot more post-war job planning to be done. Moreover, the CED's first tenet is that post-war planning has priority only after the day's war work is done. The experience of Memphis, Tennessee, is an excellent "case study" of the proper relationship between producing for war and planning for peace. Local war industries were experiencing the usual

difficulties of keeping workers from leaving war jobs for "more secure" peacetime jobs — until someone voiced the theory that if workers knew more about what was being done to provide good post-war jobs, they would be more willing to stay on their war jobs.

To test this view, the Memphis CED, in coöperation with the *Press-Scimitar*, published a series of twenty-six feature articles describing the post-war plans of leading local employers. Then the same articles were reprinted in a pamphlet entitled "There Won't Be Any Let-Down in Memphis When It's Over." This was backed up by the CED's local employment surveys, which indicate plans for 36,820 post-war jobs in Memphis — a 52 per cent increase over the 24,125 jobs available in 1940.

As the results of the publicity became apparent, the Area Director of the War Manpower Commission commented: "In my opinion these articles did much to eliminate uneasiness in the minds of those presently employed as to their post-war future. Our records disclose that they had the desired effect in diminishing

turnover and absenteeism in the covered establishments. . . . It brought home to the worker that management is also looking to the future and making plans to continue the use of the greatly increased labor force for peacetime production that we have presently engaged in the war effort here in Memphis."

Such planning is a very dynamic thing, and even those communities whose plans are far advanced and whose post-war employment outlook is good cannot be content to tuck their plans away until needed. They must be kept up to date. Sudden cutbacks in war orders or shift in needs from one type of war materials to another can change the entire employment outlook and conversion plans in a company or a community. On a broad front the CED is still aiming at the overall goal of 7 to 10 million new post-war jobs, and the results of planning done so far by one employer after another in community after community have greatly strengthened our confidence in their becoming a reality. The more planning we do now, the more jobs we shall have later. It is as simple — and vital — as that.



SHOULD JEWS RETURN TO GERMANY?

by PAUL W. MASSING and MAXWELL MILLER

1

A WIDESPREAD discussion is now under way dealing with the future of the Jews who were once citizens of Germany and of the countries that came under Axis domination. Intricate questions of emigration and re-immigration, punishment and reconstruction, restitution and compensation, are the subject of heated debate. This discussion is of real significance. We welcome the opportunity it affords to present certain basic observations essential to clear thinking on this complex matter.

The problem is highly involved and permits of no easy solution. Yet it may neither be ignored nor be answered in purely emotional fashion. The future of Jews throughout Europe, of Europe itself, and to a large extent of every one of us, is inextricably linked to the answer given, and the repercussions of that answer will be felt the world over.

Now that the appalling cruelty of Hitler's prison pens is common knowledge, it is fair to ask whether the German Jews who survive will ever wish to return to their former homeland, and what will be the effect if they do.

Exile PAUL W. MASSING wrote under various noms de plume so long as his German family could be made to pay for his anti-Nazi activity. He is the author of two books, *Fatherland* and *Hitler Is No Fool* (published under the signature of Karl Billinger).

MAXWELL MILLER was born in Boston and has had practical experience with minority problems in this country and abroad.

Several questions immediately present themselves: Do the German Jews want to return to Germany? If not, where else can they go? Is it advisable for them to attempt to return to Germany? Under what conditions should they return?

In the face of the tragic history of the past fifteen years, one might doubt whether any Jew would want to return to a country which has treated his people so cruelly. "Jews should be under the moral compulsion of refusing ever to set foot on the soil of that accursed land," writes Bernhard B. Fischbein, a leader of the German-Jewish community in Argentina. He expresses the feelings of many Jews and non-Jews. But the very statement of this author was inspired by the fact that there are German Jews in South America — and we may presume elsewhere — "who entertain the idea of returning to Germany."

Why should any Jew who had the good fortune to escape torture and death by the hand of the SS, SA, Gestapo, and Wehrmacht ever think of going back to Germany, to a country, Mr. Fischbein writes, "whose entire population knew of this greatest of all mass murders in the history of mankind, yet failed to rise against the instigator of the murder"?

We might question the validity of Mr. Fischbein's assumption that all the German people had full

knowledge of the Nazi massacres of Jews — and even if they did have this knowledge, whether they possessed the power to interfere. However, we here are concerned with his conclusions.

Why should any German Jew want to return? The candid answer is that in no other country have the German-Jewish refugees found a home equal to the one they lost when Nazism came to power. No country except Palestine has welcomed them wholeheartedly and made them feel at home. They found that immigration barriers, social unrest, dislike of foreigners, restrictions of various kinds, make the world today poorly suited for human transplantation. Among the older refugees there are many who refuse to identify Germany with Nazism. To them the Third Reich was but a nightmare that would disappear with the fall of Hitler. They are attached to the Germany of old, to the land whose language they speak and whose culture they have helped to build.

It can be assumed that very few of those who have been able to reach the United States think of returning to Germany. Here they have been able to reconstruct their lives. They have become citizens, and their sons are now serving in the armed forces of this country. But many others have been less fortunate. The countries to which they fled had even before 1939 a lower standard of living than that of Germany, and the war has added ruin and distress. The reception accorded the refugee has not been such as to induce him to stay on after the war, if he can help himself.

A pacified Germany, where the rights of the individual were guaranteed, might well look attractive to those who have been unable to take root in their new environments.

There are other psychological, economic, and patriotic reasons which might impel the German-Jewish refugee to return to Germany. The refugee may wish to return to the place where his humanity and rights were spat upon so that he may reassert the validity of his person and demand the respect due his human dignity. He constantly feels the pull of attachment to the familiar scenes of his past. He may hope to find there some remains of the property and business that were torn from him. There is finally his sincere loyalty to the Germany of old, and his desire to aid in its restoration.

Another, and possibly more decisive, factor in the post-war situation cannot be ignored. Improbable as it may seem to the casual observer, the possibility exists that there will be strong pressure exerted upon the refugee to return to Germany after the war. Promises of protection by the Allies, indemnification, outside assistance in re-establishing themselves, and various pledges will be made in an effort to induce German Jews to return. Support for such a policy may be expected to come from governments as well as from private organizations, including Jewish.

The underlying motives will be readily understood by anyone who has followed the intergovernmental efforts of the last twelve years with regard to resettlement of Jewish refugees. To Jews, the history of these endeavors presents a study in subterfuge and evasion,

frustrated hopes and broken promises. Great powers have acted hesitantly, and almost invariably have ignored the interests of mankind in an effort to serve their own shortsighted self-interest. Halfhearted and sometimes purposefully futile, these official efforts have reflected the inner weakness of the democracies and testified to their share of responsibility for the rise and strength of Nazism. There is little comfort for those who hope for a fundamental change for the better.

2

IF THIS view seems unduly pessimistic, consider the results of the Evian and the Bermuda Conferences, and the denial of pleas to open the sparsely settled territories of Canada, Australia, and our own Alaska to the persecuted of Europe.

"It is a record," says the Honorable James G. McDonald, Chairman of the President's Advisory Committee on National Refugees, and formerly League of Nations High Commissioner for German Refugees, "of millions of refugees sacrificed because most government leaders would not recognize in time the realities of the international situation and would not act with sufficient vigor to prevent the slaughter or exile of these helpless victims of Nazi persecution."

We may therefore anticipate that some governments which fought Hitler's Germany would experience a sense of relief should there be evidenced a willingness on the part of German Jews to return to Germany. They may induce such willingness by offers of generous assistance. Some Jewish circles, too, conservative by nature of economic circumstance, can be relied upon to give ideological and material aid to such a policy. Based upon a blind faith in the ability of history to be turned back to the status quo ante, this policy will sail under the banner of Universal Democracy emblazoned with an International Bill of Rights.

There are two flagrant errors in the arguments of those now most vociferous on this subject. One is the tendency to regard the period under Hitler as a temporary aberration from which Germany can recover and be as before, unchanged, unaffected, and unscarred. The second is the fatal disposition, in planning for the return of Jews to Germany and the restitution of their property, to base these plans on the protective force of the Allied armies of occupation.

It should be apparent by this time that we cannot turn back the clock of history. It should be equally obvious from past experience that we cannot achieve the reintegration of Jewish life with the future of Germany by the pressure of outside force.

Few of those who profess to speak with authority on this matter demonstrate that they have grasped the realities of the post-war world. With regard to Germany their hopes revolve around the desire for revenge and return to the "normalcy" of pre-Hitler days. Whether they are pleading for a hard peace or for conciliation, there is usually implied the yearning to erase the history of the last twelve years and the significance thereof. They find it hard or impossible

to understand that a social revolution has begun in Europe, Fascism and Nazism being the desperate attempts to divert and channel it.

Whether the Jews can and should return to Germany will depend upon the outcome of this revolution in Germany and in Europe as a whole. Hitlerism cannot be rooted out by military force from the outside, nor can a rejuvenation of Germany be expected from a process of "re-education" administered during a long military occupation. Germany must find within herself the courage and strength to uproot Nazism by destroying the old social structure which bred it, or she will sink into utter demoralization, a sick, cynical country which will be a source of infection for the rest of Europe.

With the downfall of the Third Reich the nightmare of the last twelve years is not over. That which has been for the refugee an interim period of more or less hopeful waiting, for Germany has been an irrevocable period of fundamental changes in her social, political, economic, and cultural life. The refugee can never find again the Germany of pre-Hitler days. The middle class, to which most of the German Jews belonged, has been ruined by Nazism and the war. National Socialism, which rode into power on the promise of saving the middle class, has done more to destroy it than any other force ever seen in a capitalist society. Even before the war, the Nazis had all but finished draining the manpower and economic resources of this class. The rapid and forced rearmament was accomplished largely at the expense of the middle class. Hitler's command economy meant an intensified process of capital accumulation in the hands of a few great industrial combines.

The "Aryan" beneficiaries of the expropriation or forced sale of small Jewish businesses have themselves in turn become the victims of state-sponsored monopolies. Ownership of the larger Jewish-owned enterprises has been so merged in the intricate Nazi system of holding companies that in most cases its identity will be impossible to trace. In addition, Berlin, Cologne, Frankfurt, Hamburg, and other cities which formerly held sizable Jewish populations have been so devastated that there is little remaining tangible evidence of property, whether originally Jewish or not.

On top of all this, Germany will have to face enormous bills for reparations due the Allies and countries occupied during the war. One third of the Netherlands has been destroyed by the Nazis, and the Dutch will demand compensation at Germany's expense. Czechoslovakia has announced her intention of deporting two million Sudeten Germans to the Reich. Other countries will undoubtedly follow suit. Even if left intact as a political unit, Germany may well suffer the loss of at least one third of her territory in order to satisfy Polish, Russian, French, and other demands.

Germany will be compelled to meet these penalties at the same time that she will be required to rebuild her devastated areas and her broken transportation system, to provide housing for millions, and to deal with reconversion and demobilization problems of unprece-

dent magnitude. All this she will have to do on her own at a time when there will be no strong government and when the financial structure of the country will have collapsed.

There is no question, of course, that the Allies could force Germany to accept the return of the Jews despite these conditions. Are they, however, ready to accept the consequences of such a policy?

3

FOR any group of refugees to go back to Germany under the aegis of the Allied armies, to a Germany whose present rulers are defeated militarily but not ideologically and politically, would place them in the category of collaborators with the enemy, traitors in fact — unless there are strong political forces engaged in the fight against Nazi survival and rebirth with which they can join ranks. The existence of a strong and influential political anti-fascist movement is the prerequisite for the return of German Jews. Without it, the "pacification" of Germany might be able to establish the peace of the cemetery, but it will never destroy Nazism or bring Germany back to civilization.

Under the given conditions, the only group capable of organizing and sustaining such a fight is labor. The German labor organizations and political parties in pre-Hitler times were not anti-Semitic; and present imputations notwithstanding, there is no reason to believe that German labor has succumbed to the Nazi poison.

Let us be very clear on this point. We do not mean to say that there *will* be a powerful democratic renaissance in post-Hitler Germany that could sweep away the remnants of Nazism and open up possibilities of a new life for all its victims. But unless there is such a political, social, and cultural movement, carried by great masses of the people, the Jews should not return. They would be dependent upon Allied arms for their protection, isolated once more. They would have returned as victors, not over Nazi inhumanity, but over a disintegrating nation.

If current proposals succeed, Germany will be compelled to make restitution to the Jews for the damage done them. Let us suppose that, under the watchful eye of the occupying forces, the German government makes such restitution.

Meanwhile the rest of Germany will be prostrate. Hordes of homeless families, unemployed and embittered veterans, whole populations of ruined cities, will be faced with the stark realities of hunger, cold, and disease. They will see payment made and material aid rendered the Jews, while they go cold, sick, and hungry.

Inevitably there would be one result. Despite the justice of the Jewish claims, and despite the initial sympathy of most decent Germans for the returning refugees, resentment would develop against their preferential treatment in the face of the nation's distress. The seeds of Nazi propaganda would come to life. The Nazis' "people's community," shattered by

military might, could draw new hope for support from a spontaneous, and this time popular, hatred of the Jews.

The Allied armies themselves might soon run out of patience and understanding. The implacable hatred of the fighting man for his unseen foe softens in face-to-face meeting with the women and children of the vanquished. The American soldier, eager to go home, the sentimental and humane product of our education and tradition, is an easy prey to appeals of distress. Moreover, our own forces are not free from anti-Semitic influences. We have no guarantee that German anti-Semitism will not make headway among the men in our army of occupation. The temporarily silent voices of American anti-Semitism will speak again, and it takes no great imagination to foretell the slogans and directions of their demagoguery.

Preferential treatment of the Jews over and before other victims of Nazism is under the present conditions disastrous for the future of the Jews in any European country.

4

THE Nazi policy has had effects that can be fully eliminated only in years to come. Countries that rejected Nazi indoctrination while they fought for their liberation are now, liberated, showing increased anti-Semitism. Holland and France are cases in point. The consequences of such a policy forced upon a mortally sick Germany are only too obvious.

This is not a question of justice and punishment only. It is above all a political question, and to treat it otherwise will spell disaster. Some of us do not think Mr. Fischbein is right that Jews must not return to Germany, and we do not share his identification of the German people with its terroristic rulers. But we think that, without certain prerequisites, the return of German Jews is bound to galvanize the Nazi underground into new life and to begin a new period of disappointment and grief for the returning wanderers. We regard the existence of the following conditions as essential:—

1. There must be complete eradication of Nazism

from within Germany, by the German people. The victorious Allies will not and cannot impose such a purification, which will be nothing short of a social revolution. Acting with wisdom and boldness, they could help to bring it about.

2. The Jews must be invited to return by the German people. This would be evidence of the accomplishment of the first condition, and the act would of itself provide a spiritual stimulus to the German people.

3. Jews should return to Germany as German citizens, accepting the principle of equal treatment to be accorded all refugees from the Nazi terror, and demonstrating their return as actuated by a desire to assist in the rebuilding of their country.

It is of primary importance to the future peace of Europe and of the world that racisms such as anti-Semitism be prevented. The past decade has given deadly proof that racism is a weapon of political warfare capable of destroying millions of lives. The hoped-for international organization of nations must develop safeguards and sanctions with regard to the use of such ideologies.

Germany and all other countries should be required to accept a common bill of rights covering the civil and human liberties of the individual, regardless of creed, color, or national origin. The international organization must provide judicial and enforcement machinery for redress of grievances in this regard.

A development of this kind is not beyond the possible. One might doubt, however, that it will materialize. The alternative, as far as the resettling of Jewish refugees is concerned, can only be the opening of territories to immigration. Palestine, despite its troubles and dangers, represents a desirable haven to many Jews. If Britain is to be entrusted with the mandatory power of Palestine after the war—and justice may question whether this is wise—the Jewish Homeland should be established.

Whether in Palestine or elsewhere, it is time for an honest and wholehearted effort by our side in the present conflict to achieve an equitable plan of settlement for the Jewish refugee. This plan must be part of the larger scheme of rehabilitating all who have suffered at the hands of Nazi or Fascist persecutors.





THE ATLANTIC SERIAL

THE EGG AND I

Chickens Are So Dumb

by BETTY MacDONALD

SUMMARY. — The daughter of a mining engineer who trained her to be self-reliant, BETTY MacDONALD was born in 1908 and spent her childhood in some of the more rugged spots of this hemisphere — in Mexico, Idaho, and Montana. She completed her schooling in the State of Washington and entered the University of Washington intending to major in art. But instead she fell in love and married. Bob, her husband, was fired with the idea of opening a chicken ranch on the Northwest Coast, and by pooling their wedding presents, their savings, and a small legacy, he and Betty scraped together \$1500, enough to purchase forty acres, a six-room log house, a barn, two small chicken houses and lumber for enlargements, twelve pullets, and, as spring came on, ten cartons, each carton containing a hundred baby chicks.

Very early Betty found an almost personal adversary in Stove. She also found that she was to have a baby — a decided complication with no help available. She met her neighbors, the Kettles, who were carefree and borrowers, the Hickses, who were thrifty and critical, and sharp-eyed Mrs. Wiggins, who came to call at the wrong time. Meantime the chicks were becoming a daily problem. . . .

8

PRIOR to life with Bob, my sole contact with baby chickens had been at the age of eleven. Lying on my stomach in our hammock, which was swung between two Gravenstein apple trees in the orchard by the house, I pulled out grass stems, ate the tender white part, and watched Layette, Gammy's favorite Barred Rock hen, herd her fourteen home-hatched fluffy yellow chicks through the drifting apple blossoms and under the low flowering quince trees. This sentimental fragment of my childhood was a far cry from the hundreds and hundreds of yellowish-white, yeeeping, smelly little nuisances which made my life a nightmare in the spring.

I confess I could hardly wait for our chicks to come. I spent many happy anticipatory hours checking the thermometer and reveling in the warmth and cleanliness of the new brooder house. But I learned to my sorrow that baby chickens are stupid; they smell; they have to be fed, watered, and looked at at least every three hours. Their sole aim in life is to jam themselves under the brooder and get killed; stuff their little bone-heads so far into their drinking fountains they drown; drink cold water and die; get B.W.D., coccidiosis, or some other disease which means sudden death. The horrid little things pick out each other's eyes and peck each other's feet until they are bloody stumps.

My chick manual, speaking from the fence, said, "Some chicks have a strong tendency to pick and some don't." (I was reminded of our mushroom book's vacillating attitude on fungi: "Some are poisonous and some are not.") The chick manual went on to say: "The causes of picking are overcrowding, lack of ventilation, or cannibalism." Our chicks, according to

the standards set by the manual, had plenty of air and space, so I added plain meanness to their list of loathsome traits. From the time of their contemplation, our baby chickens were given the utmost in care and consideration. Their idea of appreciation was to see how many of them could turn out to be cockerels and how high they could get the percentage of deaths. I knew that Layette's babies never acted that way, which was a flaw-proof argument for environment over heredity and against any form of regimentation.

I really did my badly organized best to follow my chick manual to the letter, even though it required spending one hour out of every three in the brooder house — measuring feed, washing water fountains, removing the bloody and the dying to the first-aid corner — and all my leisure time nailing a dead chicken to a shingle, splitting the carcass from stem to stern, and, by peering alternately inside the chicken and at a very complicated chart, trying to figure out what in the world it died of. I always drew a blank. In my little Death and Food Record book, I, in my prankish way, wrote opposite the date and number of deaths, "Chickenpox, Eggzema, and Suicide." When he checked the records, Bob noted this fun in our work, and unsmilingly erased it and neatly wrote, "Not determined." Men are quite humorless about their own businesses.

In my chick manual I read: "A single drink of cold water may be fatal to a baby chick."

"You don't say," I thought, licking my fevered lips, and glancing longingly at our little lake filled with icy water. But my poultricial tendencies were replaced with pure hysteria as I read on: "Water may be warm

when you put it in the founts, but will it stay warm?"

I was bitter about it. "Isn't it enough that my hands will soon be dragging on the ground from carrying buckets and buckets and buckets of water, and that Stove has acquired a permanent list on his reservoir side, without being further tortured with trick questions? Why don't you get underneath the brooder and see if the water stays warm, you big bore? Me, I'll fill the fountains with warm water and curses every three hours and take a chance."

The next cozy paragraph was headed "Dopey Chicks." "If many chicks are 'dopey' and you are sure they are not overheated or gassed, those chicks and the chicks that continually chirp should be sent to the nearest pathological laboratory [to see who's dopey?]. If the report says B.W.D., it is better to disinfect the premises and start new chicks." I could find no explanation of B.W.D., but to me it was code for the best news in the world. It might have been better to start new chicks, but it might have been best to take the next train for Mexico.

I wondered how other chicken ranchers' wives reacted to baby chickens. Was there something in my background which kept me from becoming properly adjusted to the chicken, or was there just too wide a gulf separating a woman and a chicken? I was delighted therefore, one spring morning, to have Mrs. Hicks halloo from the road and invite me to ride down to Mrs. Kettle's with her while she returned some bread pans. Both Mrs. Kettle and Mrs. Hicks were raising baby chickens, and I thought this would be a splendid opportunity to make comparisons and to slip out of harness for a little while.

I had bathed and fed small Anne and put her to sleep in her carriage in the orchard, so I took a quick look at all my other babies to be sure they were well fed and asleep, threw Bob a few hazy instructions, hung my apron on the gatepost, and we were off. Mrs. Hicks, full to the lips with some new and wonderful bile-primer, was cheerful to the point of gayety. Not so Mrs. Kettle, who clumped morosely out to greet us, kicking at her beloved mongrels as she went by.

At first I thought it must be the heavy curtain of gloom which made her spacious kitchen seem so crowded. Then I became conscious of a chorus of twitterings from the vicinity of the stove. Mrs. Kettle was rearing her baby chickens in the kitchen. The area behind the large stove, which ordinarily housed the woodbox, the house slippers and barn boots of Mr. Kettle and the boys, a couple of bicycles, bits of harness, the newspapers, the dogs and cats and car parts, had been turned into a brooder house. Fenced off by rusty window screens leaning against chairs, and heated by a varied assortment of jars, cans, and bottles filled with hot water, two hundred baby chicks existed in apparent fine health and contentment. No B.W.D. there. No disinfectant, no thermometer—and no sickness either. "That manual writer should see this," I thought bitterly.

Mrs. Kettle was also harboring in her kitchen a little runt pig, the sole survivor of a litter eaten by its mother. The chicks she dismissed lightly with "Paw

ordered 'em last fall but didn't git around to buildin' the brooder house before they come, so I guess we'll just have to raise 'em in here." The chirping chickens and the little pig clicking around underfoot on his little sharp hoofs didn't bother Mrs. Kettle a whit.

What did trouble Mrs. Kettle was the fact that her elder sister, who twenty-odd years before had the good fortune to marry a man both wealthy and prominent, had had the effrontery to send Mrs. Kettle by the morning mail, in lieu of a rich gift, an enormous tinted portrait of herself in evening dress. This Mrs. Kettle had set up on the table, easled by the cracked white sugar bowl and a jar of jam.

Scratching herself vigorously and gesticulating with her soup ladle, she sneered, "Look at that, would you. Pretty fine, ain't we, with our dinners all bare?" (The dress was cut in a very modest V.) "And covered with jools which your old man got from bribing the government. Well, you can stuff your jools and your crooked husband and —" Mrs. Kettle's face brightened. "You know where I'm going to hang your damned pitchur? In the outhouse!"

Mrs. Hicks and I took our leave at this point, but as we drove over the hill, we heard the sound of violent pounding. Mrs. Kettle was hanging sister's gilt-framed picture.

Mrs. Hicks invited me to go home with her for a cup of coffee and to see her baby chickens. I accepted instantly, and we jounced right past our ranch and on down the mountain.

The coffee, strong and delicious, with thick yellow cream, was accompanied by that heavenly and completely indigestible delicacy, fried bread. Apparently all Mrs. Hicks did was to drop twisted pieces of bread dough into hot fat, and in a minute or two take out big golden-brown puffs which she dipped in powdered sugar and covered with strawberry jam. They weren't small and they had what I call body, but I ate three, and Mrs. Hicks five, before we made a move toward the chicken houses. Then I tried a sprightly leap off the back porch, only to find that I seemed to be filled up with ball bearings. I glanced at Mrs. Hicks, who sailed ahead of me like a piece of thistledown. Thistledown or no, I already had a different conception of her liver. I vowed that in the future I would be a little more careful of what was left of mine.

Mrs. Hicks's brooder house smelled so strongly of disinfectant it made my eyes water. The chickens, looking as if they had sprouted under boards, drooped listlessly around the edges of their immaculate modern house. Gammy used to say, "Too much scrubbing takes the life right out of things," but a perpetual droop seemed to be Mrs. Hicks's yardstick of cleanliness.

On the ride home I clutched my fried bread on the rough places in the road and I asked Mrs. Hicks about the percentage of deaths in her chicks. I was amazed to learn that out of five hundred chicks she had lost only five. She said, "Those five died the day after we got the chicks, and I don't think they was right, but just in case it was anything catching I put a little disinfect-

ant in the drinking water and the rest pulled through fine." What I think really happened was that Mrs. Hicks called a meeting of her chicks right after they arrived and told them, "I'm the boss here and I'm not going to put up with any sickening or dying. The first chick I catch dying is going to get what for and I mean it." And the chicks, disinfected inside and out, stayed alive.

9

BOB turned out to be the best chicken farmer in the region. He was scientific, he was thorough, and he wasn't hampered by a lot of traditions or old wives' tales. Bob didn't believe in mixing breeding and egg-raising — he said that they were separate industries and should be treated as such. His theory was that an egg-raising flock should be kept laying as much of the year as possible, but that if you were also using the flock for breeding and hatching eggs, a strenuous laying program weakened the stock.

He evidently knew what he was doing, for his chickens laid eggs and didn't get sick and we always made money. Bob said that he could make money if eggs dropped to 15 cents a dozen. (They never did — I think 19 cents was the lowest we ever got, and that was in the spring when eggs were plentiful — but Bob was not one to make promises he couldn't keep.) Bob said that the secret of success in the chicken business for one man was to keep the operation to a size that could be handled by one man.

Bob estimated that one man could handle 1500 chickens (provided his wife was part Percheron, he should have stipulated) by himself and make a comfortable living. But most people, finding that they could be comfortable on 1500 chickens, thought they might as well be luxurious and have 2500. Then the trouble started: they had to hire help; they had to have much more extensive buildings and equipment; and to warrant the extra expense, they would have to have 5000 or 10,000 chickens instead of 2500. It sounded reasonable, and if Bob said so, it probably was.

I kept all the egg records. I wrote on a large calendar in the kitchen the number of eggs we gathered at each gathering. At the end of the day these figures were entered in a daybook and later were entered in a weekly column, along with the feed, which was delivered once a week. It was a very simple system, but when it came time to draw weekly and monthly percentages I usually found the hens in the throes of a 150 per cent lay. Then I would have to go laboriously back and try to find out how far back and in which branch of my arithmetic the trouble lay.

The percentage of cockerels was a vital factor in determining the cost of each pullet, and I watched the baby chicks anxiously for the first signs of the little combs which would tell me how we stood. As soon as we could tell them apart, we separated the cockerels and put them in fattening pens, where they ate and fought and crowed until it was time to dress them for market. Anything else that I cared for from birth became so embedded in my feelings I had to gouge it

out, but my only feeling about the cockerels was pride to see how firm and fat they were as we dressed them for market. Before long I could dress chickens like an expert. I could defeather a chicken in about two minutes without once tearing the skin. With all the graceful accomplishments there are in the world, wouldn't you know I would excel in chicken-picking?

About the time the cockerels were ready for market, the pullets were ready to be taught to roost in their own little houses instead of in the trees, where they were easy prey for owls and wildcats. At dusk each night, Bob and I had to go through the orchard plucking squawking, flapping birds out of the tops of the trees, holding them by the ankles with heads down. When we had as large a bouquet as we could hold, we took them to the pullet houses and planted them firmly on the roosts. At first I felt like a falconer and found the work rather exhilarating, but after two weeks, when there was still a large group of boneheads who preferred to sleep out of doors and get killed, I found myself inclining toward the "you've made your bed — now lie in it" attitude.

Chickens are so dumb. Any other living thing which you feed 365 days in the year will get to know and perhaps to love you. Not the chicken. Every time I opened the chicken-house door, *Squawk! Squawk! Squawwwwwwwwk!* And the dumbbells would fly up in the air and run around and bang into each other. Bob was a little more successful — but only a little more so and only because chickens didn't bother him, or he didn't yell and jump when they did.

That second spring, Bob built a large new yard for the big chickens. The old one was plowed and planted to clover, which disinfected the ground and provided greens for the hens. We eventually had four such yards, so that by rotation our hens were always in a clean, green playground. Other chicken ranchers shook their heads over this foolish waste of time and ground. They also scoffed at feeding the chickens buttermilk and greens the year round. They had been brought up to believe that women had tumors, babies had fits, and chickens had roup; green food and fresh air were things to be avoided, and a small, dirty yard was all a chicken deserved.

Bob paid no attention to the other farmers, and when the new yard was finished we lifted the small runway doors and watched the hens come crowding out, scolding, quarreling, singing, squawking, choosing their favorite places, and hurrying like mad to enjoy their playtime. They were gleaming white with health and spring, and didn't seem nearly so repulsive as usual.

When the pullets began laying, Bob and I culled the old hens. We did this at night. We'd lift an old hen off the roost, look at her head, the color of her comb, her shape, her legs, and if we were in doubt we'd measure the distance between her pelvic bones — two fingers was a good layer. The good layers looked motherly, their combs were full and bright-red, their eyes large, beaks broad and short, and their bodies were well rounded, broad-hipped, and built close to the ground. They were also the diligent scratchers and

eaters, and their voices seemed a little lower with overtones of lullaby.

The non-producers, the childless parasites, were just as typical. Their combs were small and pale, eyes small, beaks sharp and pointed, legs long, hips narrow, and they spent all their time gossiping, starting fights, and going into screaming hysterics over nothing. What a bitter thing for them that, unlike their human counterparts, their only operation was one performed with an axe on the neck.

Gathering eggs would be like one continual Easter morning if the hens would just be obliging and get off the nests. Coöperation, however, is not a chickenly characteristic, and at egg-gathering time every nest was overflowing with hen, feet planted, and a "Shoot if you must this old gray head" look in her eye. I made all manner of futile attempts to dislodge her — sharp sticks, flapping apron, loud scary noises, lure of mash and grain — but she would merely set her mouth, clutch her eggs under her, and dare me. In a way, I can't blame the hen — after all, soft-shelled or not, they're her kids.

Bob used to say that it was my approach to the hen which was wrong. I reached timidly under the hens and of course they pecked my wrists. As I jerked my hands away I broke the eggs or cracked them on the edges of the nests. Bob reached masterfully under the hens and they gave without a murmur. I tried to assume this "I am the master" attitude, but I never for a moment fooled a hen, and after three or four pecks I would be a bundle of chattering hysteria with the hens in complete command.

The rooster, now, is something else again. He doesn't give a damn if you play handball with every egg in the place. He doesn't care if the chicken house is knee-deep in weasels and blood. He just flicks a speck from his lapel and continues to stroll around, stepping daintily over the lifeless but still warm body of a former mistress, his lustful eye appraising the leg and breast of another conquest.

I really tried to like chickens. But I couldn't get close to the hen either physically or spiritually, and by the end of the second spring I hated everything about the chicken but the egg.

10

ALONG in January, Stove had developed virulent digestive trouble. In fact, where his grate had been, there was a gaping hole and I had to build my fire like a blazing fringe around the edge. Stove was "taken" in January, but it was March before anything was done about it. We of the mountains didn't dash into town for a new grate. We wore our nerves to the snapping point trying to cook on the circle of fire or the faint warm draft that wafted from the ashpit down around Stove's feet, where the pieces of grate and all the wood had fallen, and waited for a character known as the Stove Man, who was supposed to make rounds in the spring.

One morning I had reached the stage where I was

craftily planning to chop up a chair or two and build a fire in the sink in an effort to drive Bob to some immediate action, when the Stove Man arrived. With him also were a truckload of stove parts and tools, his wife, and his three-year-old daughter. Stove Man quickly disemboweled Stove, something which I had been longing to do to that big black stinker all winter, spread the entrails all over the kitchen floor, and went out to the chicken house to point out to Bob the many opportunities for failure in the chicken business.

This black-future attitude was not from manic-depressive tendencies on the part of Stove Man, but was the reflected attitude of the farmer. The farmers wanted to be sad and they wanted everyone who called on them to be sad. If your neighbor's chickens were each laying a double-yolked egg every single day, all his cows had just had heifer calves, his mortgage was all paid, and his wheat was unprecedented, you would not mention any of these gladsome matters.

Instead, when you looked at the chickens, you must say, "A heavy lay makes hens weak and liable to disease." The neighbor, kicking sulkily at the feed trough, would reply, "Brings the price of eggs down too." When you went into the barn you looked over the heifer calves and said, "Lots of t.b. in the valley this year. Some herds as high as 50 per cent." The neighbor said, "Contagious abortion is around too." Leaning morbidly on the fence around the groaning wheat fields you said, "A cloudburst could do a lot of damage here."

Our farmers were big saddos and our farmers' wives were delicate. Farmers' wives always felt poorly. They took gallons of patent medicines. Without exception they, and all their progeny, had been so tiny at birth that they slept in a cigar box and wore a wedding ring for a bracelet.

Stove Man's wife — "Just call me Myrtle" — and Darleen, the small, white, thready-limbed child, stayed in the house with me while Stove Man and Bob made their gloomy journey around the ranch. As lunchtime approached with Stove still in surgery, Myrtle and I, accompanied by the drop, drop, drop of her leaky heart, made sandwiches and brewed tea over some canned heat. I offered to warm some soup or vegetables for Darleen, but Myrtle demurred with "That kid eats anything — strong as a horse."

The horse ate for her lunch one white soda cracker and a sweet pickle. Then she hung on the back of her mother's chair and whined. Not bothering to turn around and not missing a mouthful, Myrtle comforted her with threats of "I'll warm your bottom"; "I'll turn you over to your dad"; "I'll lock you in the truck"; "I'll send for the bogey man" — all of which Darleen ignored, and kept on swinging and whining. In desperation, I suggested a nap, but Myrtle said, "That kid has never took a nap since she was weaned — just don't need sleep — strong as a horse." Even though Darleen looked like something they had whipped up out of pipe cleaners, she certainly had endurance. She whined and swung until after five, when they left.

Much to my surprise, Mr. Myrtle became very

businesslike after lunch and put Stove back together with new grates and a new, more thorough ash shaker. Unfortunately Myrtle also became businesslike and insisted on cutting out dresses for small Anne from the eight lengths of dimity and nainsook I had brought from town the day before. I had patterns, but she scoffed at these as totally unnecessary for children's clothes.

When I came in from one of my various trips to the chicken house, baby buggy, feed room, or cold frame, I found Myrtle slashing out the last dress. She stacked the cut-out garments, took Darleen to the outhouse, and with "See you next year if my heart holds out" — "Quit that, Darleen, or I'll smack you!" — "Hope the stove holds together" they were gone.

After dinner that night I examined the ready-to-sew dresses. Something seemed to be wrong. There were eight large, round pieces of material — one from each length — and eight rims from which the circles were cut. I was unable to determine which were the dresses and which the scraps. I laid small, obliging Anne on the bed and tried to fit her into these strange pieces, but all we were able to work out was the foundations for eight old-fashioned sweeping caps and matching ruffles for Anne's fat posterior.

Either Myrtle had a splendid idea which I was too stupid to grasp or Anne was the wrong shape. "Oh, well, see you next year, Myrtle," I said, dusting off the bedside table with one of the circles and putting the rest away in my bottom drawer, where they remained as long as we lived on the ranch.

11

FOR several weeks after the visit of the Stove Man the weather was clear and bright and we worked like maniacs to get caught up with Spring, who raced ahead of us each day, unfolding new tasks for us to do and cautioning us about leaving the old ones too long. Each night, Bob drove the truck down into a small valley below the house and filled ten ten-gallon milk cans with water. The next morning, as soon as I was dressed, I filled Stove's reservoir and my wash boiler, and between chores I washed all day long. The clothes billowed and flapped whitely against the delphinium-blue sky and the black-green hills, and at night I brought in armloads of clean clothes smelling of blossoms and breezes — and *dry*.

For three weeks I washed all day and ironed every night and felt just like the miller's daughter in *Rumpelstilzchen*, for there was always more. After all, I had been heaping dirty clothes in the extra bedroom ever since September and only washing what we had to have and what I could dry over Stove. I had to wash for the baby every day, so I threw everything else into the extra bedroom. Finally one morning I found the room empty. I tottered back to the kitchen, emptied the wash boiler into the sink, and collapsed by Stove. Immediately the sun was obscured by a heavy dark cloud; a wind came swooshing out of the burn; there was a light patter of rain; and I fell asleep.

Like coming to the surface after a deep, deep dive, I came at last to the top of my sleep and heard hammering at the back door. I drifted through a heavy mist to the entryway and opened the door. It was the Rawleigh man. He burst in and snapped me to attention by looking deep into my eyes and saying, "I heard you got a new baby. Organs all back in place O.K.?"

The Rawleigh man sold spices, hand lotions, patent medicines, coffee, soap, lice powder, flea powder, perfume, chocolate — all kinds of dandy things — and in addition he fancied himself a self-made physician and asked the most intimate and personal questions as he opened his truck and brought out his wares. After I had put his mind at rest about my organs he told me all about his hernia and I felt sure would have showed it to me if I had been a customer of a little longer standing. Concerning the neighbors, he told me about a bad ovarian tumor, a tipped uterus, some incurable cases of constipation, and a batch of ringworm which had resisted every salve he had. I made him a cup of coffee and a ham sandwich, and before he left he asked me every detail of Anne's birth.

Other door-to-door sellers were the nurserymen, who identified our fruit trees for us and sold us English walnut, filbert, chestnut, apricot, and peach trees; and the shoe salesmen, who carried no samples, only pictures. When the brown moccasin-toed oxfords I ordered came, I found out why. The shoes were sturdy — thick-soled, heavy, stiff leather, strong sewing (Gammy would have said they were "baked" together), firm lining — but they were never intended to be worn. They were so full of tongues and lining and sewing that there was no place for the foot.

One of the outstanding things about these factory-to-you sellers was their friendly, non-commercial attitude. Money was not important at all. All business was transacted on the cuff and if you had the money in the house when the goods came, fine. If you didn't, you could pay next time. It was so easy and pleasant, with everyone staying for supper or lunch, that we naturally bought more than we needed, and in many cases more than we could afford. It was hard on people like me who were suckers for deals like "A four lb. jar of Clover cleansing cream for only \$4.98 — pay when delivered" (or when you can).

There were also a corset "lady" and a housedress "lady." They traveled together. The one squeezed me into a corset and the other jammed me into a housedress. The corset lady had piercing black eyes and a large bust and stomach apparently encased in steel, for when I brushed against her it was like bumping into our oil drum. She was such a high-pressure saleswoman that almost before she had turned off the ignition of her car I found myself in my bedroom in my "naked strip" being forced into a "foundation garment." First she rolled it up like a life preserver, then I stepped through the leg holes, then she slowly and painfully unrolled it up over my thighs, hips, and stomach until she reached my top; then she had me bend over while she slipped straps over my arms and snapped me back to a standing position. My legs were

squashed so tightly together I couldn't walk a step, and I had to hold my chin up in the air, for my bust was in the vicinity of my shoulders.

"Look, Ella," the corset lady called to the housedress lady. "Don't she look grand?"

The housedress lady, who looked just like the corset lady except that she had piercing blue eyes, said, "That's a world of improvement, dear. A world!"

I inched over to the mirror and looked. At that time I was thin as a needle. Encased in the foundation garment, I resembled nothing so much as a test tube with something bubbling out the top. But even if I had looked "grand," I had to walk and I wanted to lower my head occasionally. I took off the foundation garment much more quickly and much less carefully than it had been put on me. The corset lady was furious and made no effort to conceal her displeasure. While the housedress lady was showing me her wares, the corset lady sat in a kitchen chair, legs wide apart — but stomach in, bust up — and gazed stonily out the window. Some of the housedresses were pretty, although electric blue and lavender were the predominating colors, and they were very reasonably priced. I ordered four and two pairs of stockings (which turned out to be outsize, so I gave them to Mrs. Kettle).

There may have been others, but they were the transients, not the regular door-to-door sellers, and not important. I believe that this bringing the store to you, instead of your going to the store, is a fine idea and is a strong factor in breeding contentment. After all, if you know that the Rawleigh man carries only Field Clover and Wild Rose perfumes, you aren't going to go around whining for Chanel #5; and if you know that the housedress lady has nothing but electric blue, you're going to darn well learn to like it or wear feed sacks. Anyway, it takes the sting out of it if you know that all over the mountains, and up and down the valleys, all the women are going to be wearing electric-blue housedresses and smelling like Field Clover and Wild Rose.

12

WHO said that wild animals won't bother you if you don't bother them? Whoever it was must have lived in an apartment house and have just finished reading *Bambi*. Our trouble with wild animals began in the summer. Of course, we had many encounters with bats, weasels, owls, hawks, wood rats, and field mice, but I'm talking now about the large wild animals like bears, cougars, wildcats, skunks, deer, and coyotes.

In summer we made our trips to town in the early morning and were home before the heat of the day. One morning we were fed and scrubbed and in the truck by seven, only to find, after coasting to the county road, that the truck had developed a consumptive cough overnight. It would reel ahead a little, then slide back, limp and gasping. Finally I was dispatched to get the most mechanically-minded of the Kettle boys to see if he could diagnose the trouble.

I put Anne in her carriage, told Bob to keep an eye

on her, cantered down to the Kettles', and persuaded Elwin Kettle to come up and fix the car. Elwin elected to drive up in the most sinister-looking of all the Kettle jalopies, so I took the trail through the logging burn instead.

For a while the path ran beside the Kettles' stream and was well-traveled and shaded by second growth. Then it became a perilous scramble through giant jackstraw piles of slashings and discarded logs. The woods were dark and cool and quiet. Occasional birds twittered, and chipmunks slithered over logs and then paused to stare at me glassy-eyed, but there was none of the twig-snapping, brush-rustling, chirping activity that had marked my walk along the road.

At last the path miraculously reappeared and wound steeply upward along a ravine and through uncut virgin timber. Halfway up this home stretch I was aware of an uncomfortable feeling. Something was following me. I heard brush crackling across the ravine — even saw branches sway; but when I stopped, the noise stopped. I convinced myself that I was imagining things.

Then I leaped to the ground from a fallen log and there was a terrific crashing across the ravine. Certain that I had not made that much noise, I stopped again to listen, and this time the crashing continued. Whatever it was was working its way across the ravine to me. I broke into a lope and at last, panting and scared, I reached home and threw myself on Bob, who patted me comfortingly and said he didn't think that anything would follow me.

Before I could think of a suitable rejoinder, Elwin appeared and began to take the truck apart. Bob took Sport (our Chesapeake) and the Kettles' Airedale and went into the woods to look for a good cedar tree to cut into fence posts. He came back almost immediately to get his gun, saying that the dogs seemed uneasy and he thought he'd look around.

It seemed hours later when Elwin and I heard the shots. There were four or five close together — then silence. Dead silence. I hallooed. No answer. I began to be frightened and asked Elwin, who was sprawled under the truck, to go out and see what was happening. He merely stuck his head out, shook his mane of hair out of his eyes, grinned his wide, foolish grin, and said, "If he don't come back he's probably dead and there's no use of us both getting kilt. Ha, ha, ha!" And back he went to his tinkering under the truck.

After I had waited a while longer, Elwin came in for a drink of water. He drank three dipperfuls, wiped his mouth on his sleeve, and said, "Well, looks like you're a widder-woman. Ha, ha, ha!" I'm sure I should have killed him if the truck had been fixed, but it clearly was not, so I had to content myself with withering looks.

Bob at last came limping in, his shirt in ribbons, a great jagged, bloody gash across his chest, and wearing a beaming smile. "Stepped into the root pit of a fallen tree and a she-bear jumped me. Fired five shots in her general direction, and I guess one of 'em stuck, because she's deader than a smelt."

"That gash!" I said weakly.

"Oh, that," he said, looking offhandedly down at it. "Must have happened when Joe" — he affectionately pulled the ear of the Airedale — "yanked the bear off me. Joe grabbed her hind leg just as she jumped, and I guess you could say he saved my life." Then he and Elwin climbed into the jalopy and drove cross country to bring in the carcass.

I got out iodine, bandages, sleeping tablets, and my self-control, because, though Bob was being brave and careless in front of Elwin, alone with me he would act as if the bear had laid open both his lungs, and would spend many happy hours looking for the first signs of blood poisoning. It occurred to me then that no mention had been made of our dog's part in the fray.

Bob and Elwin returned much later with a large black bear which reeked of iodoform (natural she-bear smell, Elwin said) over the hood of the car and a report of two cubs up a tree. I asked about Sport, our Chesapeake, but Bob said that he hadn't seen him — that he disappeared just as Joe, the Airedale, jumped the bear. Sport appeared at the door later. When I spoke to him, he looked sad and wagged the dejected tip of a dark-red tail. "That's all right, boy," I murmured. "I'll slip you a bone later on just to let you know that I feel the same way about bears."

Bob fixed a sumptuous meal for Joe, who was so emaciated that we could follow the progress of each bite. I asked Elwin why Joe was so thin, and he brilliantly replied, "I dunno — he should be O.K. We been grainin' him!"

Oh, well, Elwin had fixed the truck, and it ran with purpose and vigor. With the five dollars Bob gave him he said that he was going to buy a fog light for his awful car, which at that time had no lights at all.

After Elwin had left, I hesitantly mentioned the fact that I may have been right in thinking something was following me earlier in the day. Bob said, "Didn't sound like a bear to me. Could have been, of course, — the berries are coming on now, — but it was more likely squirrels." With this odious remark he collapsed on his bed of pain and I was allowed to dress the wounds and listen to the stories of the attack.

Now, were we bothering that bear? Of course there will be those who will say that the woods are the bear's natural domain and just by being there Bob was bothering her. But those woods were *our property*!

Shortly after the bear episode, Bob left with the truck one morning to help another farmer with his haying, and while I was still standing in the drive watching the truck over the brow of the last hill, a skunk strolled in the open back door and settled himself by Stove. I hurriedly shut Sport and the puppy, who were fortunately out by the chicken house, in Sport's yard. Then I tried luring the skunk. I put out a little trail of milk, meat, water, and cereal. The skunk blinked and snuggled closer to Stove.

He was actually a civet cat, which is just as evil-smelling, but smaller than a skunk, and he was very determined. He allowed me to go in and out of the pantry, which was across the kitchen from Stove — but one step closer than that brought him to his feet looking menacing.

When Bob finally came home, tired and hungry, I was crouching in the driveway trying to warm the baby's bottle over a smoldering pile of fagots, and Skunk was resting in the kitchen. Bob walked loudly and masterfully in the front and Skunk swaggered out the back, sneering at me over his shoulder as he disappeared into the woods. He evidently came back that night, for we heard Sport barking loudly in the cellar just under our bedroom, and then the room was filled with that most penetrating, most sickening of odors — skunk. We slept with clothespins on our noses, not only that night but for a week. I bathed Sport with strong soap and Chlorox but he remained unpleasant-smelling for weeks.

13

TOWARD the end of June, Bob and I made several early morning pilgrimages to the abandoned farm and picked five gallons of wild blackberries — and the canning season was on. How I dreaded it! Jelly, jam, preserves, canned raspberries, blackcaps, peas, spinach, beans, beets, carrots, blackberries, loganberries, wild blackberries, wild raspberries, applesauce, peaches, pears, plums, chickens, venison, beef, clams, salmon, rhubarb, cherries, corn, pickles, and prunes.

By fall the pantry shelves would groan and creak under nature's bounty, and the bitter thing was that we shouldn't be able to eat a tenth of it. Canning is a mental quirk just like any form of hoarding. First you plant too much of everything in the garden; then you waste hours and hours in the boiling sun cultivating; then you buy a pressure cooker and can too much of everything so that it won't be wasted.

Frankly, I don't like home-canned anything, and I spent all my spare time reading up on botulism. Bob, on the other hand, was in the thing heart and soul. He stepped into the pantry — it was larger than most kitchens — and exhibited pure joy at the row on row of shining jars. And I couldn't even crack his complacency when I told him that, although the Hickses were at the time using canned beef from the year before last, they were busily preparing to can another hundred and fifty quarts. Women in that country are judged by their bulging pantries. Husbands unashamedly throw open their pantry doors and dare you to have more of anything.

I reminded Bob, as I began hauling out jars, lids, sugar, and the pressure cooker, that the blackberries from the summer before tasted like little nodules of worsted and we still had twenty-five quarts. But he was adamant, so "Heigh-ho and away we go."

I crouched beneath the weight of an unsupportable burden every time I went out to the garden. Never had I come face to face with such productivity. Pea vines heavy with bulging pods; bean poles staggering under big beans, middle-sized beans, little beans, and more blossoms; carrots with bare shoulders thrust above the ground to show me they were ready; succulent summer squash and Zucchini where it seemed only a matter of hours ago there were blossoms. I picked a water bucket full of cherries from *one* lower

branch of the old-fashioned late cherry tree that shaded the kitchen.

There was more of everything than we could ever use or preserve and no way to absorb the excess. I tried sending vegetables to our families, but the freight rates and time involved made this rather senseless. I sent great baskets of produce to the Kettles, but with Paw on the road every day imploring farmers to give him anything which they couldn't use, even they had too much. I picked peas and took a shopping bag full to Mrs. Kettle and was embarrassed and annoyed to find two bushel baskets of them sitting on the back porch, covered with swarms of little flies and obviously rotting. There was no market anywhere for this excess. I became so conscience-stricken by the waste that I, of my own volition, canned seventy-five quarts of string beans.

By the end of the summer the pullets were laying and Bob was culling the flocks. With no encouragement from me, he decided that, as chicken prices were 'way down, I should can the culled hens. It appeared to my warped mind that Bob went miles and miles out of his way to figure out things for me to put in jars; that he actively resented a single moment of my time which was not spent eye to pressure gauge, ear to steam cock; that he was forever coming staggering into the kitchen under a bushel basket of something for me to can. My first reaction was homicide, then suicide, and at last resignation.

When he brought in the first three culled hens, I acidly remarked that it wasn't only the cooker which operated under pressure. No answer.

Later, because of my remark, he said that I did it on purpose. I didn't, I swear, but I did feel that God had at last taken pity on me — for the pressure cooker blew up. It was the happiest day of my life, though I might have been killed. A bolt was blown clear through the kitchen door, the walls were dotted with bits of wing and giblet, the floor was swimming in gravy, and the thick cast-aluminum lid broke in two and hit the ceiling with such force it left two half-moon marks above Stove. I was lyrical with joy. I didn't know how it happened and I cared less. I was free! *free!* F-R-E-E!

After supper, as I went humming about the house picking pieces of chicken off the picture frames and the mirror, Bob eyed me speculatively. Then he picked up the mail-order catalogue and began looking for a bigger and sturdier variety of pressure cooker.

14

BOB had an Aunt Vida who drank her coffee with a rinsing motion, as if it were antiseptic mouthwash, and widened her eyes, when you talked to her, as though she were being poked in the back. She was a terrific bore but had a saving grace in that she was very appreciative of "this beautiful country." She was so appreciative of it, in fact, that when she visited us I used to send Bob out to scoop her up occasionally and bring her into the house to recuperate—I was afraid

that in the white heat of her appreciation she might melt and run into the ground.

I was delighted with our other guests. They were Bob's immediate family and my immediate family and other charming, intelligent people, but they all had the same idea. "Beautiful scenery, magnificent mountains, heavenly food — you fortunate people!" they said as they waddled away from the table. They neglected to note that while they lay in slothful slumber, breathing in great draughts of invigorating, appetite-producing mountain air, Bob and I were cleaning and picking chickens, cleaning clams, burying clam and crab shells, washing dishes, packing eggs, shelling peas, and finally dragging ourselves to bed at midnight.

"Oh, I just love to wash at an old-fashioned sink," they said. I don't mind washing at an old-fashioned sink either, when someone else has got up and made an old-fashioned fire and carried and heated some old-fashioned water and I know that in a day or so I'll go back to town to wash off the country grime in a not too old-fashioned bathtub.

When my family came out to visit for the first time they were more interested in meeting the Kettles than in exploring our ranch. I took them to call, but poor Mrs. Kettle was overcome with shyness. She made us all sit in the parlor and tried so hard to be "reefined" that she began only two sentences with "Key-rist." When one of my sisters admired the decorations hanging from the mantel, she said, "Aw — I didn't want all that damned cr-er-trash hanging there, but the girls insisted." She subsided in an agony of embarrassment.

I asked her where she had bought the linoleum because I wanted to get some for my kitchen. She said, "A feller come by about ten years ago and he had samples as pretty as you please and I picked out the patrun I wanted but when the Jeezly stuff come it weren't the right color and when that feller come back the next year I told him where he — where he — where he-e-e —" Mrs. Kettle turned crimson and left the sentence dangling like the flypaper that hung from the lamp hook.

When introduced to the guests, Elwin closed his eyes tight and he didn't open them until we were leaving. Only Paw retained his *savoir faire*. He came clumping up onto the back porch exuding barnyard odors and good will. After a few hearty stamps to shake off any loosely caked mud or manure, he came charging into the parlor and shook hands heartily with everyone. "Glad to thee you, glad to thee you," he beamed as he settled himself full-length on the shiny leather couch. Mother said to Mrs. Kettle, "Do you mind if I smoke?" "Not at all, not at *all*," boomed Paw. "Thmoke a *whole* cartoon if you have a mind to. Anyone want a *thigar*?" And he laughed uproariously as he proffered a much chewed cigar end.

15

WITH my usual bad management, when I moved to the Coast I took with me a box of old school and

children's books instead of my own books. At first in loneliness and desperation I read *The Five Little Peppers*, Alden's *Encyclopedia*, and *The Way of All Flesh* separately, together, and alternately over and over. I also read magazines, the newspapers, and any and all catalogues. I couldn't borrow books because my neighbors never read. Reading was a sign of laziness, boastfulness, and general degradation.

Instead, the farm women did fancywork. They embroidered their dish towels and then bleached them so that they always looked mended. They embroidered their pillowcases with hard, scratchy knots and flowers. They embroidered every stitch their babies wore, and they embroidered, tatted, crocheted, and otherwise disfigured their own underclothing, handkerchiefs, doilies, bureau scarves, bedspreads, sheets, and napkins. They called it "embroidrying" and said, "I'm going to embroidry me some pillow slips." They were at it from infancy to the grave, but as I don't like embroidery in any form, I resolved not to learn how. I'm the type of female the pioneers were tickled pink to give to the Indians as a hostage.

Each time we went to town I looked in vain for a lending library and intended to locate the public library, and each time we returned to the farm with the chicken feed and groceries but without any books. If Bob hadn't parked the car where he did one wet, blowy Saturday that first November, we probably never should have found the Booke Stalle crouching on the main street between the cheese factory and the barber shop. "Look," I shouted to Bob excitedly. "A new industry!" And I pointed to the slightly crooked sign timidly spelling out the name.

Miss Wetter, owner-manageress, exuded Sloan's Liniment and seemed to be trying to gather herself together. She was very thin, some age over thirty-five, and had a broken tear duct in her right eye. She continually lifted up her glasses and wiped the eye, pulled up her skirt at the waist, and pulled down her cardigan. She was very deaf and had adenoids. Her stock, her prices, and her spirits were very low. I looked over the stock, which, judging from the titles, had been left her by a deceased relative. There were several Lives of Christ, *Brewster's Millions*, *The Broad Highway* by Jeffery Farnol, *Zoroaster* by Francis Marion Crawford, *The Sheikh*, a few novels by Elinor Glyn, Zane Grey, and Kathleen Norris. There were some little books of poetry: *My Book of Poems* with pansies on the covers, *Poems I Love* with forget-me-nots, and *Hand in Hand* with daisies. There were also some children's books, some very old histories, and a dictionary or two.

I asked for a detective story. My exact words were: "Do you have any detective stories?" Miss Wetter said, "It's bighty dice work—I beet lots of dice people."

I said louder, "Do you have any mystery stories?" She said, "Ad I'b od by owd." So apparently was I. I yelled, "Crime stories! Mysteries! Detectives!" She shuffled through the drawer of her desk and at last, locating a little notebook, she smiled brightly and said, "A dollar a bonth for two books at a tibe."

So I fished an old envelope out of my purse and wrote out a list of books I wanted, paid my dollar, and bought some new magazines. As I left, Miss Wetter took off her glasses for the eighth time, dabbed at the watery eye, and remarked enigmatically, "I'b odly od page sevedty-two!"

I felt like replying, "Kid, you're farther behind than you'll ever know."

Two weeks later I went to town again and sought out Miss Wetter. She had installed a smelly kerosene heater, but other than that it was Act II—same scene, same costume, same books, didn't hear a word I said, and was studying my list as though I had given it to her a half an hour ago instead of fifteen days before. Again I wrote everything down, but I was not absolutely certain that she wasn't also blind.

We continued this way until well into February; then I begged Bob to go into the Booke Stalle with me to see what he could do with Miss Wetter. He balked at first, saying that he didn't see of what use he could be unless I wanted him to turn her upside down and shake the books out of her. But I gave him my pleading-setter look and in we went. Bob turned on a hundred and fifty watts of charm, did not raise his naturally husky voice a quarter tone, and she understood every word he said. With a minimum of eye-dabbing and cardigan-jerking, she produced two mystery stories, only one of which I had read.

She also told *him*, ignoring me, that she had recently bought out a very prosperous circulating library and was expecting the books in a day or so. Bob was courtly almost to the point of kissing her hand, I was so elated over the coming books that I was graciously able to ignore her ignoring me, and Miss Wetter glowed until I thought her veins would burst their seams.

From that day forward Bob had wonderful luck with Miss Wetter and came home loaded with books and pamphlets on *Making the Small Farm Pay*, *Coccidiosis: Its Cause and Cure*, *How Many Chickens Can One Man Handle?* and so forth for him, and the first thing either of them could lay their hands on for me. The mythical library which she was supposed to have purchased failed to materialize while I had traffic with Miss Wetter, or else, as I suspected at the time she told us of the deal, the new library was the twin sister of her own and the new Lives of Christ and *Types of Manure and How to Know Them* melted into her own stock and became indistinguishable.

Included in one offering for me, selected by Miss Wetter and delivered by Bob, were *Opera Made Easy for Tiny Tots* and *Tom Brown at Rugby*. All I can say for Miss Wetter is that if her library was circulating I should hate to see one at a standstill.

16

ONE sultry summer day, Bob went to the city on business and left me on the ranch alone overnight—at least he thought he had. I did the chores while great black clouds surged angrily around the mountaintops and the sky became dark and swollen. Coming back

from my last trip to the chicken house and with only the ducks and the pig left to feed, I was surprised to find Elwin Kettle in the yard in one of their old cars with a top. He said, "Maw says there is going to be a storm and she wants you to stay all night at our house. It's O.K. about the chickens. I'll drive you up first thing in the morning. She said to bring the baby's bottle and come on."

I was touched by her thoughtfulness, but a little apprehensive about sleeping arrangements. I need not have been. Mrs. Kettle took me upstairs to the "spare" room, which was immaculate. It had a large brass bed with one of her beautiful quilts on it for a counterpane, a pretty braided oval rug on the floor, clean ruffled curtains at the windows, a large bureau with an embroidered bureau scarf, an oblong pin-cushion with an embroidered cover on it, a mother-of-pearl dresser set complete with a hair receiver and picture frame (a de luxe catalogue item), and a vase of large red crepe-paper roses.

By the time we had finished examining everything, the storm had broken and the thunder roared and the lightning flashed and the rain hammered relentlessly on the roof over our heads. Mrs. Kettle had to leave me to get out the leak pans. The roof had begun to leak some ten years before and Paw hadn't got around to fixing it. Each year the winds tore off more shingles and the leaks increased until it had reached a state where she kept a great stack of cans and pans in the upper hall. At the first drop of rain she distributed them over the upstairs. Anne and I were assigned two empty coffee cans — one at the foot of the bed and one in the closet. As I undressed the baby and got her ready for bed, the *pink! pink!* of the leaks dripping into the cans played a little tune.

After I had given Anne her bottle and settled her for the night, I joined the Kettles in the kitchen. Their chores were done and they were all gathered around the kitchen table reading the local papers and talking about the dance to which the older boys were going — seventy miles away. The only car that was running had no lights and Elwin intended to drive it by sense of smell, evidently.

Maw and I brought to the table great bowls of plain boiled navy beans, boiled macaroni, and fried potatoes. On the table already were pickles, bread, canned peaches, and rock cookies. We all had cups of coffee, which was strong but not venomous, for a fresh pot had been made just after I arrived.

After supper Maw and I redd up the dishes, but we couldn't wash them right away, for the older boys had to wash (very lightly) and comb their hair at the sink in preparation for the dance. When they had finally left, with admonitions to be home before milking time and to drive slowly (wasted breath), Maw and I washed the dishes while Paw and the three little boys took a bicycle apart in one corner of the kitchen. The area behind the stove and around the woodbox showed no evidences of the brooding it had done earlier in

the year, but there was a heady odor in that vicinity from the wet barn clothes of Paw and the work clothes of the boys steaming behind the stove and the many pairs of work shoes drying on the oven door.

Heady odor or not, the Kettles' kitchen had a warm human feeling to it in comparison to my own clean, lonely kitchen farther up the mountain. The Kettles, no doubt because of their struggle for existence, had developed strong family ties, and they had generously, for this stormy evening, allowed me to become one of them. It was "Us Kettles against the world."

Maw and I sewed on her quilt and occasionally put wood in the stove and sneered at everyone who had more worldly goods than the Kettles. About ninety-three we all retired. I had on my outing flannel pajamas and was just about to blow out my candle when Maw called to me to come to their bedroom across the hall. I took my candle and tiptoed out into the hall, which ran the full length of the house and from which opened eight doors, not counting my room or Mrs. Kettle's. I was a little hesitant about going in, but Maw was standing by the window in a voluminous outing flannel gown, beckoning to me. "Put your candle on the dresser and come here," she said in a vibrant whisper. She had the window opened wide, and wet night air carried in the sweet smells of wet earth and evening-scented stock which grew in a great clump below Mrs. Kettle's window. She said, "Look there, down by the south gate. The lightning struck the old maple."

I looked and made out the outline of half of the maple lying across the road. The other half hung torn and bleeding against the pale summer evening sky. The rain had stopped while we were at supper, and all that remained of the storm was the dying tree and the *splat, splat, splat* of the dripping eaves. Maw stared morbidly at the fallen tree for a few minutes more. Then, carefully closing and locking the window, she took her candle from the dresser and put it on a chair beside the bed.

From the bed came the rhythmic beat of heavy breathing and the occasional gulp, gulp, snort of a broken snore. Paw had evidently fallen asleep as soon as he touched the pillow. He wore a felt hat pulled well down over his ears, and the usual layers of dirty underwear and dirty sweaters. Maw sat heavily down on her side of the bed, causing Paw to spring up and slant alarmingly, but not to waken. She said, "Paw always wears a hat in bed. He says his head gets cold."

I realized suddenly that I had been staring in rude fascination at Paw, whose mustache twittered on the ends with each gulp and snort while his eyebrows drew together menacingly with each indrawn breath. I hastily picked up my candle and left.

As I eased in beside small Anne and laid my cheek on one of Mrs. Kettle's best pillow slips, I knew that I should waken with a basket of flowers imprinted on my right cheek. "The French knots hurt the worst," I thought drowsily as I snuggled deeper and wondered if Paw had taken off his hip boots.

(To be concluded)

AS WE MAY THINK

by VANNEVAR BUSH

As Director of the Office of Scientific Research and Development, DR. VANNEVAR BUSH has coordinated the activities of some six thousand leading American scientists in the application of science to warfare. In this significant article he holds up an incentive for scientists when the fighting has ceased. He urges that men of science should then turn to the massive task of making more accessible our bewildering store of knowledge. For years inventions have extended man's physical powers rather than the powers of his mind. Trip hammers that multiply the fists, microscopes that sharpen the eye, and engines of destruction and detection are new results, but not the end results, of modern science. Now, says Dr. Bush, instruments are at hand which, if properly developed, will give man access to and command over the inherited knowledge of the ages. The perfection of these pacific instruments should be the first objective of our scientists as they emerge from their war work. Like Emerson's famous address of 1837 on "The American Scholar," this paper by Dr. Bush calls for a new relationship between thinking man and the sum of our knowledge. — THE EDITOR

THIS has not been a scientist's war; it has been a war in which all have had a part. The scientists, burying their old professional competition in the demand of a common cause, have shared greatly and learned much. It has been exhilarating to work in effective partnership. Now, for many, this appears to be approaching an end. What are the scientists to do next?

For the biologists, and particularly for the medical scientists, there can be little indecision, for their war work has hardly required them to leave the old paths. Many indeed have been able to carry on their war research in their familiar peacetime laboratories. Their objectives remain much the same.

It is the physicists who have been thrown most violently off stride, who have left academic pursuits for the making of strange destructive gadgets, who have had to devise new methods for their unanticipated assignments. They have done their part on the devices that made it possible to turn back the enemy. They have worked in combined effort with the physicists of our allies. They have felt within themselves the stir of achievement. They have been part of a great team. Now, as peace approaches, one asks where they will find objectives worthy of their best.

1

OF WHAT lasting benefit has been man's use of science and of the new instruments which his research brought into existence? First, they have increased his control of his material environment. They have improved his food, his clothing, his shelter; they have increased his security and released him partly from the bondage of bare existence. They have given him increased knowl-

edge of his own biological processes so that he has had a progressive freedom from disease and an increased span of life. They are illuminating the interactions of his physiological and psychological functions, giving the promise of an improved mental health.

Science has provided the swiftest communication between individuals; it has provided a record of ideas and has enabled man to manipulate and to make extracts from that record so that knowledge evolves and endures throughout the life of a race rather than that of an individual.

There is a growing mountain of research. But there is increased evidence that we are being bogged down today as specialization extends. The investigator is staggered by the findings and conclusions of thousands of other workers — conclusions which he cannot find time to grasp, much less to remember, as they appear. Yet specialization becomes increasingly necessary for progress, and the effort to bridge between disciplines is correspondingly superficial.

Professionally our methods of transmitting and reviewing the results of research are generations old and by now are totally inadequate for their purpose. If the aggregate time spent in writing scholarly works and in reading them could be evaluated, the ratio between these amounts of time might well be startling. Those who conscientiously attempt to keep abreast of current thought, even in restricted fields, by close and continuous reading might well shy away from an examination calculated to show how much of the previous month's efforts could be produced on call. Mendel's concept of the laws of genetics was lost to the world for a generation because his publication did not reach the few who were capable of grasping and extending it; and this sort of catastrophe is undoubtedly being repeated all about us, as truly significant

attainments become lost in the mass of the inconsequential.

The difficulty seems to be, not so much that we publish unduly in view of the extent and variety of present-day interests, but rather that publication has been extended far beyond our present ability to make real use of the record. The summation of human experience is being expanded at a prodigious rate, and the means we use for threading through the consequent maze to the momentarily important item is the same as was used in the days of square-rigged ships.

But there are signs of a change as new and powerful instrumentalities come into use. Photocells capable of seeing things in a physical sense, advanced photography which can record what is seen or even what is not, thermionic tubes capable of controlling potent forces under the guidance of less power than a mosquito uses to vibrate his wings, cathode ray tubes rendering visible an occurrence so brief that by comparison a microsecond is a long time, relay combinations which will carry out involved sequences of movements more reliably than any human operator and thousands of times as fast — there are plenty of mechanical aids with which to effect a transformation in scientific records.

Two centuries ago Leibnitz invented a calculating machine which embodied most of the essential features of recent keyboard devices, but it could not then come into use. The economics of the situation were against it: the labor involved in constructing it, before the days of mass production, exceeded the labor to be saved by its use, since all it could accomplish could be duplicated by sufficient use of pencil and paper. Moreover, it would have been subject to frequent breakdown, so that it could not have been depended upon; for at that time and long after, complexity and unreliability were synonymous.

Babbage, even with remarkably generous support for his time, could not produce his great arithmetical machine. His idea was sound enough, but construction and maintenance costs were then too heavy. Had a Pharaoh been given detailed and explicit designs of an automobile, and had he understood them completely, it would have taxed the resources of his kingdom to have fashioned the thousands of parts for a single car, and that car would have broken down on the first trip to Giza.

Machines with interchangeable parts can now be constructed with great economy of effort. In spite of much complexity, they perform reliably. Witness the humble typewriter, or the movie camera, or the automobile. Electrical contacts have ceased to stick when thoroughly understood. Note the automatic telephone exchange, which has hundreds of thousands of such contacts, and yet is reliable. A spider web of metal, sealed in a thin glass container, a wire heated to brilliant glow, in short, the thermionic tube of radio sets, is made by the hundred million, tossed about in packages, plugged into sockets — and it works! Its gossamer parts, the precise location and alignment involved in its construction, would have occupied a master craftsman of the guild for months; now it is built for

thirty cents. The world has arrived at an age of cheap complex devices of great reliability; and something is bound to come of it.

2

A RECORD, if it is to be useful to science, must be continuously extended, it must be stored, and above all it must be consulted. Today we make the record conventionally by writing and photography, followed by printing; but we also record on film, on wax disks, and on magnetic wires. Even if utterly new recording procedures do not appear, these present ones are certainly in the process of modification and extension.

Certainly progress in photography is not going to stop. Faster material and lenses, more automatic cameras, finer-grained sensitive compounds to allow an extension of the minicamera idea, are all imminent. Let us project this trend ahead to a logical, if not inevitable, outcome. The camera hound of the future wears on his forehead a lump a little larger than a walnut. It takes pictures 3 millimeters square, later to be projected or enlarged, which after all involves only a factor of 10 beyond present practice. The lens is of universal focus, down to any distance accommodated by the unaided eye, simply because it is of short focal length. There is a built-in photocell on the walnut such as we now have on at least one camera, which automatically adjusts exposure for a wide range of illumination. There is film in the walnut for a hundred exposures, and the spring for operating its shutter and shifting its film is wound once for all when the film clip is inserted. It produces its result in full color. It may well be stereoscopic, and record with two spaced glass eyes, for striking improvements in stereoscopic technique are just around the corner.

The cord which trips its shutter may reach down a man's sleeve within easy reach of his fingers. A quick squeeze, and the picture is taken. On a pair of ordinary glasses is a square of fine lines near the top of one lens, where it is out of the way of ordinary vision. When an object appears in that square, it is lined up for its picture. As the scientist of the future moves about the laboratory or the field, every time he looks at something worthy of the record, he trips the shutter and in it goes, without even an audible click. Is this all fantastic? The only fantastic thing about it is the idea of making as many pictures as would result from its use.

Will there be dry photography? It is already here in two forms. When Brady made his Civil War pictures, the plate had to be wet at the time of exposure. Now it has to be wet during development instead. In the future perhaps it need not be wetted at all. There have long been films impregnated with diazo dyes which form a picture without development, so that it is already there as soon as the camera has been operated. An exposure to ammonia gas destroys the unexposed dye, and the picture can then be taken out into the light and examined. The process is now slow, but someone may speed it up, and it has no grain difficulties such as now keep photographic researchers busy. Often it

would be advantageous to be able to snap the camera and to look at the picture immediately.

Another process now in use is also slow, and more or less clumsy. For fifty years impregnated papers have been used which turn dark at every point where an electrical contact touches them, by reason of the chemical change thus produced in an iodine compound included in the paper. They have been used to make records, for a pointer moving across them can leave a trail behind. If the electrical potential on the pointer is varied as it moves, the line becomes light or dark in accordance with the potential.

This scheme is now used in facsimile transmission. The pointer draws a set of closely spaced lines across the paper one after another. As it moves, its potential is varied in accordance with a varying current received over wires from a distant station, where these variations are produced by a photocell which is similarly scanning a picture. At every instant the darkness of the line being drawn is made equal to the darkness of the point on the picture being observed by the photocell. Thus, when the whole picture has been covered, a replica appears at the receiving end.

A scene itself can be just as well looked over line by line by the photocell in this way as can a photograph of the scene. This whole apparatus constitutes a camera, with the added feature, which can be dispensed with if desired, of making its picture at a distance. It is slow, and the picture is poor in detail. Still, it does give another process of dry photography, in which the picture is finished as soon as it is taken.

It would be a brave man who would predict that such a process will always remain clumsy, slow, and faulty in detail. Television equipment today transmits sixteen reasonably good pictures a second, and it involves only two essential differences from the process described above. For one, the record is made by a moving beam of electrons rather than a moving pointer, for the reason that an electron beam can sweep across the picture very rapidly indeed. The other difference involves merely the use of a screen which glows momentarily when the electrons hit, rather than a chemically treated paper or film which is permanently altered. This speed is necessary in television, for motion pictures rather than stills are the object.

Use chemically treated film in place of the glowing screen, allow the apparatus to transmit one picture only rather than a succession, and a rapid camera for dry photography results. The treated film needs to be far faster in action than present examples, but it probably could be. More serious is the objection that this scheme would involve putting the film inside a vacuum chamber, for electron beams behave normally only in such a rarefied environment. This difficulty could be avoided by allowing the electron beam to play on one side of a partition, and by pressing the film against the other side, if this partition were such as to allow the electrons to go through perpendicular to its surface, and to prevent them from spreading out sideways. Such partitions, in crude form, could certainly be constructed, and they will hardly hold up the general development.

Like dry photography, microphotography still has a long way to go. The basic scheme of reducing the size of the record, and examining it by projection rather than directly, has possibilities too great to be ignored. The combination of optical projection and photographic reduction is already producing some results in microfilm for scholarly purposes, and the potentialities are highly suggestive. Today, with microfilm, reductions by a linear factor of 20 can be employed and still produce full clarity when the material is re-enlarged for examination. The limits are set by the graininess of the film, the excellence of the optical system, and the efficiency of the light sources employed. All of these are rapidly improving.

Assume a linear ratio of 100 for future use. Consider film of the same thickness as paper, although thinner film will certainly be usable. Even under these conditions there would be a total factor of 10,000 between the bulk of the ordinary record on books, and its microfilm replica. The *Encyclopædia Britannica* could be reduced to the volume of a matchbox. A library of a million volumes could be compressed into one end of a desk. If the human race has produced since the invention of movable type a total record, in the form of magazines, newspapers, books, tracts, advertising blurbs, correspondence, having a volume corresponding to a billion books, the whole affair, assembled and compressed, could be lugged off in a moving van. Mere compression, of course, is not enough; one needs not only to make and store a record but also be able to consult it, and this aspect of the matter comes later. Even the modern great library is not generally consulted; it is nibbled at by a few.

Compression is important, however, when it comes to costs. The material for the microfilm *Britannica* would cost a nickel, and it could be mailed anywhere for a cent. What would it cost to print a million copies? To print a sheet of newspaper, in a large edition, costs a small fraction of a cent. The entire material of the *Britannica* in reduced microfilm form would go on a sheet eight and one-half by eleven inches. Once it is available, with the photographic reproduction methods of the future, duplicates in large quantities could probably be turned out for a cent apiece beyond the cost of materials. The preparation of the original copy? That introduces the next aspect of the subject.

3

TO MAKE the record, we now push a pencil or tap a typewriter. Then comes the process of digestion and correction, followed by an intricate process of type-setting, printing, and distribution. To consider the first stage of the procedure, will the author of the future cease writing by hand or typewriter and talk directly to the record? He does so indirectly, by talking to a stenographer or a wax cylinder; but the elements are all present if he wishes to have his talk directly produce a typed record. All he needs to do is to take advantage of existing mechanisms and to alter his language.

At a recent World Fair a machine called a Voder was shown. A girl stroked its keys and it emitted recognizable speech. No human vocal chords entered into the procedure at any point; the keys simply combined some electrically produced vibrations and passed these on to a loud-speaker. In the Bell Laboratories there is the converse of this machine, called a Vocoder. The loud-speaker is replaced by a microphone, which picks up sound. Speak to it, and the corresponding keys move. This may be one element of the postulated system.

The other element is found in the stenotype, that somewhat disconcerting device encountered usually at public meetings. A girl strokes its keys languidly and looks about the room and sometimes at the speaker with a disquieting gaze. From it emerges a typed strip which records in a phonetically simplified language a record of what the speaker is supposed to have said. Later this strip is retyped into ordinary language, for in its nascent form it is intelligible only to the initiated. Combine these two elements, let the Vocoder run the stenotype, and the result is a machine which types when talked to.

Our present languages are not especially adapted to this sort of mechanization, it is true. It is strange that the inventors of universal languages have not seized upon the idea of producing one which better fitted the technique for transmitting and recording speech. Mechanization may yet force the issue, especially in the scientific field; whereupon scientific jargon would become still less intelligible to the layman.

One can now picture a future investigator in his laboratory. His hands are free, and he is not anchored. As he moves about and observes, he photographs and comments. Time is automatically recorded to tie the two records together. If he goes into the field, he may be connected by radio to his recorder. As he ponders over his notes in the evening, he again talks his comments into the record. His typed record, as well as his photographs, may both be in miniature, so that he projects them for examination.

Much needs to occur, however, between the collection of data and observations, the extraction of parallel material from the existing record, and the final insertion of new material into the general body of the common record. For mature thought there is no mechanical substitute. But creative thought and essentially repetitive thought are very different things. For the latter there are, and may be, powerful mechanical aids.

Adding a column of figures is a repetitive thought process, and it was long ago properly relegated to the machine. True, the machine is sometimes controlled by a keyboard, and thought of a sort enters in reading the figures and poking the corresponding keys, but even this is avoidable. Machines have been made which will read typed figures by photocells and then depress the corresponding keys; these are combinations of photocells for scanning the type, electric circuits for sorting the consequent variations, and relay circuits for interpreting the result into the action of solenoids to pull the keys down.

All this complication is needed because of the clumsy

way in which we have learned to write figures. If we recorded them positionally, simply by the configuration of a set of dots on a card, the automatic reading mechanism would become comparatively simple. In fact, if the dots are holes, we have the punched-card machine long ago produced by Hollorith for the purposes of the census, and now used throughout business. Some types of complex businesses could hardly operate without these machines.

Adding is only one operation. To perform arithmetical computation involves also subtraction, multiplication, and division, and in addition some method for temporary storage of results, removal from storage for further manipulation, and recording of final results by printing. Machines for these purposes are now of two types: keyboard machines for accounting and the like, manually controlled for the insertion of data, and usually automatically controlled as far as the sequence of operations is concerned; and punched-card machines in which separate operations are usually delegated to a series of machines, and the cards then transferred bodily from one to another. Both forms are very useful; but as far as complex computations are concerned, both are still in embryo.

Rapid electrical counting appeared soon after the physicists found it desirable to count cosmic rays. For their own purposes the physicists promptly constructed thermionic-tube equipment capable of counting electrical impulses at the rate of 100,000 a second. The advanced arithmetical machines of the future will be electrical in nature, and they will perform at 100 times present speeds, or more.

Moreover, they will be far more versatile than present commercial machines, so that they may readily be adapted for a wide variety of operations. They will be controlled by a control card or film, they will select their own data and manipulate it in accordance with the instructions thus inserted, they will perform complex arithmetical computations at exceedingly high speeds, and they will record results in such form as to be readily available for distribution or for later further manipulation. Such machines will have enormous appetites. One of them will take instructions and data from a whole roomful of girls armed with simple keyboard punches, and will deliver sheets of computed results every few minutes. There will always be plenty of things to compute in the detailed affairs of millions of people doing complicated things.

4

THE repetitive processes of thought are not confined, however, to matters of arithmetic and statistics. In fact, every time one combines and records facts in accordance with established logical processes, the creative aspect of thinking is concerned only with the selection of the data and the process to be employed, and the manipulation thereafter is repetitive in nature and hence a fit matter to be relegated to the machines. Not so much has been done along these lines, beyond the bounds of arithmetic, as might be done, primarily

because of the economics of the situation. The needs of business, and the extensive market obviously waiting, assured the advent of mass-produced arithmetical machines just as soon as production methods were sufficiently advanced.

With machines for advanced analysis no such situation existed; for there was and is no extensive market; the users of advanced methods of manipulating data are a very small part of the population. There are, however, machines for solving differential equations — and functional and integral equations, for that matter. There are many special machines, such as the harmonic synthesizer which predicts the tides. There will be many more, appearing certainly first in the hands of the scientist and in small numbers.

If scientific reasoning were limited to the logical processes of arithmetic, we should not get far in our understanding of the physical world. One might as well attempt to grasp the game of poker entirely by the use of the mathematics of probability. The abacus, with its beads strung on parallel wires, led the Arabs to positional numeration and the concept of zero many centuries before the rest of the world; and it was a useful tool — so useful that it still exists.

It is a far cry from the abacus to the modern keyboard accounting machine. It will be an equal step to the arithmetical machine of the future. But even this new machine will not take the scientist where he needs to go. Relief must be secured from laborious detailed manipulation of higher mathematics as well, if the users of it are to free their brains for something more than repetitive detailed transformations in accordance with established rules. A mathematician is not a man who can readily manipulate figures; often he cannot. He is not even a man who can readily perform the transformations of equations by the use of calculus. He is primarily an individual who is skilled in the use of symbolic logic on a high plane, and especially he is a man of intuitive judgment in the choice of the manipulative processes he employs.

All else he should be able to turn over to his mechanism, just as confidently as he turns over the propelling of his car to the intricate mechanism under the hood. Only then will mathematics be practically effective in bringing the growing knowledge of atomistics to the useful solution of the advanced problems of chemistry, metallurgy, and biology. For this reason there will come more machines to handle advanced mathematics for the scientist. Some of them will be sufficiently bizarre to suit the most fastidious connoisseur of the present artifacts of civilization.

5

THE scientist, however, is not the only person who manipulates data and examines the world about him by the use of logical processes, although he sometimes preserves this appearance by adopting into the fold anyone who becomes logical, much in the manner in which a British labor leader is elevated to knighthood. Whenever logical processes of thought are employed —

that is, whenever thought for a time runs along an accepted groove — there is an opportunity for the machine. Formal logic used to be a keen instrument in the hands of the teacher in his trying of students' souls. It is readily possible to construct a machine which will manipulate premises in accordance with formal logic, simply by the clever use of relay circuits. Put a set of premises into such a device and turn the crank, and it will readily pass out conclusion after conclusion, all in accordance with logical law, and with no more slips than would be expected of a keyboard adding machine.

Logic can become enormously difficult, and it would undoubtedly be well to produce more assurance in its use. The machines for higher analysis have usually been equation solvers. Ideas are beginning to appear for equation transformers, which will rearrange the relationship expressed by an equation in accordance with strict and rather advanced logic. Progress is inhibited by the exceedingly crude way in which mathematicians express their relationships. They employ a symbolism which grew like Topsy and has little consistency; a strange fact in that most logical field.

A new symbolism, probably positional, must apparently precede the reduction of mathematical transformations to machine processes. Then, on beyond the strict logic of the mathematician, lies the application of logic in everyday affairs. We may some day click off arguments on a machine with the same assurance that we now enter sales on a cash register. But the machine of logic will not look like a cash register, even of the streamlined model.

So much for the manipulation of ideas and their insertion into the record. Thus far we seem to be worse off than before—for we can enormously extend the record; yet even in its present bulk we can hardly consult it. This is a much larger matter than merely the extraction of data for the purposes of scientific research; it involves the entire process by which man profits by his inheritance of acquired knowledge. The prime action of use is selection, and here we are halting indeed. There may be millions of fine thoughts, and the account of the experience on which they are based, all encased within stone walls of acceptable architectural form; but if the scholar can get at only one a week by diligent search, his syntheses are not likely to keep up with the current scene.

Selection, in this broad sense, is a stone adze in the hands of a cabinetmaker. Yet, in a narrow sense and in other areas, something has already been done mechanically on selection. The personnel officer of a factory drops a stack of a few thousand employee cards into a selecting machine, sets a code in accordance with an established convention, and produces in a short time a list of all employees who live in Trenton and know Spanish. Even such devices are much too slow when it comes, for example, to matching a set of fingerprints with one of five million on file. Selection devices of this sort will soon be speeded up from their present rate of reviewing data at a few hundred a minute. By the use of photocells and microfilm they will survey

items at the rate of a thousand a second, and will print out duplicates of those selected.

This process, however, is simple selection: it proceeds by examining in turn every one of a large set of items, and by picking out those which have certain specified characteristics. There is another form of selection best illustrated by the automatic telephone exchange. You dial a number and the machine selects and connects just one of a million possible stations. It does not run over them all. It pays attention only to a class given by a first digit, then only to a subclass of this given by the second digit, and so on; and thus proceeds rapidly and almost unerringly to the selected station. It requires a few seconds to make the selection, although the process could be speeded up if increased speed were economically warranted. If necessary, it could be made extremely fast by substituting thermionic-tube switching for mechanical switching, so that the full selection could be made in one one-hundredth of a second. No one would wish to spend the money necessary to make this change in the telephone system, but the general idea is applicable elsewhere.

Take the prosaic problem of the great department store. Every time a charge sale is made, there are a number of things to be done. The inventory needs to be revised, the salesman needs to be given credit for the sale, the general accounts need an entry, and, most important, the customer needs to be charged. A central records device has been developed in which much of this work is done conveniently. The salesman places on a stand the customer's identification card, his own card, and the card taken from the article sold — all punched cards. When he pulls a lever, contacts are made through the holes, machinery at a central point makes the necessary computations and entries, and the proper receipt is printed for the salesman to pass to the customer.

But there may be ten thousand charge customers doing business with the store, and before the full operation can be completed someone has to select the right card and insert it at the central office. Now rapid selection can slide just the proper card into position in an instant or two, and return it afterward. Another difficulty occurs, however. Someone must read a total on the card, so that the machine can add its computed item to it. Conceivably the cards might be of the dry photography type I have described. Existing totals could then be read by photocell, and the new total entered by an electron beam.

The cards may be in miniature, so that they occupy little space. They must move quickly. They need not be transferred far, but merely into position so that the photocell and recorder can operate on them. Positional dots can enter the data. At the end of the month a machine can readily be made to read these and to print an ordinary bill. With tube selection, in which no mechanical parts are involved in the switches, little time need be occupied in bringing the correct card into use — a second should suffice for the entire operation. The whole record on the card may be made by magnetic dots on a steel sheet if desired, instead of

dots to be observed optically, following the scheme by which Poulsen long ago put speech on a magnetic wire. This method has the advantage of simplicity and ease of erasure. By using photography, however, one can arrange to project the record in enlarged form, and at a distance by using the process common in television equipment.

One can consider rapid selection of this form, and distant projection for other purposes. To be able to key one sheet of a million before an operator in a second or two, with the possibility of then adding notes thereto, is suggestive in many ways. It might even be of use in libraries, but that is another story. At any rate, there are now some interesting combinations possible. One might, for example, speak to a microphone, in the manner described in connection with the speech-controlled typewriter, and thus make his selections. It would certainly beat the usual file clerk.

6

THE real heart of the matter of selection, however, goes deeper than a lag in the adoption of mechanisms by libraries, or a lack of development of devices for their use. Our ineptitude in getting at the record is largely caused by the artificiality of systems of indexing. When data of any sort are placed in storage, they are filed alphabetically or numerically, and information is found (when it is) by tracing it down from subclass to subclass. It can be in only one place, unless duplicates are used; one has to have rules as to which path will locate it, and the rules are cumbersome. Having found one item, moreover, one has to emerge from the system and re-enter on a new path.

The human mind does not work that way. It operates by association. With one item in its grasp, it snaps instantly to the next that is suggested by the association of thoughts, in accordance with some intricate web of trails carried by the cells of the brain. It has other characteristics, of course; trails that are not frequently followed are prone to fade, items are not fully permanent, memory is transitory. Yet the speed of action, the intricacy of trails, the detail of mental pictures, is awe-inspiring beyond all else in nature.

Man cannot hope fully to duplicate this mental process artificially, but he certainly ought to be able to learn from it. In minor ways he may even improve, for his records have relative permanency. The first idea, however, to be drawn from the analogy concerns selection. Selection by association, rather than by indexing, may yet be mechanized. One cannot hope thus to equal the speed and flexibility with which the mind follows an associative trail, but it should be possible to beat the mind decisively in regard to the permanence and clarity of the items resurrected from storage.

Consider a future device for individual use, which is a sort of mechanized private file and library. It needs a name, and, to coin one at random, "memex" will do. A memex is a device in which an individual stores all his books, records, and communications, and which is

mechanized so that it may be consulted with exceeding speed and flexibility. It is an enlarged intimate supplement to his memory.

It consists of a desk, and while it can presumably be operated from a distance, it is primarily the piece of furniture at which he works. On the top are slanting translucent screens, on which material can be projected for convenient reading. There is a keyboard, and sets of buttons and levers. Otherwise it looks like an ordinary desk.

In one end is the stored material. The matter of bulk is well taken care of by improved microfilm. Only a small part of the interior of the memex is devoted to storage, the rest to mechanism. Yet if the user inserted 5000 pages of material a day it would take him hundreds of years to fill the repository, so he can be profligate and enter material freely.

Most of the memex contents are purchased on microfilm ready for insertion. Books of all sorts, pictures, current periodicals, newspapers, are thus obtained and dropped into place. Business correspondence takes the same path. And there is provision for direct entry. On the top of the memex is a transparent platen. On this are placed longhand notes, photographs, memoranda, all sorts of things. When one is in place, the depression of a lever causes it to be photographed onto the next blank space in a section of the memex film, dry photography being employed.

There is, of course, provision for consultation of the record by the usual scheme of indexing. If the user wishes to consult a certain book, he taps its code on the keyboard, and the title page of the book promptly appears before him, projected onto one of his viewing positions. Frequently-used codes are mnemonic, so that he seldom consults his code book; but when he does, a single tap of a key projects it for his use. Moreover, he has supplemental levers. On deflecting one of these levers to the right he runs through the book before him, each page in turn being projected at a speed which just allows a recognizing glance at each. If he deflects it further to the right, he steps through the book 10 pages at a time; still further at 100 pages at a time. Deflection to the left gives him the same control backwards.

A special button transfers him immediately to the first page of the index. Any given book of his library can thus be called up and consulted with far greater facility than if it were taken from a shelf. As he has several projection positions, he can leave one item in position while he calls up another. He can add marginal notes and comments, taking advantage of one possible type of dry photography, and it could even be arranged so that he can do this by a stylus scheme, such as is now employed in the telautograph seen in railroad waiting rooms, just as though he had the physical page before him.

It affords an immediate step, however, to associative indexing, the basic idea of which is a provision whereby any item may be caused at will to select immediately and automatically another. This is the essential feature of the memex. The process of tying two items together is the important thing.

When the user is building a trail, he names it, inserts the name in his code book, and taps it out on his keyboard. Before him are the two items to be joined, projected onto adjacent viewing positions. At the bottom of each there are a number of blank code spaces, and a pointer is set to indicate one of these on each item. The user taps a single key, and the items are permanently joined. In each code space appears the code word. Out of view, but also in the code space, is inserted a set of dots for photocell viewing; and on each item these dots by their positions designate the index number of the other item.

Thereafter, at any time, when one of these items is in view, the other can be instantly recalled merely by tapping a button below the corresponding code space. Moreover, when numerous items have been thus joined together to form a trail, they can be reviewed in turn, rapidly or slowly, by deflecting a lever like that used for turning the pages of a book. It is exactly as though the physical items had been gathered together from widely separated sources and bound together to form a new book. It is more than this, for any item can be joined into numerous trails.

The owner of the memex, let us say, is interested in the origin and properties of the bow and arrow. Specifically he is studying why the short Turkish bow was apparently superior to the English long bow in the skirmishes of the Crusades. He has dozens of possibly pertinent books and articles in his memex. First he runs through an encyclopedia, finds an interesting but sketchy article, leaves it projected. Next, in a history, he finds another pertinent item, and ties the two together. Thus he goes, building a trail of many items. Occasionally he inserts a comment of his own, either linking it into the main trail or joining it by a side trail to a particular item. When it becomes evident that the elastic properties of available materials had a great deal to do with the bow, he branches off on a side trail which takes him through textbooks on elasticity and tables of physical constants. He inserts a page of longhand analysis of his own. Thus he builds a trail of his interest through the maze of materials available to him.

And his trails do not fade. Several years later, his talk with a friend turns to the queer ways in which a people resist innovations, even of vital interest. He has an example, in the fact that the outraged Europeans still failed to adopt the Turkish bow. In fact he has a trail on it. A touch brings up the code book. Tapping a few keys projects the head of the trail. A lever runs through it at will, stopping at interesting items, going off on side excursions. It is an interesting trail, pertinent to the discussion. So he sets a reproducer in action, photographs the whole trail out, and passes it to his friend for insertion in his own memex, there to be linked into the more general trail.

ALL this is conventional, except for the projection forward of present-day mechanisms and gadgetry.

8

WHOLLY new forms of encyclopedias will appear, ready-made with a mesh of associative trails running through them, ready to be dropped into the memex and there amplified. The lawyer has at his touch the associated opinions and decisions of his whole experience, and of the experience of friends and authorities. The patent attorney has on call the millions of issued patents, with familiar trails to every point of his client's interest. The physician, puzzled by a patient's reactions, strikes the trail established in studying an earlier similar case, and runs rapidly through analogous case histories, with side references to the classics for the pertinent anatomy and histology. The chemist, struggling with the synthesis of an organic compound, has all the chemical literature before him in his laboratory, with trails following the analogies of compounds, and side trails to their physical and chemical behavior.

The historian, with a vast chronological account of a people, parallels it with a skip trail which stops only on the salient items, and can follow at any time contemporary trails which lead him all over civilization at a particular epoch. There is a new profession of trail blazers, those who find delight in the task of establishing useful trails through the enormous mass of the common record. The inheritance from the master becomes, not only his additions to the world's record, but for his disciples the entire scaffolding by which they were erected.

Thus science may implement the ways in which man produces, stores, and consults the record of the race. It might be striking to outline the instrumentalities of the future more spectacularly, rather than to stick closely to methods and elements now known and undergoing rapid development, as has been done here. Technical difficulties of all sorts have been ignored, certainly, but also ignored are means as yet unknown which may come any day to accelerate technical progress as violently as did the advent of the thermionic tube. In order that the picture may not be too commonplace, by reason of sticking to present-day patterns, it may be well to mention one such possibility, not to prophesy but merely to suggest, for prophecy based on extension of the known has substance, while prophecy founded on the unknown is only a doubly involved guess.

All our steps in creating or absorbing material of the record proceed through one of the senses — the tactile when we touch keys, the oral when we speak or listen, the visual when we read. Is it not possible that some day the path may be established more directly?

We know that when the eye sees, all the consequent information is transmitted to the brain by means of electrical vibrations in the channel of the optic nerve. This is an exact analogy with the electrical vibrations which occur in the cable of a television set: they convey the picture from the photocells which see it to the radio transmitter from which it is broadcast. We know

further that if we can approach that cable with the proper instruments, we do not need to touch it; we can pick up those vibrations by electrical induction and thus discover and reproduce the scene which is being transmitted, just as a telephone wire may be tapped for its message.

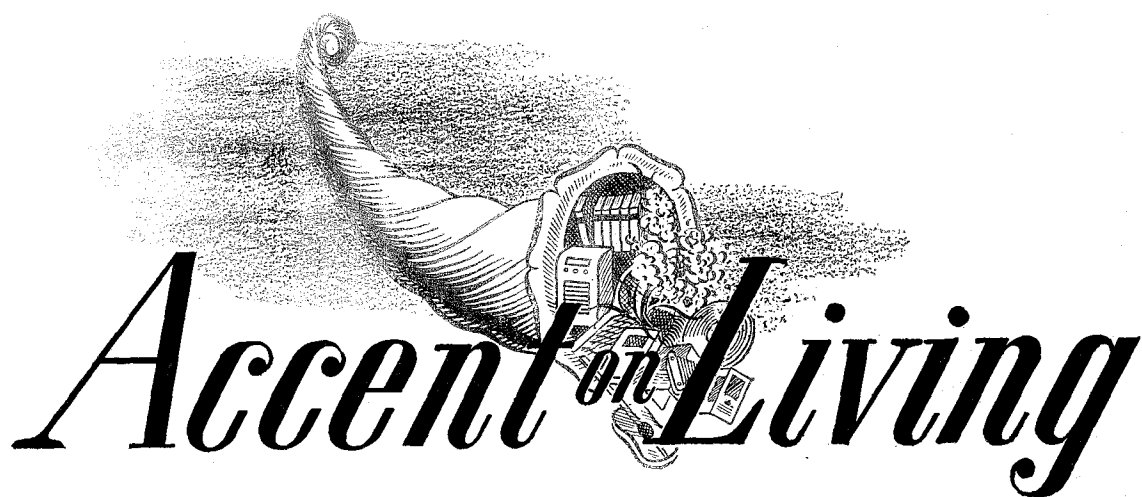
The impulses which flow in the arm nerves of a typist convey to her fingers the translated information which reaches her eye or ear, in order that the fingers may be caused to strike the proper keys. Might not these currents be intercepted, either in the original form in which information is conveyed to the brain, or in the marvelously metamorphosed form in which they then proceed to the hand?

By bone conduction we already introduce sounds into the nerve channels of the deaf in order that they may hear. Is it not possible that we may learn to introduce them without the present clumsiness of first transforming electrical vibrations to mechanical ones, which the human mechanism promptly transforms back to the electrical form? With a couple of electrodes on the skull the encephalograph now produces pen-and-ink traces which bear some relation to the electrical phenomena going on in the brain itself. True, the record is unintelligible, except as it points out certain gross malfunctioning of the cerebral mechanism; but who would now place bounds on where such a thing may lead?

In the outside world, all forms of intelligence, whether of sound or sight, have been reduced to the form of varying currents in an electric circuit in order that they may be transmitted. Inside the human frame exactly the same sort of process occurs. Must we always transform to mechanical movements in order to proceed from one electrical phenomenon to another? It is a suggestive thought, but it hardly warrants prediction without losing touch with reality and immediateness.

Presumably man's spirit should be elevated if he can better review his shady past and analyze more completely and objectively his present problems. He has built a civilization so complex that he needs to mechanize his records more fully if he is to push his experiment to its logical conclusion and not merely become bogged down part way there by overtaxing his limited memory. His excursions may be more enjoyable if he can reacquire the privilege of forgetting the manifold things he does not need to have immediately at hand, with some assurance that he can find them again if they prove important.

The applications of science have built man a well-supplied house, and are teaching him to live healthily therein. They have enabled him to throw masses of people against one another with cruel weapons. They may yet allow him truly to encompass the great record and to grow in the wisdom of race experience. He may perish in conflict before he learns to wield that record for his true good. Yet, in the application of science to the needs and desires of man, it would seem to be a singularly unfortunate stage at which to terminate the process, or to lose hope as to the outcome.



Accent on Living

"Musical and Low"

By ELLIOT PAUL

WHATEVER else the public gets in the post-war world, it is sure to be deluged with the kind of films known as "musicals." All the big studios, spurred on by the guilty feeling that very, very soon the cash customers will start setting fire to movie theaters whose proprietors dare to exhibit war pictures, are making plans for light, meaningless productions devoid of airplane and artillery sound-effects and actors wearing military uniforms.

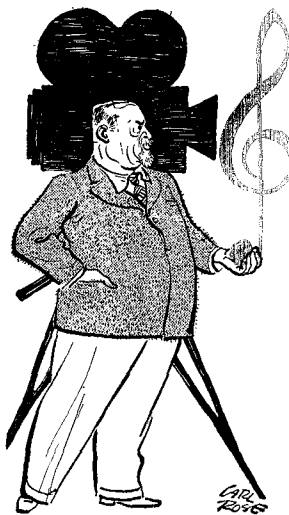
It must have been about four years ago that Warner Brothers started work on a picture called *Rhapsody in Blue*, the theme of which was to be the life of the late George Gershwin, as he would have lived it had he been obliged to live it with the Hays office looking on. This was in the days when Warner Brothers still handicapped themselves with the Hays organization. Since then, this pioneer studio has freed itself from censorship and seems to be doing even better than before. No more hopeful sign has appeared in the Hollywood sky these many years.

The Gershwin biographical picture, which has recently been released for the military, and surely will reach the unarmed forces soon, is a semi-serious narrative centering on the brilliant young composer's development and career. A newcomer to the screen, Robert Alda, gives a remarkable impersonation of

Gershwin, such a fresh and stimulating feat of acting that the somewhat stodgy story comes to life, and does not spoil Gershwin's very gay and poignant music.

How to be serious and write screen plays for adults without being ponderous, oratorical, anticlimactic, and dull is a problem Hollywood has seldom tackled and never solved, completely. Brilliant, sophisticated comedies have been produced, farcical ones by René Clair and Preston Sturges, thoughtful and slyly humorous ones by Nunnally Johnson, soul-satisfying burlesque by W. C. Fields and the Marx Brothers. Biographies never have come off. No literate movie fan, and there are quite a few, can think about what MGM did to Madame Curie without a shudder. Zola, as played by Paul Muni, with all references to anti-Semitism left out of the Dreyfus case, was a travesty.

The current film called *A Song to Remember*, purporting to deal with the life of Chopin, hits the lowest level yet recorded. Even the music is badly selected and indifferently played. José Iturbi's hammer and tongs technique and master of ceremonies personality are as far from Chopin as it is possible to travel. Cornel Wilde, as the immortal Pole (who lived in Paris, by the way), makes one reach for a pair of climbers. And no one can convince me that whoever cast Merle Oberon as George Sand did not have his tongue in his cheek. To see a sloe-eyed, soft-voiced (with seductive British accent), indolent, and voluptuous beauty in the role of that mediocre authoress may have pleased the sticks, where watches are still used to check the Minute Waltz.



Newspaperman, globe-trotter, novelist, musician, ELLIOT PAUL is writing screen plays in Hollywood, with occasional reports to this department.



Mind at work

SOMETHING has clicked in that young head. Some word or phrase has struck a spark and he's off on a lonely tangent of thought all his own.

Be careful — don't disturb him. Something important is going on in that busy little mind. Maybe a little piece of tomorrow is being born.

ASK the engineers where the good, new things come from and you may be surprised to learn that most of the big problems are solved first in people's heads.

The test tubes, the laboratories and the drawing boards come after. Before that, somebody has to get an idea—even as this young fellow has.

Go back, for instance 29 years ago when General Motors engineers were trying to find out what made an engine knock and how to stop that knock.

Their experiments made them think that color in the fuel might be the answer. They tried coloring gasoline red by adding iodine. The knock stopped.

Then they found that a property of the chemical and not color stopped the knock—but adding color started them on the right track. Years of work and thousands of chemical compounds were necessary before Ethyl gasoline was perfected.

From that came the high compression engine and today's 100-octane fuels which power the

giant air armadas clouding our enemies' skies.

So let the young dream their dreams. Their everlasting quest for the new and better is one of America's greatest guarantees of a finer future.

And you may be sure that, in a world restored to peace, they will find General Motors in the forefront of those who work for more and better things for more people.

GENERAL MOTORS

"VICTORY IS OUR BUSINESS"

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE
BUICK • CADILLAC • BODY BY FISHER
FRIGIDAIRE • GMC TRUCK AND COACH
GM DIESEL

Every Sunday Afternoon
GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY
OF THE AIR—NBC Network

MAKE VICTORY COMPLETE
★
Buy More War Bonds

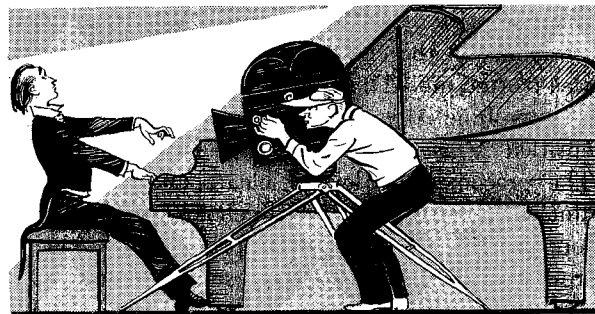
One of the few impersonations of historical characters I have seen on the screen which did not make me sick and discouraged was that of Henry VIII by Charles Laughton. Darryl Zanuck's Wilson, interpreted by Alexander Knox, was sincere and quite effective. What troubled me in that was the selection and distortion of Wilson's speeches and writings. They were more effective, dramatically, in the original than in the form Lamar Trotti used in the script. And Henry Cabot Lodge was reduced in anti-spiritual stature until he appeared like a little crabbed old woman instead of a consummate hypocrite and rogue. I am sure those who admired Henry Cabot Lodge would feel an emotion akin to mine, although in reverse. If Lodge was a hero and was justified in sabotaging world peace, he still must be played as a powerful figure and not a little martinet with whiskers.

All in all, George Washington, who cannot be portrayed on the screen without offending the English (and consequently cutting down the profits about 10 per cent), is fortunate. I can see in advance, and suffer in anticipation, some kid like Roddy McDowall looking up at Washington's father (some actor like Alan Hale) with calf's eyes, slightly crossed in tense moments like those of Margaret O'Brien, and going through the cherry tree routine.

And the worst feature of biographical pictures is that each one sets off a series in imitation of it, unless it flops completely. After Gershwin is disposed of, there will be a film in honor of practically every member of ASCAP. Already *Night and Day*, the story of Cole Porter, is in preparation. This will be followed by *Old Man River*, no doubt, with Jerry Kern playing himself. The ultimate would be Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra co-starring in *Moody and Sanky*. That I would see several times.

Unlike the biographical musicals, those that have actors dressed as soldiers and wives weeping for letters into stamp presses and vacuum cleaners, the war musicals are being hurried along. Producers suspect — and, I believe, rightly — that after the capitulation of Japan, the public will protest at the mention of a canteen, transport, or military plane, and will violently resent all references to what we were fighting for, the Constitution, the Bill of Rights, and will squirm whenever a war song or national anthem is played.

The "Canteen" series of pictures included some good vaudeville and the most inane stories known to man. It seemed to me that the way American soldiers were portrayed in *Hollywood Canteen* and *Stage Door Canteen* was nothing short of libelous. I have yet to talk with a serviceman who does not



agree with this. If our army contained any appreciable percentage of such dopes as "California" in *Stage Door Canteen* or the string bean played by Robert Hutton in the Warner Brothers offering, we should already have lost the war. On the other hand, Ray Bolger's act, the performance of Carmen Caballero and his band, and similar highlights of pure entertainment made the evenings worth while.

In my opinion, the best of the war musicals was *Two Girls and a Sailor*, produced by Joe Pasternak. The girls were June Allyson and Gloria DeHaven; the sailor was the adolescent's delight, Van Johnson.

Johnson, incidentally, deserves better praise than he has received. He is a young man and plays young men, but he will grow older just as quickly as the bobby-sockers do, and has talent as an actor that will mature and fit him for serious roles.

My complaint against *Two Girls and a Sailor* applies equally to any other Pasternak production. It is altogether too pure. I am sure that those boys who are giving their all for a better world do not enjoy seeing themselves on the screen with such honorable intentions, chivalrous notions, and phenomenal self-control as Pasternak gives them. Also, I think it is unfortunate that Pasternak has no feeling for jazz or swing music. What he really likes is to see some angelic young coloratura chirruping the Hallelujah Chorus or the Bell Song. In *Two Girls* he had Lena Horne and Virginia O'Brien to work with, and both of their spots were ghastly, not from any fault of theirs, but for reasons traceable directly to Pasternak. These two acts were the only blemishes in an otherwise entertaining musical show. It may be said confidently that vaudeville is coming back. Jimmy Durante got his first real break in Hollywood and came through in grand old style. Ben Blue's dance number is immense. Gracie Allen with Coates, of the London Symphony, brings music nearer to the masses, using only one finger and one note on the grand piano.

Two Girls and a Sailor was a hit from the start. And the inevitable happened. MGM, Pasternak, and Henry Koster started out to do the same thing over again, with enough modifications to justify

another price of admission. Van Johnson was not available, so the child prodigy, Margaret O'Brien, was trotted out. Durante and Iturbi were retained. So was June Allyson. The result is a catastrophe entitled *Music for Millions*. It is truly maudlin. The precocious little girl bleats and prays until almost anyone would want to choke her; June Allyson, surely one of the most promising young actresses in Hollywood today, snuffles and snivels and leans on her bass fiddle in the pangs of pregnancy throughout ten reels. Iturbi butchers assorted snatches of the classics and struts around, looking and sounding like a cross between Charles Boyer and a Great Dane. Durante flaps his arms and gets in his own way, and is pathetic rather than comic. Everything is oversentimentalized, overplayed, and overwritten. The standard formula of a laugh with a tear in it is all very well, but when there is a bucket of tears and only a lugubrious chuckle or two bubbling up from the depths once every thirty minutes, something drastic should be done.

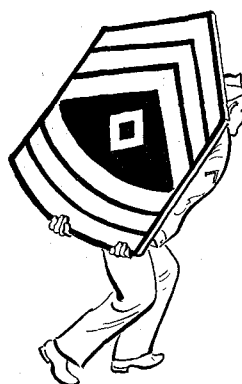
In *Music for Millions* there is no attempt at jazz or swing, even of the mild Harry James variety. The orchestra starts a halfhearted jam session, but it is synthetic and gets nowhere before it peters into Durante. Hugh Herbert and his frank little niece, Marie Wilson, are the only wholesome characters and contribute the much needed comic relief. One wishes that the O'Brien child had stayed in Sunday School, somewhere off the lot, and that Myles Connolly had devoted his distinguished talents to writing the story around Hugh and Marie.

It would not be possible to write about the current and recent batch of musicals without mentioning the two shows in which Rita Hayworth starred: *Cover Girl* and *Tonight and Every Night*. The former was marred by a complicated plot involving a couple of generations of disappointed lovers, all of the Social Register variety and played by chorus boys. *Tonight and Every Night* was produced and directed for Columbia by Victor Saville; and aside from displaying the gorgeous Rita in the most unbecoming style of heavy underwear, Saville made good use of her gifts. The songs were slightly reminiscent of "The Bird on Nellie's Hat" (A.D. 1906). In one or two shots of Miss Hayworth, I found myself feeling tolerant of Technicolor. It's hard to decide whether it improves or whether it merely wears one down.



Stand-in for a Zebra

By JACK POPE



THE striped man in olive drab, that unforgettable character known in Army circles as the first sergeant, was recently depicted in these pages as being an indefatigable worker of prodigious intellect and acumen. Not only was he shown as a paragon of the executive type, but some people would have us believe that he actually accomplishes a

voluminous amount of paper work, without surcease, in the orderly room of his company. It was reported that he even refuses to leave the confines of his office until he personally completes the company morning report, the sick book, and the duty roster. We were also told that he operates with the speed and accuracy of a calculating machine and therefore is able to spend a moiety of his busy day handing out legal advice to lieutenants, supervising intramural fiscal problems, and playing the role of a Dutch uncle to wayward members of his organization who continually are flocking to the orderly room for his astute counsel.

Nothing could be further from the truth. A first sergeant who possessed these amazing attributes would find himself court-martialed and reduced to the grade of corporal for impersonating a company clerk, that unassuming work horse who is laconically listed in the Army Dictionary of Occupations as a clerk-typist.

If interrogated on the duties, problems, and habits of the company clerk, a first sergeant probably would picture him as a soldier who finds the inside of an orderly room so distasteful that he is forced into frequent debauches during his numerous spare hours after dark, and consequently finds it necessary to spend the daylight hours in the mess hall assuaging a splitting head with tomato juice and black coffee.

The headache part is true, for in addition to acting as a combination famulus and amanuensis to the first sergeant, the clerk frequently finds himself assuming full responsibility for the entire company, especially during incursions from the Inspector General's office. On these memorable occasions, when a party of highly polished brass hats gathers

An Infantry sergeant now stationed in Oklahoma, JACK POPE rises to the offense as a result of "In Defense of First Sergeants," which appeared in the January *Atlantic*.

in the orderly room to recite a long list of company deficiencies noted during the tour of inspection, the first sergeant will retire to a neutral corner, completely abrogate his vested authority, and delegate the company clerk as official spokesman for the organization.

The company clerk's day begins long before the first sergeant enters the orderly room to ponder the Number One horizontal word in the daily crossword puzzle. By this time, which may vary from 0700 to 0800, depending on the amount of free beer dispensed at the noncoms' club the night before, the clerk has already completed entries in the sick book and the duty roster and is putting the finishing touches on the morning report. He is assisted in this job by the services of an upright World War I typewriter which still wears a 1917 campaign ribbon and billets cockroaches as a side line. With this fugitive from a salvage pile, the clerk is supposed to turn out readable documents and letters.

About 0930, the monotonous rhythm of the keys may be broken by rollicking chuckles in machine-gun cadence from the first sergeant, who now has abandoned the uncompleted puzzle for the comic books. The clerk is still pressing on feverishly as he types one court-martial charge sheet after another for men in the company who, in direct violation of Article of War 61, wrongfully repaired to the beer garden or home instead of the drill field.

In the interim, the first sergeant may decide that it is a propitious moment to perfect the embouchure of his whistle calls. After several staccato exercises and a few sustained notes of strident quality, he relinquishes this form of entertainment when a rescue squad bursts into the company office with fire extinguishers and buckets of water.

Without even pausing to look up, the clerk begins to prepare a new company roster in quadruplicate for the regimental dental officer, which furnishes the first sergeant with a mnemonic fillip by reminding him that he left his upper prosthetic plate in a footlocker after breakfast. While beating his gums to the lilting lyrics of "Don't Fence Me In," the top kick disappears in the direction of the barracks and is a casualty for the rest of the morning.

During the noon hour the clerk is permitted to take fifteen minutes off to check the mess attend-

ance, complete his over and under ration issue chart, list the number of cash meals served in the mess hall, and type out a copy of the menu for the next day. Having completed this chow-time chore, he fortifies himself with coffee and returns to the orderly room to finish his consolidated ration report. He finds that someone in his absence has generously deposited four or five king-size sacks of incoming mail on his desk, which must be sorted and distributed to the men before drill call at 1300.

From 1300 the clerk is free to take care of the daily official correspondence, all of which must be conducted in the prescribed military manner. For those who never have had the exhilarating experience of composing a military letter, the ways and means may seem both cumbersome and bizarre. In the first place, an official communication must be replied to within twenty-four hours. Should it be impractical to furnish all the information requested in the allotted time, it is still necessary to advise the writer the reason for the delay.

The limitations are enough to discourage the most ardent correspondent. A series of top, right, and left marginal adjustments must be executed to three decimal places — and if the letter is addressed to a General, it is well to use four to preclude the possibility of error and a couple of week-ends in the post stockade.

Only one matter will be discussed in this letter, paragraph and sub-paragraph indentations will be uniform, and the body of the letter will be couched in the style of a formal wedding invitation. The clerk, mindful of all this, invites the attention of the Commanding General in the Last Service Command to note the fact that Private Goldbrick, outstanding eight-ball of the company, would like to go home Christmas Day as well as all the ensuing ones, and even is willing to settle for a Section VIII in lieu of a furlough.

Inasmuch as this letter must go "through channels," an Army mail service comparable to the pony express for speed, the clerk is careful not to specify any particular Christmas in the request. "Through channels" means also that practically every man in uniform



LISTEN: JULY 1, 1945

Pfc. John S. Turpee was wounded in Germany. He woke up in a hospital in England, following an operation. Still in partial coma, he muttered, "Radio...turn it on...I want to hear my brother-in-law..." So the nurse turned it on, tuning in a shortwave broadcast of CBS' *It Pays To Be Ignorant* with Harry McNaughton, who is married to Turpee's sister.

★

Part of the story of victory in Europe as it came through the radio receivers of 33,100,000 American families is now between the covers of a small book published by CBS. It covers the period between D-Day, June 6, 1944 and V-E Day, May 8, 1945 and touches in sequence the high points of the greatest military operation in history.

It is a collection of 160 high spot broadcasts made by Columbia's correspondents in western Europe. It takes you behind the scenes of CBS' complex news broadcasting operations. You read the shortwave conversations between Columbia's Director of News Broadcasts in New York and his overseas staff in the field—words which you couldn't hear on the air. They reveal the geographical disposition of the correspondents, the last-minute instructions preceding the broadcast of momentous events, the tension and excitement peculiar to radio.

The book went to press June 5, 1945, was published June 11, which is some sort of record in itself. There are some 30 pictures in it. If you'd like a copy, simply write "Dept. C—CBS, 485 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N.Y." and ask for *From D-Day Through Victory In Europe*. You'll find it good reading and you may want to keep it as a speeding fragment of history and sound sample of the objective information service CBS provides, around the clock and the world, for its expanding and grateful radio audience.

★

You have to get up early to beat Station KTUC in Tucson for community enterprise. You may recall the record-breaking paper salvage campaign it put on last year by distributing bins throughout the area marked WAIST PAPER. In May the same

CBS affiliate, with the police department, started a safety campaign by setting up an automobile brake-checking station right in front of its studios. It supplied an official windshield seal for brakes in good condition; or a citation with a limit of 10 days to get the brakes fixed if they were faulty.

In two weeks 23,958 cars were checked, 1888 had bad brakes and more than 1400 of these were repaired. To KTUC went the kind regards of the Tucson Chamber of Commerce and the State Highway Patrol, as well as the unspoken gratitude of hundreds of mothers of small children.

★



It's too late for Portland and Kansas City, but there's still time to get to Ann Arbor and New York, if you want to profit by some interesting summer courses in radio techniques.

In Portland, Ore., Columbia's affiliate KOIN is just ending its annual meeting sessions of the Radio Institute for Teachers. Lyman Bryson and Gilbert Seldes, Columbia's directors of educational broadcasts and television programs, were there for a series of lectures.

In Kansas City, KMBC held seminars in radio script writing under the guidance of Mortimer Frankel, the network's assistant script editor of the Program Writing Division.

At New York University the Summer Radio Workshop, July 2 to August 10, will be directed by Robert J. Landry, Director of CBS' Program Writing Division, assisted by Charles S. Monroe and Frances Farmer Wilder, CBS Consultant on Daytime Radio.

CBS supervisor Lee Bland, producer Robert L. Shayon and script editor Elwood Hoffman are taking part in the University of Michigan's radio seminars, July 30 to August 3.

All of them thoroughly know their business, in one of the most interesting and useful specialties on earth.

★

The minutes of Virginia's first constitutional convention in 43 years

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

carry a tribute to Columbia's Richmond affiliate station WRVA, which broadcast a large portion of the proceedings during the four-day meeting early in May. The convention was called to offer an amendment exempting servicemen from the poll tax and registration requirements for voting. The commendation reads:

"Whereas, Radio Station WRVA of Richmond, Virginia, has extended valuable cooperation by broadcasting substantial parts of the proceedings of this Convention

"Now, therefore, be it resolved, by the Constitutional Convention of the Commonwealth of Virginia assembled in the Old Hall of the House of Delegates in the Capitol of Richmond, Virginia, April 30-May 2, 1945, that the thanks and appreciation of the Convention be and they are hereby expressed, and that an engrossed copy of these resolutions be presented to Radio Station WRVA."

★

Today, some 33,100,000 families in the U.S. own 59,000,000 radios, of which 8,750,000 are in automobiles.

The last available comparison (1941) with other countries:

Germany	14,965,048
USSR	10,551,361
Great Britain	9,132,200
Japan	5,369,898
France	5,133,035

Counting other countries not listed above, there's a rough total of 100,000,000 radio families in the world.

In the spring *Public Opinion Quarterly*, William C. Ackerman, Director of CBS' Reference Department, reports that a trade journal in 1922 called radio "the current successor to the put-and-take top in popular fancy."

★

This is

CBS

the COLUMBIA
BROADCASTING SYSTEM

will have an equal opportunity to read of the private whims of Private Goldbrick, for the endless chain of orderly rooms and battalion, division, regimental, and group headquarters through which this communication must pass is as broad and deep as the Army itself.

By the time the company clerk has waded through a pile of similar correspondence, darkness has engulfed the area. As the post bugle renders taps, he enters his own name, neatly, in the sick book and departs for the dispensary to commune with a pair of aspirins.

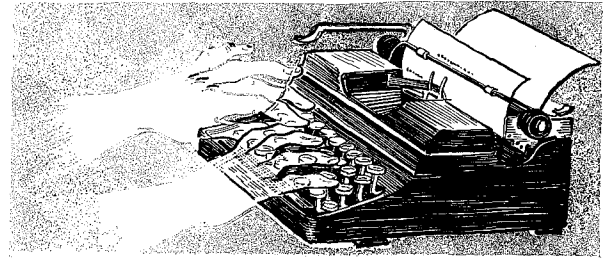
Perhaps someone is wondering how the first sergeant has spent the afternoon. Why, the man has virtually been chained to his desk in the orderly room, up to his Good Conduct Medal in work, with scarcely enough time to borrow a package of cigarettes and a five-spot from the company clerk. Had we looked in on him at 1400, we should have seen him studiously bent over his desk, with pen in hand, peering at a War Department AGO Form number 7, the enlisted man's pass blank, on which he had adroitly inserted his own name for a three-day pass effective at 1430.

The Boone Men

By FLORIDA WATTS SMYTH

"WALNUT will last,"
Old Daniel said,
As the men felled trees
By the creek's bed;
As they hewed the beams,
The rough boards for the floor;
Shaped the stair-rail
And hung each door.
"Walnut will last,"
The old man said,
"A long time after
You are dead."
Who could believe
The sharp words then,
So hearty were
The young Boone men?

Old Daniel came in
From the Judgment Tree,
Where he held court;
Ran his thumb thoughtfully
Along the chimney shelf.
"Now the roof's on,"
He said, "walls chinked
And floors done,
Build me a coffin.
I'll keep it hid
Alongside o' my rifle
Under the bed."



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ARE you a notorious but reformed bandit? Were you ever trapped for six days in a packing-house refrigerator while the whole country feverishly followed the news of your rescue? Are you a lady ventriloquist who has been the "toast of two continents" and the pet of the late King of Spain? Were you ever cast ashore on Bora-Bora, and did you enchant the beautiful Polynesian girl queen by playing "If I Had Wings Like an Angel" on the cornet you thoughtfully brought along, and become king of the natives, and live paradisiacally on taro and mashed conch shells, and leave the island with a broken heart when Queen Iorana mistakenly drank a bottle of your rubbing alcohol? Are you the District Attorney who, just out of short pants and tooth braces, broke up the dangerous Stinky Slutsky gang and became "The Boy D.A. Who Sends 'Em Away"?

If you are any of these persons: a former end man with Lew Dockstader's Minstrels, a Sunday School companion of Magda Lupescu, a friend of Hitler's dentist, the woman who was sawed in two by Herman the Great, the owner of George Washington's gallstones, or a statesman whose moose call has been heard in Congress for forty years — you have a story to tell, a book to write. ("I shall feel amply rewarded" and so forth.)

You can't write, you say? Never mind. Isn't this the country where you can always find someone to Do It For You? If you want a college education, do you (if you have any sense) waste your time and the old man's money going to Harvard? Certainly not. You read Dr. Winslow's *Outline of the Outline of Knowledge* at odd moments. If you want a job as vice-president of a big corporation, put on a suit of Klein's Klassy-Kut Klothes, use Sand-Glo toothpaste, and the job will be yours for a smile. If you want a husband, a cabochon emerald, and a house at Easthampton, a dime's worth of Pourquoi Pas? perfume applied behind your ear will do the trick.

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Baluchistan, if a man cannot write he must, so to speak, keep his mouth shut — an arbitrary procedure that is undemocratic and unprogressive and the reason why these unhappy states are cluttered with mute, inglorious, mal-adjusted Miltons. In this glorious land of ours, however, any man who wants to be garrulous but inarticulate is given the opportunity, and thus we have not only a happy citizenry but a constantly growing body of art and knowledge which, with our efficient chain stores, makes us the envy of the world.

If you have a story to tell but cannot write, do not gloomily brood about it or take to tequila in the absence of bourbon. There is a remedy at hand and you do not even have to shake before using. You have only to hire a ghost; or, easier still, your alert publisher, hovering over the nation's culture like a hen setting on a clutch of china eggs, will hire one for you. The ghost, far from being insubstantial, will probably turn out to be a graying gent of forty with a wife and children to feed and an eye on his next installment of the income tax, the government being just as likely to clap a ghost into jail as anyone else. He is, however, like the wraiths from whom he is descended, discreet and close-mouthed, and no one will ever learn that he is the creator of the masterpiece bearing your name. Thus you will have clear title to your fame, and when your astonished friends say, "But, Wilbur, I didn't know you could write," you can come back at them quick as a flash with a sample of the dazzling wit that makes your book what it is: "Yeah, they's lotsa things you don't know."

If you do not like this arrangement, there is another. You may make your ghost emerge from his bat-cave and walk in the daylight under the "as told to" system. Do not be afraid that this will deprive you of the fame and distinction which are justly yours, for few readers will observe the "as told to" — and, in any event, the discerning will realize that in your case the writer no more deserves the credit than does the microphone in the case of Raymond Swing. Your book will then appear in this style: *Nine Years in the Black Market at Home and Abroad*, as told to Henry Clutcher by Alfred J. H. Singletree.

Under either system, all that you, the aspiring author, have to do is to tell your story to the perspiring ghost. He will then retire with his notebooks and his memories of your strong, colorful personality, lock himself up with his typewriter, and emerge three weeks later with a book that only you could have written if you could write a book. Soon it will



be published, you will be asked to lecture, Hollywood will buy it for a film, and you will become an Author just as other good men and true have become Authors before you. You could never have done so much for yourself. Then, logically, why not do through another what you could not do for yourself?

A word of caution is indicated. Book-writing ghosts may occasionally retain characteristics of the unearthly line from which they are sprung. Sometimes, for example, you may think you have hired one ghost when actually you hired two or more who were hang-

ing around in your desk drawer when the deal was made. Some students of this phenomenon dismiss it as an optical illusion, but others believe that a single ghost is likely to break off without warning and become two or more on the principle of parthenogenesis — but this has not been clearly demonstrated in the absence of the best available data on demonology, which are in the hands of Presidential candidates during an election year.

It is certain, however, that this is a danger the author must face, and we have before us the melancholy case of Mrs. Etta Shiber. Her book *Paris-Underground* became a Book-of-the-Month Club selection last year; whereupon a Hungarian-born ghost, one Aladar Farkas, sued her for \$30,000 on the unghostly ground that she had not properly whacked up the profits with him, while still another ghost is attempting to horn in on the swag. If you see spots before your eyes, call in a lawyer when you make the deal.

Once the ghost has done his work, do not monkey with it. It is bad luck as well as bad business to do so, and you will get an evil name among the fraternity, who, for all their anonymity, are inordinately proud of their craftsmanship. The ghost is an honest, hard-working fellow who will do his job well if you do not insist upon "improving" it with a few touches of your own inimitable whimsy. Recently a ghost wrote an autobiography of a famous American lady who has appeared in the films at Hollywood, in the nude at Deauville, in the divorce courts at Acapulco, and in the last act of *Mama Che Vo Sapete* (If Mama Only Knew) in the baroque provincial opera house of Cortina d'Ampezzo. Her publisher, thinking not only of the sales possibilities of this tale of the abundant life but also of the paper shortage, chucked two books by United States Senators off his list, prepared to give all to the autobiography, and let his wife buy a mink coat in anticipation of the large profits.



Illustration by Aaron Bohrod for James Gray's THE ILLINOIS

A tale
from the

Rivers of America

SERIES

Edited by
HERVEY ALLEN
and
CARL CARMER

It Happened in July . . .

THE PEOPLE of Alton, Illinois, were infuriated. In spite of all warnings, the Reverend E. P. Lovejoy had continued to publish the highly odious doctrines of Abolitionism in his newspaper. That 4th of July, 1837, the enraged citizens read his editorial: "Alas! what bitter mockery is this. We assemble to thank God for our freedom and to eat and drink with joy and gladness of heart while our feet are on the necks of our fellow men! Even the very flag of freedom that waves over our heads is formed from materials cultivated by slaves, on a soil moistened by their blood, drawn from their backs by the whip of the republican task master . . ."

The crowd that quickly gathered craved blood — and fun. This time they didn't kill him; they just broke his press into little pieces and threw them into the river (the killing came later). And the Rev. Lovejoy's young wife faced them, calm and unafraid, beating their mocking faces with her hands . . .

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The lady, however, by this time a glutton for refinement, took the manuscript firmly in hand, struck out the juicier passages, added a few purple patches of her own ("I fell into the arms of Morpheus just as Old Sol was arising over the rooftops while the peasants in their quaint costumes . . ."), and whitewashed herself so thoroughly that not even her hairdresser could have recognized her. The book got an excellent review in the *Indianola* (Miss.) *Tocsin*, and is one of the ornaments of Walgreen's Drug Stores, occupying the space formerly taken by the now hard-to-get Kleenex.

If you do not care to become an Author but merely a lesser creature such as a witty after-dinner speaker, a statesman making sonorous pronouncements on the affairs of the world, a businessman pleading for sound men to run the country along sound economic lines, or a flashing bird in the somber forest of ideas, there is a ghost who will do your bidding. In a country where specialization has been carried to such a point that the doctor who looks down your eye is incompetent to look up your nose or is debarred by law from doing so, it follows that ghosts, who have a lamp that we have lost, have also specialized and are meet to make you whatever you want to be.

There are those who write only biographies or autobiographies of oil and steel magnates or merchandise princes; authoritative books on aviation bearing the names of well-known aviators; volumes on Russia, on capitalism, Mexico, big-game hunting, etiquette; or even syndicated newspaper columns. Sometimes ghosts work as a team. One member digs up the facts about the person or subject; the other clothes the bare bones with flesh and breathes life into it, leaving nothing for the author to do but to appear at his publisher's cocktail party when his book is launched, autograph copies for his admirers, and wear a look of becoming modesty. Since, however, thousands of us are anxious to get shet of our anonymity and emerge as "personalities," ghosts these days are busier than dentists, and it is well to make an engagement far in advance.

Unfortunately for the welfare of ghosts, their clients, and the intellectual progress of the United States, there are a number of bluenosed moralists who wail that it is not cricket for a publisher to palm off a book as the product of the man whose name is signed to it when it was actually written by a ghost. Such men are enemies of progress; for, in an era whose glory is synthetics, why should we not have synthetic books filled with synthetic ideas for



readers who are nourished by vitamin pills and clothed by synthetic fibers? We are exploring new frontiers of morality these days, but there is always a minority who want to return to the outmoded past when cheese came off big rounds in the country store instead of from chemical factories, and when books were sweated out of the minds of men who signed them.

Do not let such paltry considerations deter you. Progress decrees that we give another meaning to the maxim of the common law, That which one can do for oneself, one can do through another. It is, That which one *cannot* do for oneself, one can do through another. To take another stand is to wipe out dozens of our most enlightening books and magazines, still the voices of some of our most eloquent speakers, decimate the amiable tribe of ghost writers and personal relations counsel (press agents, old style), and wreck the lives of some of our most eminent public figures, who have been given form and dimension by our literary plastic surgeons.

If, however, the moralists have their way and ghosts are banished to the bourne from whence they came, common decency requires that the country be given ten years' notice. It is too much to ask a man to stand suddenly on his own feet when he has not done it for years.

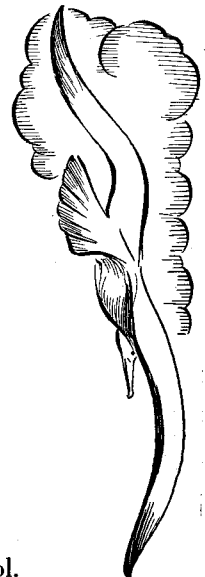
Nobody's Fool

By ARTHUR W. BELL

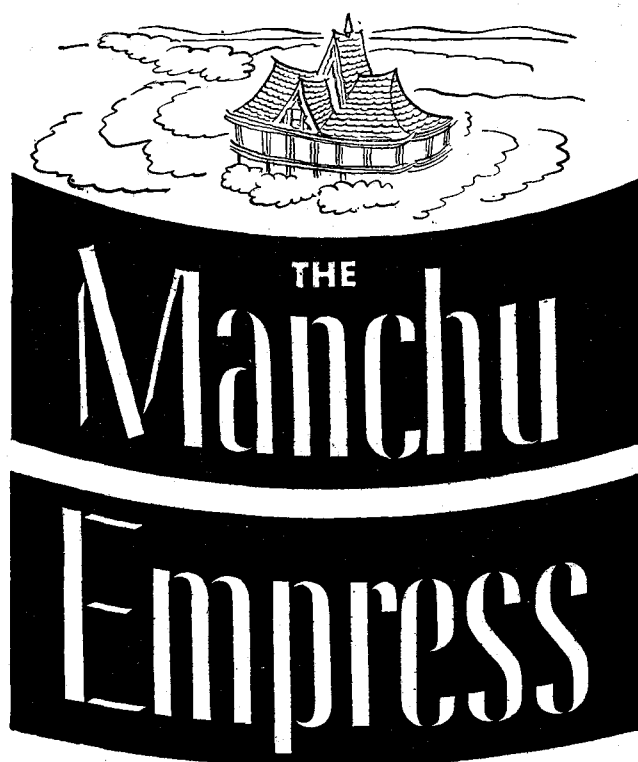
THE term, a *gull*, denotes a dupe,
One easily fooled, a nincompoop;
He is, so far as I can see,
Sagacious in a high degree:
Shore dinners are his chief concern,
Obtaining which he's quick to learn.

For when he spots some sea-food snack,
A shell too hard for him to crack,
This low-tide forager is shrewd:
He rises to an altitude
And drops the morsel on a rock
To burst it open from the shock.

Thus gravity becomes his tool,
Which proves a gull's nobody's fool.



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THE ATLANTIC

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THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

BY EDWARD WEEKS

IT WAS the depression of 1933 which convinced publishers that people could be so depressed that they would stop buying books. Nothing so abrupt had ever occurred in American publishing, not even in the First World War. So the book trade called in an efficiency doctor who proceeded to take the temperature of the reading public. His diagnosis was this: that round about April people grow allergic to print; then the hounds of spring tug them out of doors to plant seeds and other things. This recess lasts through the dog days of July and into August, when vacation and a sea breeze begin to revive interest. With October's foliage the American zest is in full cry; whether for gratification or self-improvement, people are reading avidly. This continues through the frost of Thanksgiving, through the generosity of Christmas and the resolution of January; the blood quickens, the mind races, until the phalanx runs full tilt into the granite of income taxes and the slough of March. That slows everything down.

But the reading chart made no allowance for Hitler. No man since Napoleon has had such effect on literature. He has infected our thinking for a quarter of a century, and there will be counter-irritants in press for years after his death. Following the burning of the books, he sent scholarship into concentration camps or exile, turned creative writers into pamphleteers, and polluted the air with propaganda. The infections of racial poisoning, the debilitation of young talent (how many potential young writers are numbered among the two million and a half French prisoners?), the mistrust, the humus-fires of hatred he has left smoldering underground — these are some of Hitler's aftereffects. And the greatest of them all is fear.

Europe since 1938 has lived in fear. Gradually we

too have been assailed. An American editor watching the weekly demand for books has seen what fearful thinking can do to a nation's temperature. Books had nothing to offer us the week of Munich and again in September, 1939; while we waited for the worst at Pearl Harbor, Stalingrad, and El Alamein, book sales were cut as if by a knife. In April and May of this year the combined shock of Germany's defeat, the President's death, the prison pens, the disappearance of Hitler, and the hopes and fears of San Francisco raised the country's fever to 104½°: in this fever people took their daily shot of radio, newsprint, and pictures; they did not swallow books.

But one cannot fight for long in a fever, and in our cooler, more determined moments we have been reading with a conscientiousness beyond anything measured in peace. It was conscience which spurred the millions to read *One World, A Time for Decision*, and *U. S. Foreign Policy*; and now as we throw our weight against Japan it is conscience which makes us take seriously Owen Lattimore's *Solution in Asia*, Edgar Snow's *People on Our Side*, and Harrison Forman's *Report from Red China*.

Cream puffs or conscience

As memory glances back through *Fifty Years of Best Sellers, 1895-1945* by Alice Payne Hackett, it is clear what a change has come over us since 1917 when we were roused from our century of privacy. Prior to 1917 the only best sellers listed were novels, and in a time as ominous as 1915-1916 the books in greatest demand were most of them cream puffs: *Pollyanna Grows Up* by Eleanor Porter, *A Far Country* by Winston Churchill, *When a Man's a Man* by Harold Bell Wright, and best of the lot, *Seventeen* by Booth Tarkington and *Mr. Britling Sees It Through*. No works of non-fiction were listed, for the simple reason that people did not demand them in printings large enough to be noticed.

By 1919 the self-satisfaction of the United States had been outgrown. That year there was a list of Best Sellers in Non-Fiction and it was topped by *The Education of Henry Adams*. The prominence of that classic meant not only that we valued its self-examination and fine style; it meant that we were beginning to

Christopher Morley says —

"There's a Colonel Blimp, with his horse-faced lady in tweeds and monocle; there are tarts and Presbyterians, sweet-natured nuns exiled from free-thinking France, a Hollywood star, an ex-altar-boy who commits murder, and hoodlums who scrawl NO POKERY ALOUD. Then the reader begins to see that under frolicsome and even ribald charade there is deep feeling. The Kingdom of Heaven is attained by violence; even by violence of humor . . .

"No one can ever say that the Scots are thrifty with their humor, they give it away in handfuls. I suppose any sectarian who reads the book will conclude that it's the other church that is being teased. The one thing not made light of is Life itself. Like another apparently simple hero, Father Brown, Father Smith will touch many readers with deep pleasure."

from the Book-of-the-Month Club News

The World, the Flesh, and Father Smith

By BRUCE MARSHALL

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measure ourselves against the outside. And as Miss Hackett's literary calendar reminds us, we continued that measurement in books like the *Page Letters*, *The Economic Consequences of the Peace*, *The Americanization of Edward Bok*, James Harvey Robinson's *The Mind in the Making*, and *The Outline of History*.

Fact was a broader vein than fiction, but all was not gold that glittered. Americans, it appeared, had an autumnal appetite for self-improvement; and with hallelujahs, here came the books to make us wiser in a week. Will Durant's prefaces for the Haldeman-Julius five- and ten-cent library grew into *The Story of Philosophy*. An unknown lecturer, ably edited, found the secret of *How to Win Friends and Influence People*, and a great advertiser introduced us to *The Man Nobody Knows*. Mark the titles. Mark how catchy and self-assuring they are: *Life Begins at Forty*, *The Art of Thinking*, *Why We Behave Like Human Beings*. So we doctored ourselves with soothing syrup while the war was wearing off.

Miss Hackett in her brief, lively commentary helps to explain this fashion show of literature: she reminds us of books which were luxuries and of those more indispensable; she shows the lowering of quality as the mass markets were made accessible, and she poses the question of what is ahead. Beyond doubt the book clubs, the *Reader's Digest*, the Armed Services Editions, Pocket Books, and the S. & S. paper editions will usher in a new era of popularizers after the war. Will these new best sellers be on the side of the angels? Or will they be as silly as Coué ("Every day in every way I am getting better and better"), as misleading as the history of Harry Elmer Barnes, or as full of fearful thinking as Hayek's *The Road to Serfdom*?

The world, the flesh, and Father Smith

The greater the fear and uncertainty, the greater the need for faith. That is why, despite our shell of skepticism, men everywhere are listening for the note of affirmation. I have never met **Bruce Marshall**, but I think I should enjoy doing so. I read him to be a fearless Scot with a trinity of virtues which would make him distinguished in any modern company of novelists: he writes with an open heart, a salty understanding of frailty, and with the most delightful, impertinent wit that I have chuckled over this year.

In his novel *The World, the Flesh and Father Smith* he mirrors the life of a Scotch town as it is seen and experienced by a gentle, unpretentious Catholic priest. Father Smith labors against heavy odds in his Protestant-dominated parish, and we like him instantly for his gritty devotion and the inner humor that supports him when the going is rough. We see him in his youth (the year was 1908) saying Mass in the makeshift chapel of the fruit market; we see him stoned by the louts; we see him visiting the High Kirk on St. Andrew's Day, where with gentle irony he prays for Scotland's conversion; we see him in the slums and as a chaplain in France; we see the parish burgeon under his care, a new church built and converts coming his way. We see that Father Smith is

a man of gentle strength, a priest who will not be shamed out of talking about the things of God, a canon too independent for higher preferment but who, as he puzzles over the reasons for man's inadequacy, makes each of us acutely aware of how un-Christian our world has become.

Mr. Marshall himself is a convert, and the fact adds ardor and piquancy to his observations. One surmises that, like Father Smith, he has known both loneliness and persecution and has found solace in laughter, in the poetry of religion, and in hope that will not down. He is a master mimic and the originator of the happy phrase. His portrait of big, bluff Monsignor O'Duffy, now stumping off to a football match, now reviling and then enchanted by the cinema, now thundering at his flock, is a picture of Irish heartiness the world over; and when toward the close we read the account of his funeral, it comes over us how much Monsignor O'Duffy has meant to his community.

The story is built up not by a succession of spectacular episodes, as in *The Keys of the Kingdom*; it is a looping together of home truths and sincere sermons pointed toward our common experience. "The chief grumble I've got against sin," says the Bishop, "is that it is so boring." And Father Smith reflects: "That's the great thing about persecution: it keeps you up to the mark. It's habit, not hatred, that is the real enemy of the Church of God." Again, "it sometimes seemed to him that God made up to well-intentioned Protestants for the loss of the Faith . . . by allowing them to be better at loving their neighbours than Catholics were." "We are afraid to be ourselves in crowds," he says to Doctor Gillespie, "because we are afraid not to be like what we think our neighbours are. . . . It's what I call the new hypocrisy. In the old days people pretended to be better than they were, but now they pretend to be worse."

Humor and sentiment are uppermost, for to Mr. Marshall compassion matters more than liturgy. But the corrective truth is here and even the most sophisticated will be touched as they share in the quiet mirth and little improprieties, in the loneliness and anxiety with which Father Smith regards our bloody world.

"The Gila Monster"

I have had too much affection for *A. Woolcott* and too much curious interest in his career to think that I could write impersonally of his biography by **Samuel Hopkins Adams**. He was the most highly personalized being I have known; and from the first encounter, one sided violently with or against him. We began by quarreling; for on a brief assignment for the *Atlantic*, he overwrote and I cut. But the sparks passed; he took it upon himself to coach me in broadcasting and editing, and during the last five years of his life I knew him with increasing friendliness. He lectured me on what the *Atlantic* needed. He put me on the track of Ruth Gordon's diary, told me I had been missing the short stories of an Oregonian, Ben Hur Lampman, and dug out an unpublished Kipling,



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which I thought was dull. I heard him plead for The Seeing Eye, saw him in both his hits, and at the Gotham, the Ritz, the White House, and the Peter Bent Brigham was admitted as a monosyllable to that devastating and confidential talk.

But, in Percy Hammond's phrase, I never really knew him "in all his massive grandeur," and not until this book appeared had I any clear notion of his enlargement. I never knew of his incredible bringing up in The Phalanx and at Kansas City, nor of the buffeting he received at the Central High School of Philadelphia. I never knew until just before his death that Copey, through the pages of Charles Flandrau, was the character who pointed him towards college, nor why at Hamilton he passed under the nickname of "Putrid." I never knew why his intentions towards the fairer sex were honorable but remote (mumps in mid-life, says Dr. Adams), or how much he made or lost of a Saturday night in the Thanatopsis Literary and Inside Straight Club. I knew of the fees he demanded of the *Atlantic*, but not the audacity of his living wage on the air. I never knew how carefully he had been trained in journalism by Carr Van Anda, or that his streak of pruriency was censored by the *Times* as it had to be later in the *New Yorker*. I never knew why Ross called him "the Gila Monster."

As far as I can judge, Mr. Adams has carried out a taxing and strenuous assignment, remembering his subject's caustic injunction, "God help you, Sam, if you prettify me." Nor has he. He does not spare the ugly show-off, the gullibility, or the exiguity of Alec's style. "The Woolcott sentimentalities," writes Mr. Adams, "may have a touch of the phoney in cold print; the Woolcott loyalties were imbedded in his life." As I read of his devotion to Julie his sister, or his letter on the death of Duncan Saunders, or his chance note to the mother of the little English refugee he met at the Frankfurters'; as I recall Alice Duer Miller's remark at Bomoseen that she supposed she was Alec's most intimate friend, but that "of course, there are nine hundred and ninety-nine others who feel the same way," I agree. The Woolcott loyalties were imbedded in his life.

Artist and Sculptor

Bill Mauldin is the best combat artist who served with the infantry in the European Theater. There are several reasons why his cartoons and prose, *Up Front*, hold so much sardonic truth: first, because he has been an infantryman who took part in the invasions of Sicily and Italy, and who wears the Purple Heart; secondly, because when promoted to a sergeant he was allowed to rove, and rove he did, through nine infantry divisions with the combat engineers, up to see the mountain fighting, with the gasoline cowboys of the Army supply, and with the MP's at their crossroads; and thirdly, because he is above all else an artist whose cartoons have made us see the muck and terror of the dogfaces and with what humor they shrug off the unbearable. The pictures of his

bearded heroes, Joe and Willie, are unlovely, but their heroism belongs on the same shelf with Ernie Pyle.

To read *The Rim* by Francis Sedgwick is to feel the impetuosity which is so often characteristic of a first novel. Mr. Sedgwick writes with facility, he writes of art and the well-to-do (in real life he is an artist turned rancher for the duration), and he writes with an idealism which recharges his story at those several upgrades when it is in danger of stalling. Mr. Sedgwick's hero, a young American sculptor, Robert Suffren, is both a snob and a troublemaker. He is absorbed in self-infatuation, convinced of his as yet unrecognized genius, wholly selfish in his demands on the women he thinks he needs for the sake of his art. I feel that Mr. Sedgwick is at his best in his satire of Long Island and Bostonian society, at his second-best when he tries to work out and overexplains the reasons for Robert's kiss of death. Robert's egotism is here for all to see, but it would have been a better story had Mr. Sedgwick allowed the dramatic action to speak for itself.

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A NEW volume of Emily Dickinson's poetry is clearly a notable event in American literature. To the nine hundred poems already published, the volume edited by Mrs. Todd and her daughter, Mrs. Bingham, adds over six hundred more, giving presumably our last major installment of the poet's verses.

In a sense the volume rather confirms Emily's greatness than increases her stature or alters her character. Criticism recognizes her as America's chief lyric poet, author of a large number of profoundly inspired lyrics which have altered the course of British and American poetry. Like its predecessor, the new book contains also numerous pieces of much less interest, merely the random notations of an explorative mind. Such pieces slightly encumber the pages of all her books and will doubtless be omitted in future selected editions.

Yet if this is essentially the same poet that we have known for a generation, on any reconsideration she grows more marvelous, for her star has not yet reached its height. Her intensity of thought and feeling, her nuances of word, rhythm, and rhyme, yield increasing pleasure. In her tiny poems she achieves Shakespearean breadth, for she pleases both the naïve and the sophisticated. She ranges from tragedy to comedy, and at times she combines many moods, as in the typical tragi-comic lines:—

Maybe Eden ain't so lonesome
As New England used to be!

The verses in the new book were not the first to receive favorable attention from Mrs. Todd, and, as might be expected, they are as a rule the less brilliant and less romantic ones. But they are in some respects more modern. In this book we find some of Emily's most pensive and elusive masterpieces.

Of the five persons who have undertaken with considerable success the task of editing Emily's verse, Mrs. Bingham, herself a scientist of repute, generally employs the most modern and professional methods. She inspires con-

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fidence. Her arrangement of the brief poems — a matter of importance — is almost beyond praise.

Together with the new volume of verse appears her book of timely commentary explaining by what a curious train of events Emily's prose and verse have achieved publication slowly and not always without heartburning. *Ancestors' Brocades* is both entertaining and scholarly, but of minor importance beside the poems themselves.

HENRY W. WELLS

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By Walter Van Tilburg Clark

RANDOM HOUSE

IN THIS story Timothy Hazard grows to manhood and then to maturity in the high, dry reaches of the Great Basin, mostly in the city of Reno, with its shadowing mountains and its streets so carefully tree-lined. It is these trees, particularly the poplars and cottonwoods, their slender-stemmed leaves trembling in the winds of the Truckee, that give the story its title and its theme. In Timmy's frequent agitation over his family or some girl, he ventures into track, tennis, music, and prolific composing. Finally he goes to the lowlands of California. But he returns, completing the circle and his finest composition, his symphony of the leaves.

There are many sensitive, moving scenes in the book, particularly with Rachel, and fine flashes of outdoor life, like the bit about the geese lighting on the frozen lake and thawing holes with their breasts before they could fly. Then there is the exuberant, satirical tale of a town that made the most of its tree-planting woman and some ordinary hangings through an organization called Hanging Tree, Inc., which set up a fancy museum, including publicity and souvenirs. Its very location, a Montana town in the Great Basin, is part of the fable.

There are many good incidental portraits of men, swiftly and skillfully done, revealing Mr. Clark's deepening insight into life in the more remote West. This is a fine novel, a little overlong and wordy in spots, but so was young Timmy when self-conscious, and he was forgiven.

MARI SANDOZ

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By Frank Dobie

LITTLE, BROWN

PROFESSOR Frank Dobie of the University of Texas, authority on American regionalism and the folklore of the Great Plains, was railroaded by a happy accident of war into a visiting professorship of American institutions at Cambridge, England. This book is part notebook, part digest of his impressions of all manner of Britishers in their native, wartime haunts. The author's keen and sympathetic eye observes the temporary and the permanent features of British life, and takes in the very young and very old alike: college men and women, workers, men and women in the armed services, publicans and sinners, gardeners and saints.

There is much keen and serious study of American institutions and history in English universities, and if the young students, civilians and members of the armed forces alike, are typical of their generation in Britain, that country should be well served in the critical decades to come. Mr. Dobie has the campfire storyteller's gift for painting a picture in a sentence, and a poet's sensitiveness and lightness of touch. He brings out what many a traveler in Britain fails to: namely, that British patriotism and the British character are shot through with a naturalist's love of the English countryside, "its sights and sounds, Dreams happy

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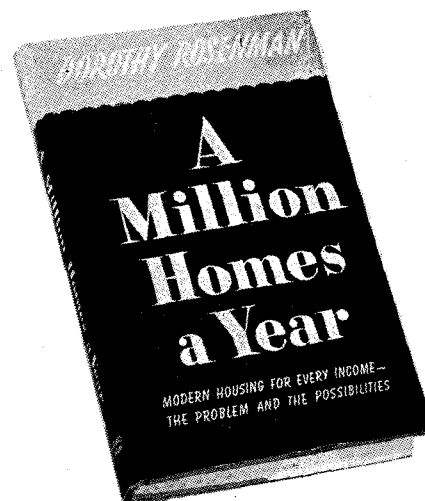
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GRAHAM HUTTON

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\$2.50

By Margaret Irwin

HARCOURT, BRACE

THIS is a brilliant historical novel, and more accurate as a historical reconstruction than Lytton Strachey's *Elizabeth and Essex*. Elizabeth's love for Thomas Seymour is treated as fiction but is not beyond plausibility. Many of the words assigned to Elizabeth (including the famous letter from the fifteen-year-old Princess to the Lord Protector denying her "pregnancy") are authentic, though some of the remarks have been moved forward in time. The shrewd interpretations of the characters of Henry VIII, Mary, Jane Grey, Ascham, the Seymours, Edward VI, and the heroine herself square with what we know of them from history.

One question, worthy of ranking with Sir Thomas Browne's concerning what song the Sirens sang, remains: What was the color of Elizabeth's eyes? A contemporary traveler says that they were black, Virginia Woolf would have them yellow, the present author makes them green-blue. My own guess would be that they were dark russet — almost black — the usual complement to Welsh red-gold hair. That is a minor mystery. If the present book does not succeed in unlocking the major mystery of Elizabeth's heart, it is, at any rate, an inspired invention in excellent taste and of high interest.

ROBERT HILLYER

PHILADELPHIA, HOLY EXPERIMENT \$3.75

By Struthers Burt

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

THIS reviewer passed the so-called impressionable years of from one to seventeen as an involuntary citizen of Philadelphia. Consequently he is able to appreciate the nostalgic fervor with which Mr. Burt approaches the subject of his home town. On the part of Philadelphians, and possibly on the part of Bostonians, there is inevitably a kind of apologetic attitude when they square away and start to defend their cities. It is almost as if they said, "She is a pretty terrible woman, but she is my mother."

Boston is now in the hands of the Irish, of the Monsignors, and of the Watch and Ward Society, and Philadelphia is a vast, expanding slum. Yet Mr. Burt in this book lavishes a vibrant and convincing affection on a city and a society which no longer exist — and somehow contrives to make you like it. Principally he is concerned with eighteenth-century Philadelphia, a kind of *rus in urbe* where Franklin walked and talked, and gentlemen discoursed over their Madeira, and stately ships docked, after long voyages, at the wharves of the "Green Countrie Towne" on the Delaware.

There is a great deal of sound factual material in this book, a lot of the author's likes, dislikes, prejudices, and opinions — with most of which the reader will agree. But it can hardly be termed an orderly book. There is more enthusiasm than method in its making. And perhaps that is why it is so charming. It is a human and a living document — a letter from a Philadelphian to his city.

RICHARD E. DANIELSON